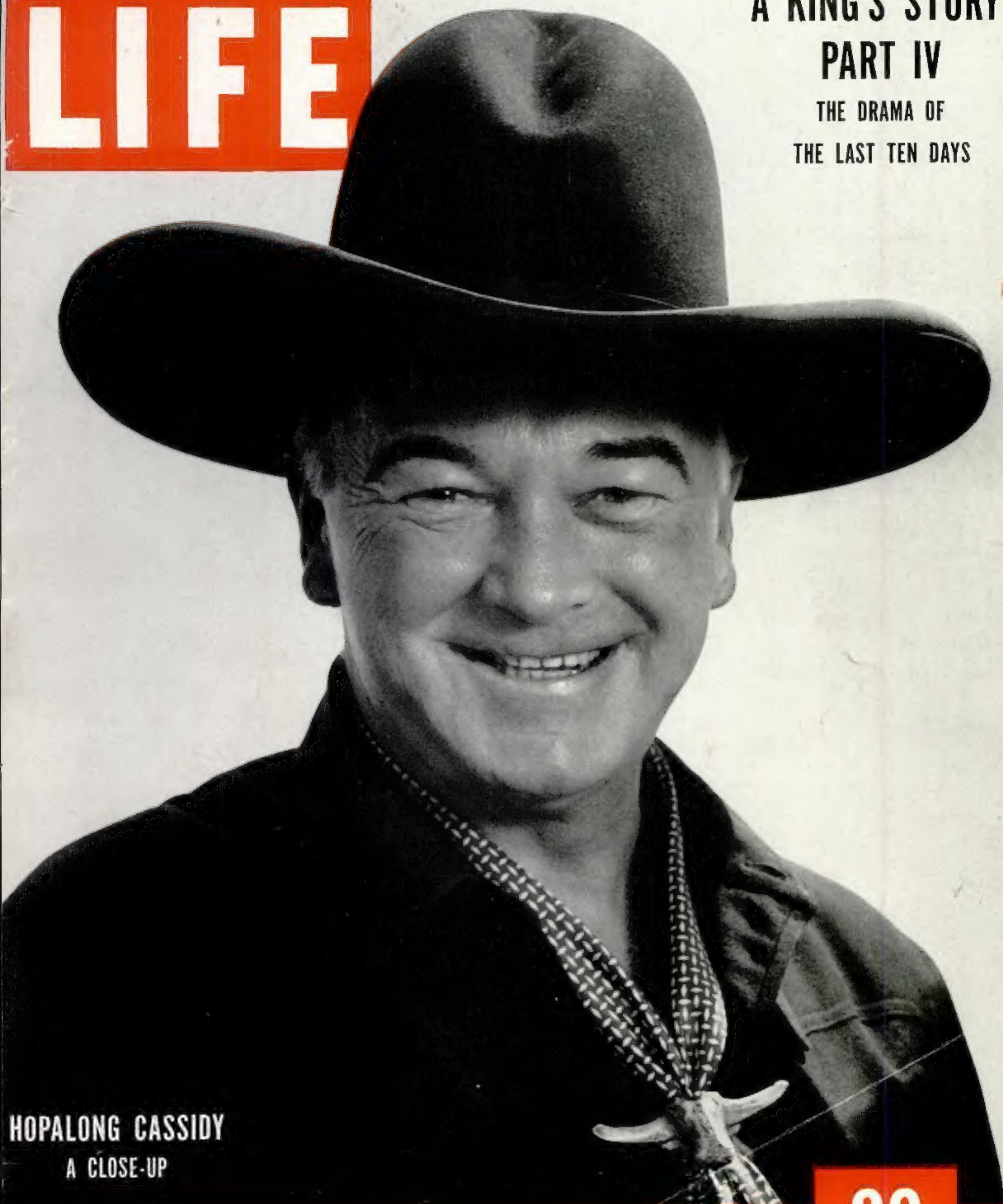


LIFE

A KING'S STORY: PART IV

THE DRAMA OF
THE LAST TEN DAYS



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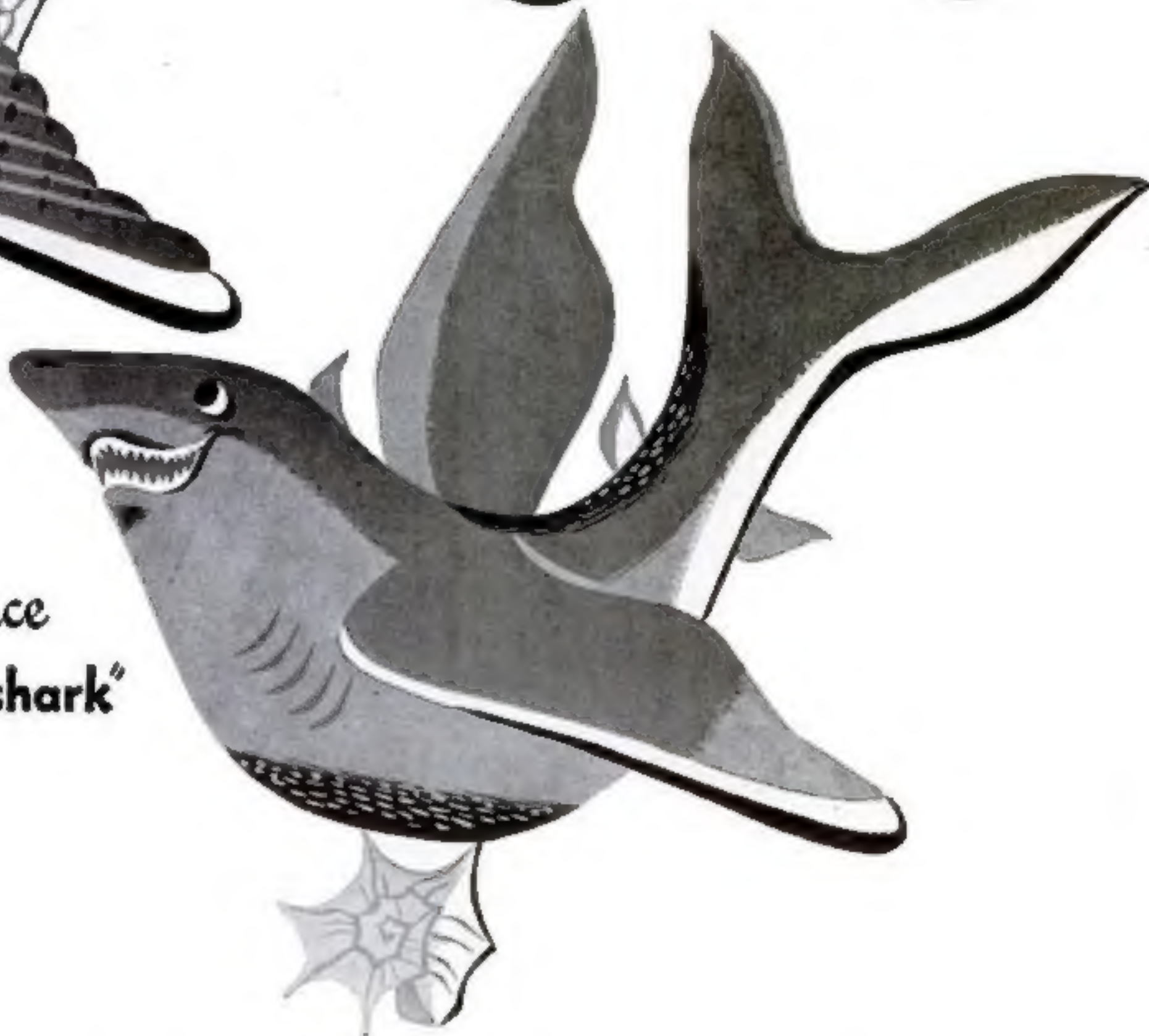


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IT WAS MORE THAN JUST CHANCE
THAT THERE WAS A

Doctor in the House

THE VOICES on the sound-track faded down and died. While the people on the screen moved their lips in silence, a man's deep voice cut in and asked, "Is there a doctor in the theatre? If there is, will he please come to the manager's office right away?"

A tall young man arose in the semi-darkness of the theatre and began edging his way toward the aisle.

Bart Fisher watched him go up the aisle with long, swift strides. His wife leaned toward him and whispered, "Wasn't that young Alfred Barnes?"

Bart nodded. "Probably his first movie in months." The voices came back to the screen, and the audience rustled for a moment and then settled back to listen.

It was a good movie, but now Bart's mind was wandering far from the screen. He was thinking of Alfred Barnes, and wondering—as no doubt others in the audience were—what emergency had called him to the back of the theatre. A heart attack . . . a fainting spell . . . an accident . . . these things happen. It was fortunate that young Barnes was there . . .

And yet it was something more than "fortune" that had let the boy realize his ambitions to be a physician in the first place. Bart smiled to himself as he recalled how seriously the lad had spoken of his "career in medicine" the first time he stopped at the Barnes home to talk about insurance. The boy was only about fourteen then, and his father was partly amused at his seriousness—and partly proud, too. And he had the foresight to back up the boy's plans with a New York Life policy, just in case . . .

In the half-darkness of the theatre, Bart nodded thoughtfully. Yes, he decided, it was a wonderful example of life insurance at work . . . of a father helping his son attain his ambitions . . . of one generation helping the next go a little higher, do a little better in life . . .

The picture was over, and the theatre lights grew bright. As Bart reached over to help his wife put on her coat she said, "How did you like the story?"

He shook his head and smiled. "I really wasn't paying too much attention. I've been enjoying another one." Then he chuckled and said, "Even had a small part in it myself!"


NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



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IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW


Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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stay lovelier longer. They're Holmes
& Edwards Sterling Inlaid, you see.

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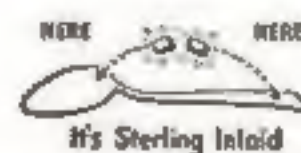
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of the Year
on His Day
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This is the cereal with "muscles." Let
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This One



GPBE-UU7-572D

Elsie Plans a Platter Party

Candy...cookies...a quickie drink
The "kids" can make 'em in a wink!



Magic Truffles Super-Smooth Chocolate Candy Made With



Borden's Eagle Brand

In Just 12 Minutes! No Beating!

1 package (6 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces
Dash of salt
½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ teaspoon vanilla or imitation rum extract

Melt chocolate in top of covered double boiler, over boiling water. Remove from heat. Stir in salt, Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and flavoring. Pour into shallow pan and press into block 1 inch high. Cover with waxed paper. Let stand until firm at room temperature or in refrigerator. Cut into serving pieces and store in covered container. Makes more than ½ pound. *Nut Variation:* Add 3 tbsp. ground nut meats after flavoring. Reduce flavoring to ¼ tsp.

Recipe checked in Good Housekeeping Kitchen

FREE! "Eagle Brand Magic Recipes." Send a postcard to Elsie, Dept. L-60, P.O. Box 175, New York 46, N. Y.



The "2-way better" Chocolate Drink



Borden's Hemo

A tasty treat...
A body builder

Borden's Hemo is two-ways good for kids — and a big help to Ma and Pa, too!

First, it tastes so swell! Like a rich, chocolate soda! Watch the kids ask for more! Second, it's so good for them. Every luscious glass of HEMO with milk is just teeming with nourishment. It gives them 8 vitally important vitamins and minerals they need to grow and work and play and sleep. So get hep to HEMO today, Mom. Give the youngsters an extra boost in nourishment—and a whoppingly wonderful chocolate drink at the same time!



Fruit Surprise Cookies

Made with

Borden's None Such Mince Meat

Easy to make—Economical

3 ¼ cups sifted flour	1 ½ cups sugar
½ teaspoon salt	3 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon soda	1 9-oz. package None Such Mince Meat
1 cup shortening	

Sift together flour, salt and soda. Cream shortening; add sugar gradually; cream together until fluffy. Add eggs; beat until smooth. Add mince meat broken into small pieces. Add flour and mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls, 2 inches apart, on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 12 minutes. Makes about 48 cookies, 3 inches in diameter.

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when they're

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LIFE'S REPORTS



"SILENT VISAGE" was description given Gold by classmates for this picture in high school annual.

THE MAKING OF A SPY

Until the Communists befriended Harry Gold he was a lonely outcast

By DEAN BRELIS

On May 23 the FBI announced that they had arrested an American scientist named Harry Gold for receiving atomic information from Britain's Dr. Klaus Fuchs and passing it on to Russia. This was the bare FBI announcement; a man was arrested and a career came to an end. But the announcement told nothing of the story of how it all started, who this man Harry Gold really was and, most important, what led him to commit this crime against his country.

Back in 1926 he was a small dark boy, and the blue trousers he wore had many patches sewed on by his mother. At school he quickly learned to keep out of the way of the other boys. "Hey, Goldie," some of them would shout, and he would run away as though devils were after him until he reached his home on Philadelphia's grimy South Philip Street, where all the houses had false fronts and dirty narrow backyards.

There was a vacant lot at the end of the street usually filled with tin cans and bottles, and the boys played ball there every evening. One day they told him that he could play with them. He proudly showed up, even though he had no bat, glove or ball, and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Gota minute?



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Whether or not you sink that putt (and we know you will) — have a Hires! For celebration or consolation, you can enjoy Hires most anywhere . . . by the bottle . . . at fountains . . . or from automatic dispensers. When you want refreshment, ask for Hires. It makes a minute mean so much.



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Curity Gum Bandages • Adhesive Tape
Absorbent Cotton • Cotton Pads • Cotton
Band-Aids • Sterile Urine "Pans"

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

they said, "Go on home, Goldie. You can't play baseball." After that he never came back.

When he wasn't earning a little money running errands for the butcher shop on the corner, he stayed home by himself playing a complicated football game he had devised with two checkerboards. Bored with that game, he learned to play chess with his father Samuel, and for a long time he was engrossed with pawns, rooks and knights. Then came the chemistry course at South Philadelphia High School for Boys.

X-rays fascinated him. He often stayed up late nights reading and his father scolded him, but he kept on after his father was asleep. By the time he was a senior in 1929 a couple of his classmates were coming to his home for help with their chemistry problems. He was delighted to help them. He told his father, "I am happy that someone needs me."

He began to think that he wanted to be a great scientist, so great that everyone in the world would know him, and people would open doors to him everywhere. He went to the University of Pennsylvania but was unhappy there because he didn't have good suits and lots of white shirts like the other students. Now he began to think of himself as one who suffered in order to help others. His father, a poor Russian immigrant and cabinet-maker, could give him no financial aid, so he found other ways of supporting himself, working in the lab as an assistant and stoking furnaces. After three terms of this he quit.

He went to work for a sugar refining company in Philadelphia, where he spent long hours examining and checking slides. In about a year he had saved enough money to return to his studies. This time he went to night school at Philadelphia's Drexel Institute. But even when he received a certificate, he was unhappy. He still wanted a college degree. Finally, 10 years after high school, he went to Xavier University of Cincinnati. A year later he got his degree. It was *summa cum laude*.

Now he was prepared to do the great things he had dreamed of as a boy, to reach out for the recognition that should be his. Instead he found that a chemist with one degree couldn't go very far. He worked, for years, at a succession of dreary jobs in little laboratories, one of the huge mass of well-trained but completely unrecognized scientists in the U.S. During this time, however, he began to get his "recognition" in another way. There were people who seemed to stimulate his thoughts, who told him he was a brilliant scientist who



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See American Meat Institute ad elsewhere in this issue.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



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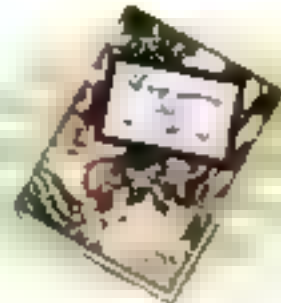
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Send a postcard today for your free copy of "Money-saving Tips on Markets," a complete guide to buying vegetables, poultry, sea food.

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CHILDHOOD HOME was in this house in South Philadelphia slum.

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

was not getting the praise that was due him. These people, it also happened, acquainted him with some new philosophies. At their suggestion, he read *Das Kapital* and *The Daily Worker*.

As the years went by and he found himself sinking into obscurity, the philosophy of these works and of these people who were so friendly to him began to appeal to him more and more.

The two sides of Harry Gold began to develop. To his family he was an apparently self-satisfied man who would spend an evening in his armchair reading W. Somerset Maugham's *East and West* and listening to Beethoven's *Leonore Overture No. 3*. His family would have preferred to have him married, but he explained that he was "married to my work." To his colleagues on the job he gave the same appearance of quiet, self-assured industry. Whenever he worked late at the heart clinic of Philadelphia General Hospital, the doctors invariably asked him to eat with them in the doctors' dining room instead of in the clerks' dining room where, as an ordinary chemist, he was supposed to eat. Harry Gold liked this privilege. He told them, "I feel much better having dinner with doctors."

Most of the time he worked

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



RECENT HOME was two-family brick dwelling in suburban section.



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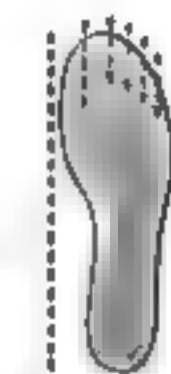
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LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

virtually alone on the experiments that were assigned to him. He was efficient and thorough, and the hospital raised his salary from \$3,500 to \$4,340. But outside his own little world of the heart clinic, he was another unknown chemist.

During all this time the other side of Harry Gold was being readied for the one important job that he was to do. Finally, in 1945, the time came. At Los Alamos, N. Mex., a British scientist named Klaus Fuchs—who as a member of the Manhattan Project knew many key secrets of the atom bomb, wanted to pass that information on to Russia. But Fuchs could not leave Los Alamos. Someone was needed to get the information from Fuchs to Russian agents, someone who was a Communist sympathizer and who knew enough chemistry to understand and if necessary explain the message.

Three months ago, after Fuchs had been convicted of getting this information to the Russians, the FBI started their man hunt for this chemist-messenger. First they questioned Fuchs in his Old Wormwood Scrubs prison cell in England. The man, said Fuchs, was a fat, foreign-looking American of about 40. Fuchs did not know his name. But, Dr. Fuchs remembered, the man had worn a blue pin-stripe suit.

For a while this scanty information made the case look hopeless to the FBI. Then they began to scrutinize the photographs of individuals who were brought before the New York Grand Jury in 1947-48 for questioning concerning the Communist leaders. There they found a fat, foreign-looking biochemist, a registered Democratic voter who had been called before the grand jury because he knew Elizabeth Bentley, the confessed ex-Communist, and Jacob Golos, a top Soviet spy in the U.S. The picture was flown to England. Fuchs dismissed it.

The FBI did not. Of 1,200 suspects they had considered, this man fitted Fuchs's description best. In every city where Fuchs had worked or stayed in 1945, they went to railroad stations, hotels, lunchrooms, bookshops, tobacco stores, searching for evidence of the trail of Harry Gold. One clue was given by a Santa Fe waitress, another by a porter and a confirmation by a railroad ticket agent. When all these clues were pieced together they led to one conclusion: Dr. Fuchs's man in the blue pin-stripe suit must be the same man who testified before the grand jury in New York.

There remained the one flaw in the case. Dr. Fuchs had not recognized the still photograph.

"SUN SET"
by *Lovable*

Exciting
"SUN-SETS"
by a
famous
bra-maker

\$2.95
and
\$3.95

Daring strapless sun bra, lightly boned, fits smartly. (Also padded or halter styles.) Crisp boxer shorts have fluttering double pockets.

Twists or plaques, solids, prints and checks. Only \$2.95 and \$3.95! Bra sold separately. A and B cups, sizes 32-38. \$1 and \$2.

Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. L-6, 180 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 16

YOU'LL LOOK LOVELY, TOO,
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It doesn't matter, if you carry National City Bank Travelers Checks in your purse. They are accepted like cash everywhere—if lost or stolen, they are promptly refunded. Sold in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. Cost only 75¢ for each \$100. Buy them at your bank!

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First in World Wide Banking
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15



Everybody knows the sign of good coffee



Products of General Foods

Yes, Father knows best! Good coffee—Maxwell House coffee—can do so much to relieve the tension of the hurried moment . . . can mean so much in relaxation and refreshment. There's such *special* satisfaction in every cup of this fragrant, flavorful coffee—and there's a reason. It's the Maxwell House recipe, the one and *only* recipe for that wonderful "Good to the Last Drop" flavor. A recipe that insists upon certain fine coffees, blended a certain way to bring you the *most* coffee-drinking pleasure. No wonder *more* people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand in the world!

★ TUNE IN . . . "Father Knows Best" . . . delightful family comedy starring Robert Young . . . NBC, Thursday nights



Maxwell House . . . the one coffee with that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor!

Guard hair and scalp
from **Summer Sun!**



Your hair's handsomer, your scalp feels better, when you give them extra summer protection. For sun, heat, wind and water dry out hair and scalp. With Vitalis "Live-Action" care—Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"—

you guard the looks of your hair, invigorate your scalp. So to summer-condition your hair and scalp, remember there's nothing finer under the sun—than "Live-Action" Vitalis. Get it today, at any drug counter or barber shop.

Use "LIVE-ACTION" VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

60 Seconds—and what a difference!



30 seconds' tingling massage—and feel the difference in your scalp. That active Vitalis formula (1) stimulates your scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair.



10 seconds of combing—and see the difference in your hair. So much neater, handsomer—and set to stay that way all day. No "slicked-down" look. Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure natural vegetable oil. Try "Live-Action" Vitalis!

Many skin specialists prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout stimulates scalp, prevents dryness.

P. S. Your barber knows how to give you a stimulating, refreshing Vitalis application that will condition your scalp and hair. Ask him for a professional application of "Live-Action" Vitalis.

There was, however, a more realistic medium—moving pictures.

As Harry Gold walked down Kindred Street or across the hospital's green lawn, he did not know that a movie camera was capturing his peculiar slouch, his frowning face, his short, round body. But those few hundred feet of film were shown to Dr. Fuchs deep inside the English prison. This time there was no doubt about it. This was the man, said Fuchs.

When the trap closed on Harry Gold he gave the FBI a full confession. His explanation: "I thought I would be helping a nation whose final aims I approve."

He was wearing a blue pin-stripe suit when he was arrested on May 23. Late that night five FBI agents and a U.S. deputy marshal took him before Judge James P. McGranery on the second floor of Philadelphia's Widener Building.

One of the FBI agents read the complaint. Judge McGranery turned to Gold, who registered no emotion.

"Are you the Harry Gold named in this warrant?" asked the judge.

"Yes, I am," said Harry Gold.

"Are you aware of your constitutional rights and that anything you say may be used against you?"

"That I know," said Gold.

"Are you aware that you are allowed counsel?"

"Yes. I would like to talk to my brother about that."

Setting bail at \$100,000, the judge then allowed him to use the telephone. Harry Gold dialed a number, told his brother he was under arrest. His words before hanging up were, "I'm in pretty deep now."

Back in the brick house on Kindred Street, Harry Gold's father, trying to recover from the shock, said, "He was an educated man who was suffering. Many times I told him not to worry, not to think." Then he said, "I wonder if they will make Harry wear prison clothes?"



AFTER ARREST Gold faces the FBI camera in his pin-stripe suit.

It's like cutting down on smoking..

without giving up a single cigarette!



Many doctors recommend this crystal filter cigarette holder to reduce nose and throat irritation



Nicotine and tars trapped in the Denicotea crystal filter can't reach your mouth, nose, throat and lungs. That's why you can cut down the harmful effects of smoking without cutting down on cigarettes. Denicotea is common sense—try it today!

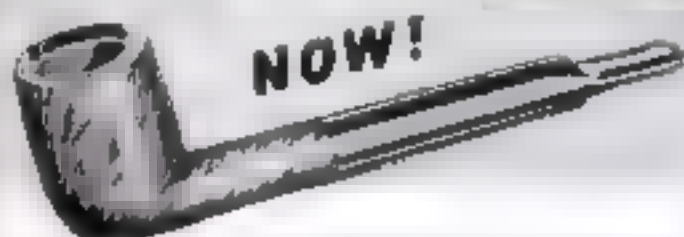
Denicotea holder, \$2

Lady Denicotea, long, slim, \$3.50

dunhill

DE-NICOTEA

Crystal Filter Cigarette Holder



There's a DE-NICOTEA PIPE!

The only pipe with the famous crystal filter. It really filters the smoke, traps nicotine and tars—gives you a milder, cooler, cleaner, sweeter smoke! Made in England of fine old briar, \$3.50.

ALFRED DUNHILL, sole distributors

Shoo, shoo, dirt!
Easiest handling cleaner ever built
HOOVER
MODEL 115
only

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)
Prices subject to increase without notice

49.95
and your old cleaner



*It beats
as it sweeps
as it cleans*

What a wonderful cleaner! So easy to handle, so quick to whisk away dirt—it's a Hoover through and through! Features Hoover's famous Triple-Action cleaning principle—it beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans. That's how it keeps delicate colors fresh, prolongs rug life, protects furniture and draperies.

ONLY \$5.00 DOWN! Easy monthly payments. (Cleaning tools available at slight extra cost.) See all four great Hoovers—three Triple-Action models and the new AERO-DYNE Cleaner. Hoover Cleaners are sold only by established local merchants. Look for your dealer in the classified phone book, and call for a home showing. No obligation.

THE HOOVER COMPANY

North Canton, Ohio; Hamilton, Ont., Canada; Perivale, England

You'll be happier with a Hoover





"MY CAMERA EXPOSURE WAS FIVE SECONDS. THE KISS TOOK SOMEWHAT LONGER," SAYS PHOTOGRAPHER. PASSERS-BY CAUSED BLURS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

In Paris young lovers kiss wherever they want to and nobody seems to care

Paris is understandably proud of its reputation as the home of fine wines, fine perfumes—and of love. It is a reputation, so far as love is concerned, that is not left to take care of itself: constant practice keeps up the standards. In other cities bashful couples usually seek out parks or deserted streets for their romancing. But in Paris vigorous young couples, determined to uphold the municipal honor, can be

observed in unabashed courting in even the most crowded parts of the city.

It goes on all day, this public kissing—and all night too. But Photographer Robert Doisneau, who took the unposed pictures on these pages, found two peaks in the day's osculation: 1) at noon, when offices, shops and universities are closed for lunch and thousands of youngsters are released into the streets, and 2) between

5 and 7 p.m., when young males make the opening moves in the evening's campaign. Only tourists pay any attention to the smooching. The French public ignores it completely, smiles approval even when it gets in the way. One policeman explained, "It is a fine thing, and it keeps these young lads out of trouble. If they weren't with their girls, they would probably be out on some hockey field where they might get hurt."



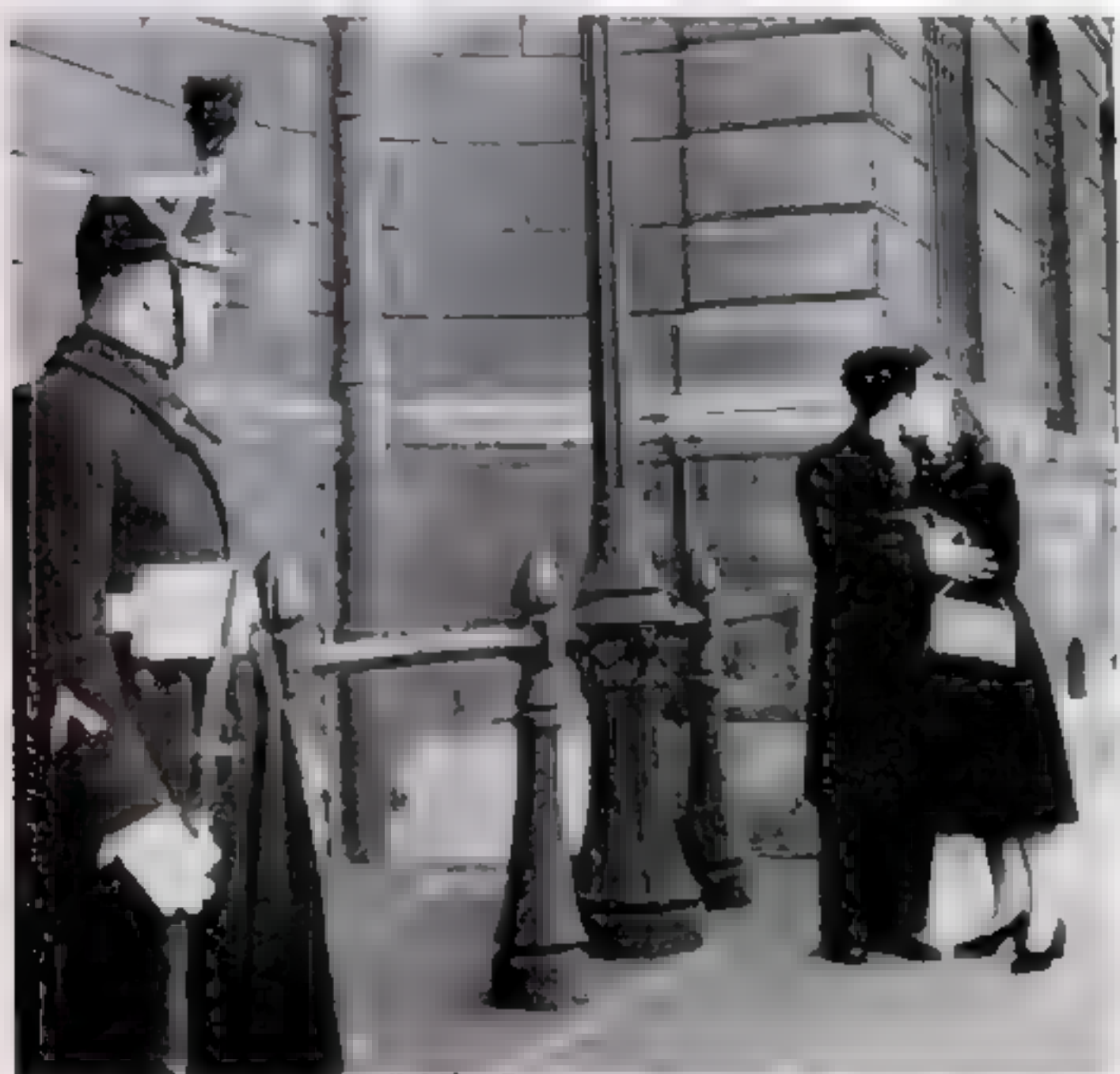
THIS WAS SHORT KISS, "A KISS RAPIDE," SAYS PHOTOGRAPHER



HE GIVES HER A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS AND CLAIMS HIS REWARD



LOVERS ENJOY THEMSELVES ON PONT-NEUF THE OLD LADY, THINKS THE PHOTOGRAPHER, IS PERHAPS REMEMBERING A TIME PAST



A GUARD BEFORE THE ELYSEE PALACE LOOKS ON INDULGENTLY



LOVERS ARE BLOCKING TRAFFIC BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO CARE

**bright and right
for colorful kitchens—**

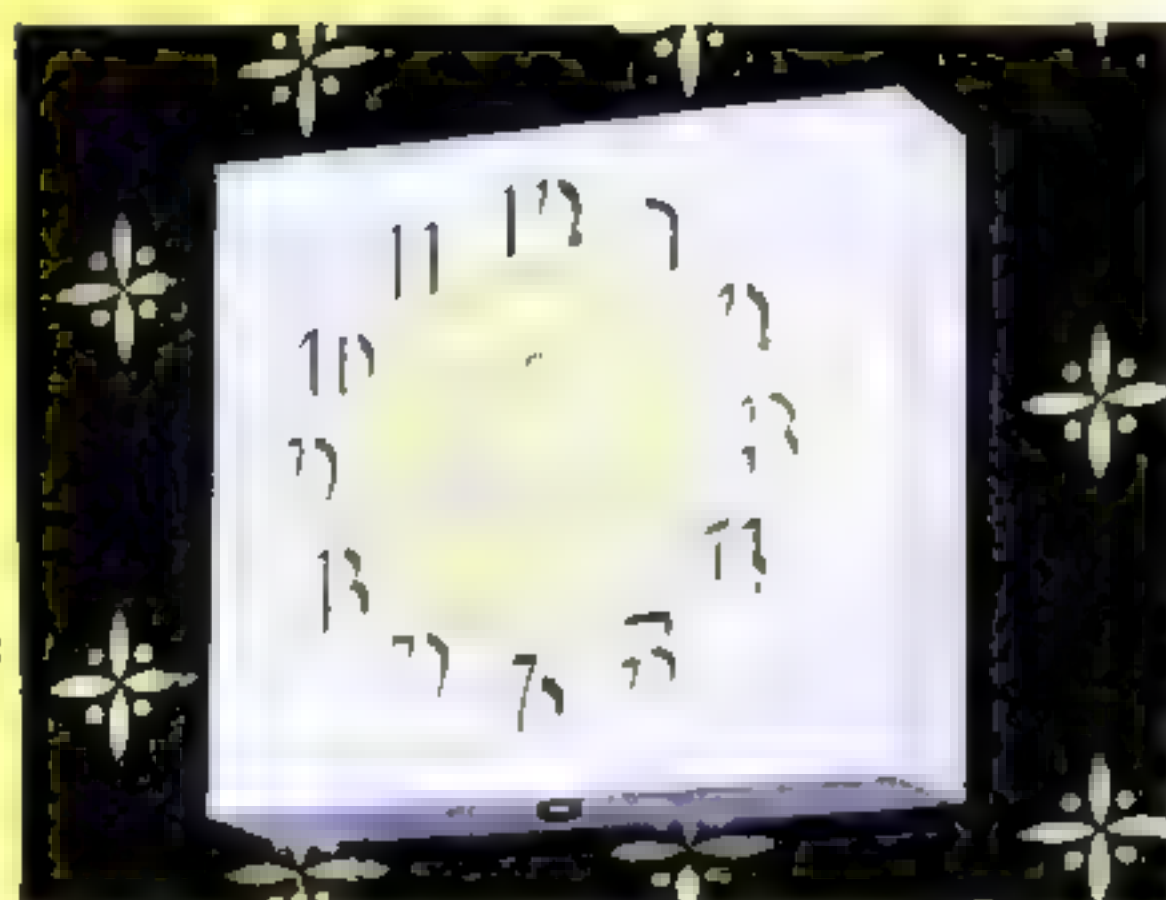
Telechron electric
clocks

can't run wrong



PRUDENCE
\$3.98*

Also in red



ADVISOR
\$5.95*

Also in red,
blue, black

Double-duty beauties! They style up your kitchen—keep you up to the minute too. In fact, your silent, smooth-running Telechron electric clock can't run wrong! Its famous Synchro-Sealed Motor, with oil supply sealed against dust, is synchronized perfectly with local electric power plant master clocks (almost all Telechron-made)... so that, unless you smash it or there's a rare current interruption, it has to run right! More—Telechron electric clocks need no winding, no regulating. And they carry a full-year written warranty. Many in service twenty years. 27 other Telechron electric clocks from \$3.98 to \$37. Telechron Inc., Ashland, Massachusetts. A General Electric Affiliate. *All prices plus tax. Prices and specifications subject to change.

Be sure that you buy **Telechron®**
electric clocks that can't run wrong

PARIS LOVERS CONTINUED



ON THE RUE ROYALE two lovers entwine in a kiss as they start to follow crowd across boulevard. Couple met on street corner at the end of a work day.



SEVEN MINUTES LATER the couple crosses Rue de Rivoli. Said the photographer, "I could have taken a hundred pictures without their noticing it."



The reproduction of this painting, send 15¢ to Johnson & Johnson, Box 1006, New Brunswick, N. J.

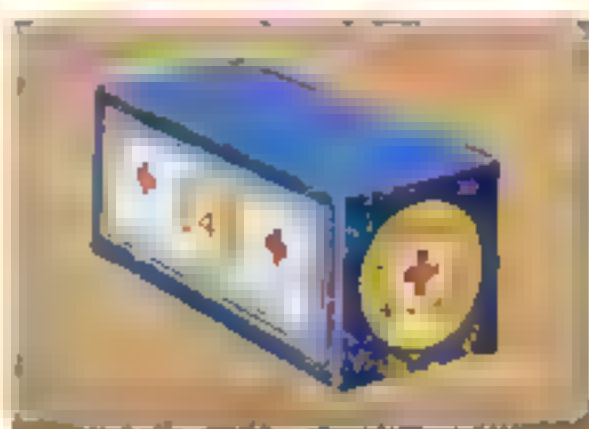
"Mommy always says you're safe when you use Johnson & Johnson"



Sealed in individual envelopes, Red Cross® Sterile Gauze Pads are soft, absorbent, absolutely sterile. Ideal for First Aid and Baby Care.



New exclusive formula: Now Red Cross® Adhesive Tape gives better sticking qualities and greater freedom from skin irritations.



Red Cross® Cotton comes to you sterile. This long-fibered cotton is the whitest, softest, most absorbent surgical cotton available.



Individually wrapped and sterile, BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages are convenient protection for small cuts, blisters, and abrasions.



New Red Cross® Cotton Balls are sterile and convenient. Have 1000 and 1 uses, in the nursery, for first aid, for cosmetics.

No connection whatever with American National Red Cross.

The most trusted name in surgical dressings... **Johnson & Johnson**

fashioned
by
Wembley

FOR FATHER

Father's Day—Sunday, June 18th



Wembley's Distinguished "BLACK ACCENT"
Features Smart Color Contrast

Each tie available in six
different color combinations

\$2 Other Wembley Gift Ties
\$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50

Wembley*



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1930, Wembley, Inc.

Wembley Ties are available at better stores everywhere. For the name of the store nearest you, write Wembley, Inc., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

the
GIFT



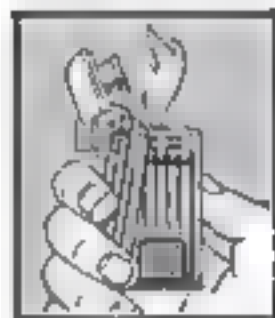
**DAD WANTS for
Father's Day!**

a fully automatic

REGENS



"Slide-out" tank
lights pipe, too



Just press to light...
release to close

Windproof "weather-
guard" design

Single motion lights •
and closes

Easy-filling of removable •
tank, prevents
overflowing of fluid
on spark wheel

Precision made •

Guaranteed against •
mechanical defects

STILL THE BEST LIGHTER BUY!

**Be sure you get a Regens.
Don't accept
inferior imitations.**

In nickel, chrome, enamel,
etched or rhodium finish
only \$1.50 to \$5.00

For best results with any lighter, use
Regens Yellow Flints, Regens Lighter Fluid



**AT BETTER JEWELRY, DRUG, TOBACCO
AND DEPARTMENT STORES**

**Regens Lighter Corporation
2 East 46th Street, New York 17**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A KING'S STORY

Sirs:

If for nothing else that has ever appeared across the great pages of LIFE, you deserve a king's salute for the brilliantly written and deeply moving "A King's Story" (LIFE, May 22).

May God bless and keep him. This troubled world needs more men with the humility, charm and graciousness of Edward, Duke of Windsor.

ALLEN RUDOLPH

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

"A King's Story" is written with great simplicity and authority and courage. One realizes only after reading it that true aristocracy is mature spiritual simplicity.

RALPH IVES BREED

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I am a Canadian. How memories of the Duke's visit to Canada come flooding back. The wonderful gold of his hair, like spun silk it was, and the fine freshness of his English skin. He was our prince, something no American could understand. He touched our heartstrings by his grace and lightness, by his little habits, as when he started nervously plucking at his tie. And we thought of his somber high destiny and wished him well, and he let us down. God be merciful to him.

SHELLEY DEWITTERS

Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Sirs:

... How could England be so thoughtless and so blind as to throw away its keystone?

RUSSELL H. KUENTER

Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

How many weeks do you plan to louse up LIFE with the story of a king?

DAVID M. BAUER JR.

Norristown, Pa.

Sirs:

... Congratulations to LIFE for bringing to the world the colorful memoirs of this real guy.

FRED AULSBROOK

Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

I think your cover of the Duke and Duchess is one of the world's truly great photographs. It is neither war nor death nor strike nor politics. It is simply love. "A King's Story" has just about been told with this single photograph.

JAY PURSEL

San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

When has a portrait ever been so radiant—so warmly glowing!

MRS. RICHARD F. O'BRIEN

Stamford, Conn.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Address all editorial and advertising correspondence to LIFE, Time & Life Building, 3 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
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**New Zenith "Mayfair" Console
Radio-Phonograph.** Stunning in
beauty, amazing in performance.
Features the new 3-Speed "Cobra"
Automatic Record Changer... Super-
Sensitive FM... famous Zenith
Long-Distance AM. In a handsome
period cabinet of choice Mahogany
veneer and mahogany
finished hardwoods. Only \$229.95*

**There IS One Really Easy Way
to Play ALL Records
...and it's yours in a Zenith!**

YOU CANNOT grasp the full meaning of this statement until you compare Zenith's 3-Speed "Cobra"® changer with other makes—and play not just one or two record sizes and speeds but *all three!*

No matter what size or speed record you play, this Zenith® changer has not one single attachment or spare part to fuss with! There is not even a needle to ad-

just! For one "Cobra" Tone Arm, with one long life needle, plays 33 1/3, 45 or 78 r.p.m. records... 7, 10 or 12 inch... 10 and 12 inch inter-mixed... all automatically!

And only in the beautiful new Zeniths such as the new "Mayfair" shown above, do you enjoy the tonal magnificence from records that only the "Cobra" can give you. Plus radio reception on both AM and FM that is acknowledged the world's finest.

Before you decide on any radio-phonograph, see these new masterpieces of performance and cabinet beauty at your Zenith Radio and Television dealer's. Discover in a few minutes how much more your dollar buys in a Zenith!



**New Zenith "Century" Table
Radio-Phonograph.** With the new
3-speed "Cobra" Automatic Changer...
famous Zenith Long-Distance AM ra-
dio. Genuine Mahogany or \$119.95*
Walnut veneer cabinet. Only



Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois • Also Makers of America's Finest Hearing Aids
*Prices subject to change without notice. West Coast and far South prices slightly higher.

In 8.3 Seconds, An
Elephant Can Run
100 Yards...
But In Only



TWO SECONDS

Bayer Aspirin
Is Ready To Go
To Work!



MAKE THIS TEST!

To see how fast it's ready to go to work, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water, and time its disintegrating speed. What happens in the glass, happens in your stomach.



When you have an ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain, you want *two* things. First, you want *fast* relief—and Bayer Aspirin gives it to you, because it's actually ready to go to work in *two seconds*.

Second, you want *dependable* relief. And Bayer Aspirin gives you this, too. You can take it with *utmost confidence* because its single active ingredient is not only so *remarkably effective* doctors regularly prescribe it for pain relief, but is also so *wonderfully gentle* to the system, mothers give it even to small

children on their doctors' advice. So don't experiment with drugs that have not been proved by years of successful use. For the *two* things you want when you're in pain—*fast* relief and *dependable* relief—use *Bayer Aspirin*. Always ask for it by the name "Bayer" when you buy.

NOW... BAYER ASPIRIN IN CHILDREN'S SIZE

New 2 1/2 grain tablets (containing half the amount of regular size Bayer Aspirin tablets) provide proper children's dosage as prescribed by your doctor. They're neither flavored nor colored, so they cannot be mistaken for candy. 30 Tablets—25c.

***Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine**

BAYER ASPIRIN

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

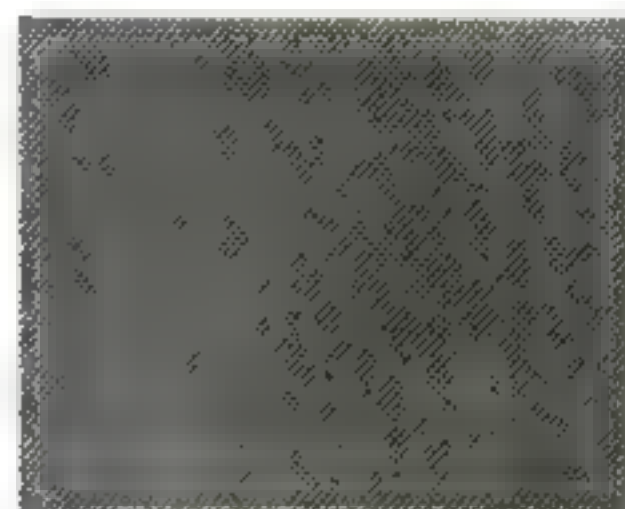
Sirs:

Who is the Duke of Windsor's tailor? The stripes on the left lapel run parallel to the buttonhole but those on the right almost vertical. Could you explain this optical illusion without causing an international situation?

F. VINCENT HARRINGTON

Buffalo, N Y

For the dozens of readers who called LIFE's attention to the Duke's nonmatching lapel stripes, here is the explanation of F. P. Scholte, Ltd., London tailors who made the suit: Coat is made of diagonal twill material. When cloth is folded over to form lapel, stripes fall at almost right angles to each other, as shown in the three pictures below. To make stripes match would mean cutting one lapel against the grain of the cloth. This was considered bad practice by the Duke's tailors.—ED.



HOW IT HAPPENS

FAST STOP

Sirs:

The article, "How Fast Can a Man Stop?" (LIFE, May 22), says, "If a car going 75 mph were stopped in nine feet, its driver would be smashed forward with a force of four tons." Assuming linear deceleration, for a driver of 175 pounds your figure of four tons should be corrected to 1.83 tons.

H. LYNN COX

University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

Northrop Aircraft engineers who conducted deceleration experiments shown in LIFE's story say "1.83 tons would be correct if braking force were constant in nine-foot braking area. But force varies, reaching maximum of four tons in middle of braking area. This is the hammer blow which does the damage."—ED.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"I've got confidence
when I see that name
Swift on the canned
meats I buy."

See American Meat Institute ad elsewhere in this issue.

A NEW LOW PRICE FOR
WORLD FAMOUS

Val-A-Pak



\$18.95

Plus Fed. Tax

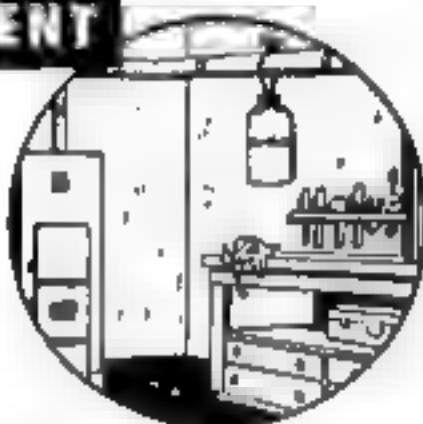
- Some smart appearance
- All the usual conveniences
- Plastic hangers for suits
- Pockets for under-clothing
- Large pocket for shirts
- No gadgets to master
- Pack or unpack in 3 minutes

At department stores and luggage shops everywhere.
ATLANTIC PRODUCTS CORP. • TRENTON, N. J.

**Dry up
harmful
dampness
fast...!**

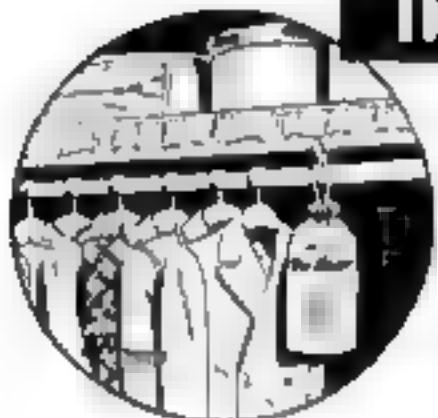
IN BASEMENT

Check rust,
corrosion,
damp walls,
dank odors!



IN CLOSETS

Guard against
musty odors,
limp clothing,
mildewed shoes!



IN PANTRIES

Help prevent
soggy crackers,
lumpy sugar,
salt and flour!



De-Moist.

**Absorbs Excess Moisture
Out of the Air**

Don't put up with mildew, rust and musty odors. De-Moist pulls dampness out of the air like magic! Soaks up its own weight in moisture, but does not drip! Easy to use; just hang it up. Odorless! Perfectly safe! Can be used over and over again by merely drying out in oven.

CLOSET SIZE \$1.29
BASEMENT SIZE \$4.95

at Hardware and
Department Stores



G. N. Coughlin Co., West Orange, N. J.

**LETTERS TO
THE EDITORS**

—CONTINUED—

THE OLD SOUTH BALL

Sirs:

In "Live Goes to the Old South Ball" (LIFE, May 22) you refer to the Stars and Bars but show only the Confederate Battle Flag. In battle the Stars and Bars, which was the first flag of the Confederacy, looked so much like the Stars and Stripes that it had to be discarded and a new flag adopted. This second flag, although often referred to as the Stars and Bars, was actually the Confederate Battle Flag.

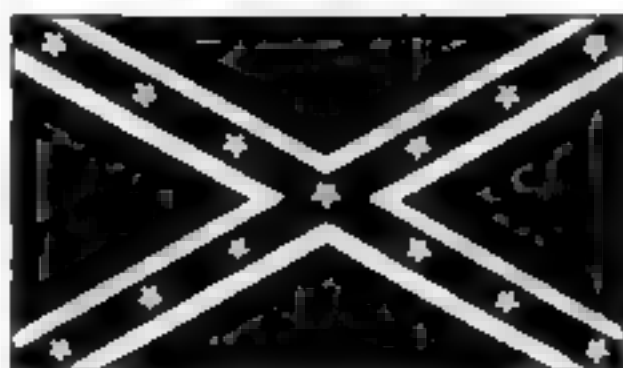
DAN MOODY JR.

Austin, Texas

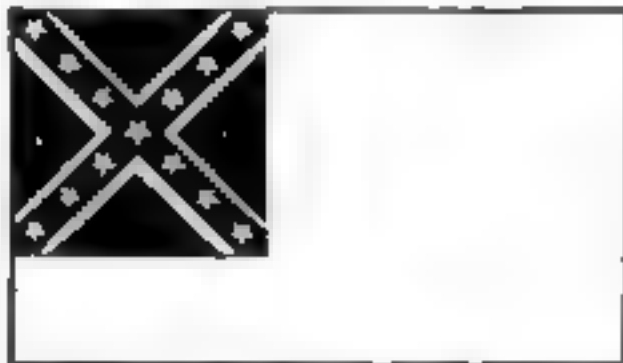
● The flag shown in LIFE's story was the Battle Flag, one of four flags (below) adopted by the Confederacy. The first, the Stars and Bars, purposely resembled the Stars and Stripes for sentimental reasons. After the battle of Bull Run it was replaced on the battlefield by the Battle Flag. In 1863 Stars and Bars itself was redesigned by putting a square replica of the Battle Flag in the corner of a white field. But sometimes this new flag, known as the Stainless Banner, looked like a white flag of truce. In a final modification, a red stripe was put down the outer edge of the flag. This was the last flag of the Confederacy, under which Lee surrendered at Appomattox.—ED.



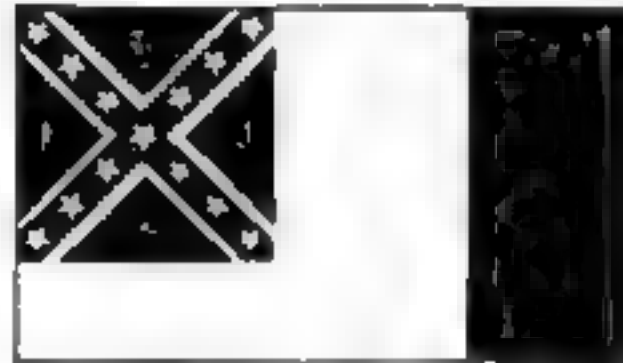
STARS AND BARS



BATTLE FLAG



STAINLESS BANNER



LAST CONFEDERATE FLAG

HISTRIONIC PROF

Sirs:

Your story about Princeton's histrionic professor (LIFE, May 22) reminds me of Physics Professor Grantham, at Cornell. When showmanship could not keep the back row awake, the good professor would call upon his deadly aim with a blackboard eraser.

To demonstrate the effect of the law of conservation of energy on a swing-

**"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!**



Not a soap,
not a cream—
Halo cannot leave
dulling, dirt-catching
soap film!



Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!

Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils.

Thus Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.

Ask for Halo—America's favorite shampoo—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

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Look, Mom—MUSCLES!



I'm Strong for PEP



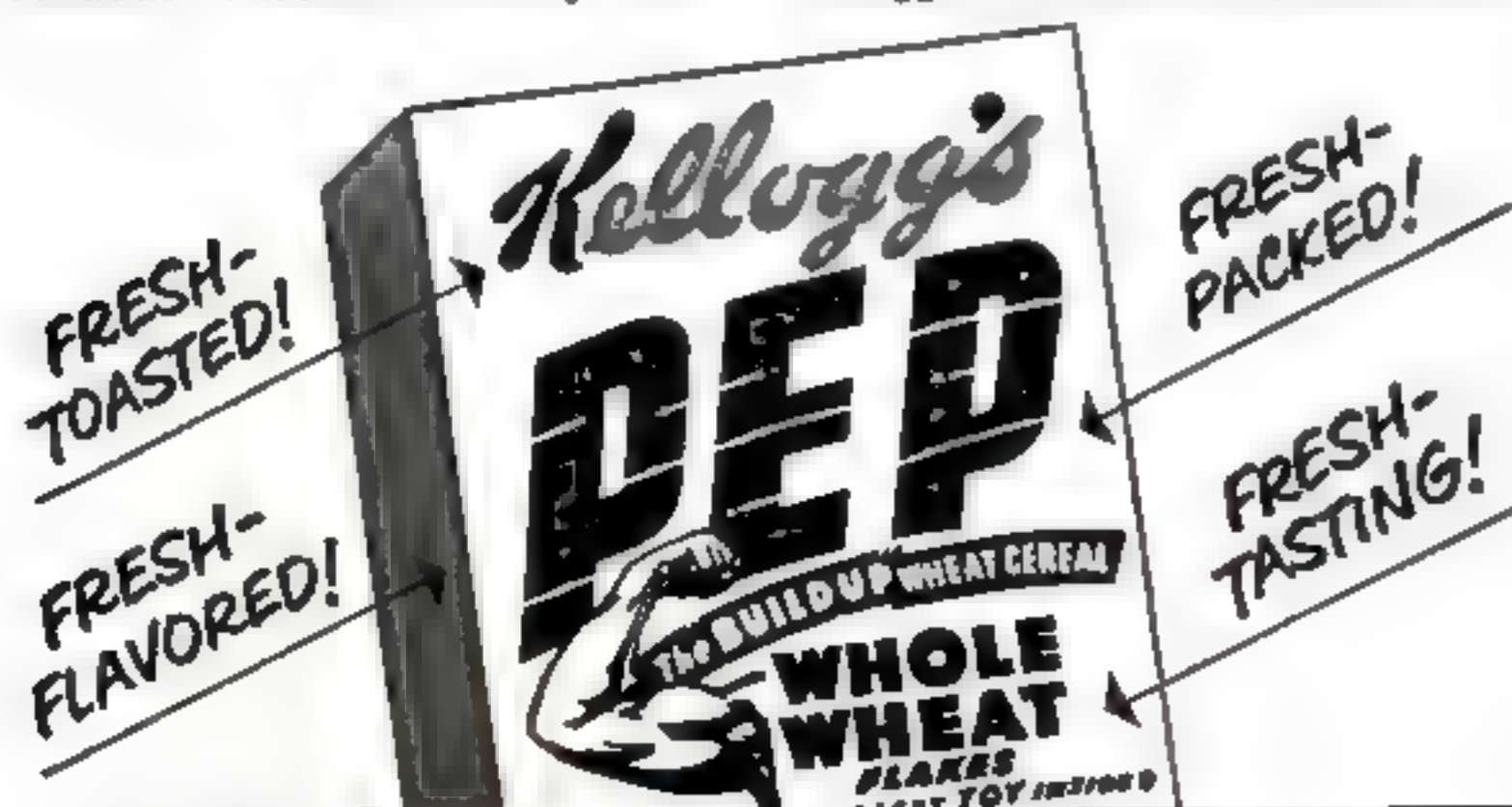
the "BUILD UP" WHEAT CEREAL

Crispy! Delicious! Crackling with all the nourishing goodness of wheat! PEP has more "builder-upper" vitamins than any other ready-to-eat wheat flakes cereal.

Only PEP supplies a full day's need of "Sunshine" Vitamin D in every bowl-

ful. Only PEP is twice as rich as whole wheat in Vitamin B₁. It contains iron too—essential for good, red blood.

So—for bone-growing, muscle-building, tooth-developing, energy-giving nutrients—serve delicious Kellogg's PEP with cool, fresh milk.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

ing pendulum, Professor Grantham used a bowling ball suspended from the ceiling by a 30-foot cord. He would stand at one side of the room and, holding the ball just in contact with his nose, let it go. The heavy ball swung across the room, paused and swooped back. The professor stood immobile and unperturbed, secure in his superior knowledge of physics, while we freshmen sat goggle-eyed. The heavy mass came on and stopped only a fraction of an inch from the professorial nose. Even those who were slunking the course sighed in audible relief.

CHARLES H. BARNETT
Cleveland, Ohio

WHISTLESTOPS

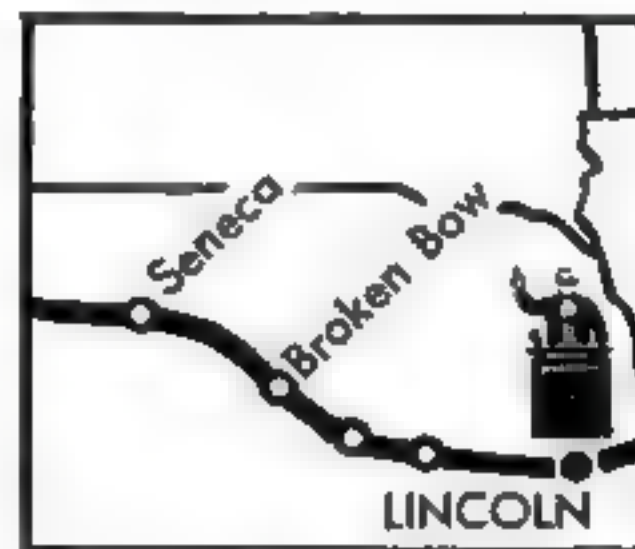
Sirs:

Oldtimers in both Broken Bow and Seneca, Neb., are really confused by your map in "Truman Returns to the Whistlestops" (LIFE, May 22). You switched us around. We liked Broken Bow where it was before the article.

BILL MOLYNEUX

Broken Bow, Neb.

● Back (map, below) goes Broken Bow.—ED.



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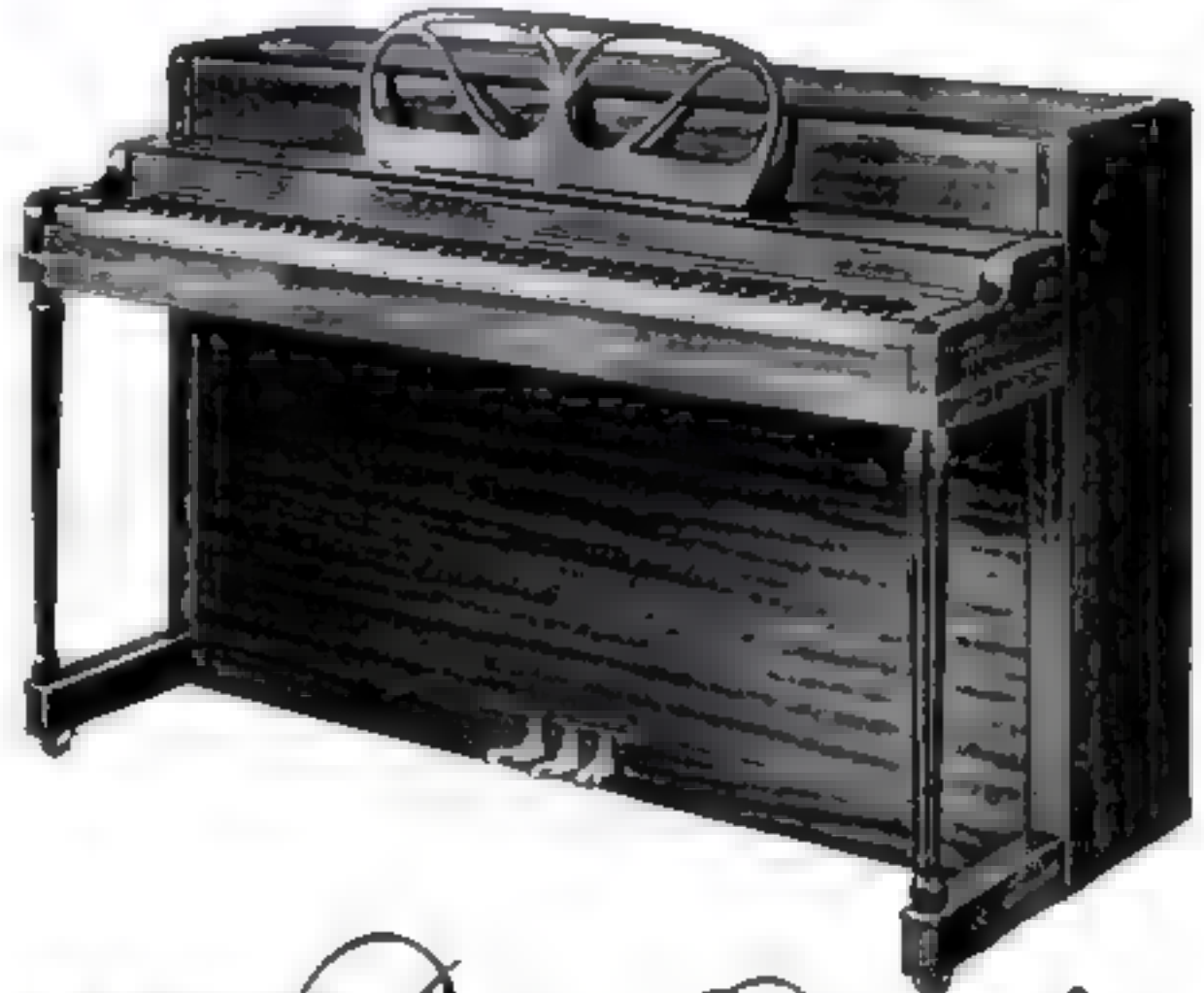
William Boyd, who as Hopalong Cassidy has become the cowboy Pied Piper of American children (*Close-up, pp. 63-70*), can well afford these days to pay \$36 each for his black Western hats. Together with black shirt and pants, kerchief and steer's head clasp (called a "concho"), boots and silver spurs, this constitutes the standard public Hoppy uniform. To Boyd, the meaning of his immense and sudden popularity was summed up not long ago in a Hollywood garage, where his car stood beside Gangster Mickey Cohen's. "His was being bulletproofed so no one would get him," says Boyd. "Mine was getting big Hopalong lettering so no one would miss me."

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LIFE

Vol. 29, No. 24

June 12, 1950

FROM BEHIND THEIR COMMUNIST BANNERS, YOUNG MARCHERS IN THE RED WHITSUNDAY PARADE SHOW HUNGRY, SURLY LOOK OF GERMANY'S SOVIET ZONE

REDS IN BERLIN DO NOT CHOOSE TO FIGHT

Whitsunday, which young East German Communists had boastfully set as the day on which they would march into Western Berlin, was a very discouraging day for an uprising. It was cold and drizzling. Along the borders between the Eastern and Western sectors Allied troops were deployed with tanks and machine guns, ready to meet force with force.

Early in the morning bugles awakened the Communist youths, 500,000 of them, brought in from all over Eastern Soviet-controlled Germany for the six-day Whitsuntide jamboree. The parade down Unter den Linden began at 7 a.m., went on all day. There was haranguing oratory, noise and a few rowdy outbreaks. But

nowhere did the Communists try to carry out their invasion threats. The Communist high command had backtracked before the West's firmness, ordered the youths to stay strictly within Soviet sector limits and thus ceded to the West a defensive victory of a sort.

The Communist teen-agers showed little of the fanaticism their leaders had been trying to whip up. Their pinched suspicious faces (*above*) revealed far more the gray and hopeless pressures that had driven them into uniforms again. They cheered Stalin and marched in a manner frighteningly reminiscent of Hitler's *Jugend*. But it soon became apparent that not even the well-organized Communist machine could fill

all their needs or silence all their doubts. Thousands slipped past police to visit the forbidden sections of the West. Some won prizes at a U.S. Army giveaway show held for them. When they tried to sneak back with them to the Eastern sector, police snatched away their ill-gotten trophies and their "Free German Youth" membership cards. Several hundred refused to go back at all. But the thousands who docilely returned to their Soviet Zone homes were still impressive in number. And the fact remained that the Russians were organizing them while the West was not. Said Berlin's Mayor Ernst Reuter grimly, "In two years these children will be able to do much more than march and sing songs."



1938

TWO TOTALITARIANISMS in Germany show a striking similarity in these two pictures: even though the Hitler Youth (*above*) was more rigid and smartly uniformed than Communist Free German Youth (*below*), even though the Reds wear blue shirts instead of brown and shout "Freiheit!" instead of "Sieg Heil!"



1950



DESERTERS FROM RALLY find food and welcome in West Berlin. These three youths—one still in uniform—were first found in French sector by police who released them, then turned them loose with instructions to go back to the Soviet sector. Instead they had dinner and spent the night with friendly West Berlin family.



PEOPLE'S POLICE of the Communist German republic marched in the parade along with Free German Youth forces. A strong and disciplined force, these are the nucleus of German Communist power. A few took the opportunity to defect to the West, where they told of their military training with Russian tanks and artillery.



SOVIET ZONE CHILDREN got demonstration of practical atheism at a Punch and Judy show. "Want some candy?" asked Punch. "Oh, yes—the children said. 'Pray to God for it.'" Punch told them. When nothing happened, the children were advised to pray to Stalin. When they did, candy rained down upon them.



**RALLY POSTERS CONTRAST U.S. GIRL WRESTLERS
WITH PURE AND HEALTHFUL COMMUNISTIC SPORTS**

OUT OF COLLEGE

GOODWILL ABROAD

A New York Times correspondent, Cyrus L. Sulzberger, returns from a round-the-Soviet-perimeter trip from Finland to Japan with news that dislike of the U.S. is growing practically everywhere. The ceaseless drip of Soviet propaganda is partly to blame for this, but Mr. Sulzberger stresses other factors such as unpopular U.S. occupation policies. Some dislike of the U.S. may be inevitable, but it should be possible to mitigate the resentment by the use of a little compassionate imagination.

To prove our point we offer a story taken from a recent issue of a French paper called *Le Figaro Littéraire*. The story concerns an American publicity man who was walking past a French beggar near the Madeleine in Paris on one of the first good spring days. The Paris horse-chestnut trees were in bloom, the plane trees were putting forth their tenderest green and the sky was a bland blue. The beggar carried a sign through it all: "Blind from birth." Yet he rolled his cup and pointed to his sign unavailingly; nobody stopped to put in a sou.

Curious about the beggar's lack of success, the American publicity man halted for a moment in deep thought. Then, to an interested French bystander, he dictated a new sign for the beggar. It ran: "You can see the spring. I cannot." The beggar put it on his card and his cup was soon overflowing as applauding spectators tossed in their coins.

Of such practical behavior is goodwill between men and nations compounded. We offer the instance as one small bit of evidence that the U.S. citizen abroad can counteract dislike of himself and his countrymen if he only stops to exercise his sympathy and his brains.

THIS PEACELESS WORLD

An Israeli delegate to the U.N., Aubrey S. Eban, has just coined a word to describe the state of affairs in the Middle East. It is "peacelessness." This would seem to tick off the situation just about everywhere in the world. It would be mighty discouraging if it were not for some hot news just in from Scotland, where the clans Campbell and MacDonald have patched up a 250-year feud. The Campbell-MacDonald rift ended with a simple handshake at a veterans' reunion, which proves that "peacelessness" is not necessarily an eternal phenomenon.

A good half century ago Professor William Graham Sumner, America's pioneer sociologist, made a terse speech to his graduating class. It consisted of a two-word admonition: "Get capital."

We haven't yet had the opportunity to read this year's batch of graduation day speeches, but we are reasonably certain that none of them will echo the Sumnerian advice. Graduation day speakers no longer use words that bluntly; besides, they wouldn't want to be accused of counseling selfishness. To "get capital" implies the will to scabble in the hot and dusty market place. It implies the will to practice business not as a dignified profession but as a fiercely competitive art, an art which General Hugh Johnson once spoke of as "savage poetry." Such scabbling is not for the "white shoe boy" (which is 1950 college slang for gentleman).

There will be graduation speeches this year extolling the virtues of Free Enterprise as the necessary underpinning for freedom. But it is not in the mode to tell a new college graduate simply to go out and make money. For one thing, both graduates and graduation day speakers have been sold on the contrary idea that it is next to impossible to "get capital" in a world of big institutions and high-bracket income taxes. The new college graduate is looking for security, not a fortune. If he contemplates a business career, he wants it to be with a big, firmly established corporation like General Electric—one that will give him security of tenure and the chance for safe, steady advancement with moderate salary increases up to, say, \$10,000 a year at the age of 45.

Since it is his elders who have created a world in which chance-taking is only indifferently rewarded, the new college graduate is hardly to be blamed for his passive, essentially defensive psychology. Nevertheless,

if the college graduate can't find a way to break out of the cage which his elders have arranged for him, he faces a deplorable future. Fifty years of advancing collectivist philosophy have dinned into virtually everybody the idea that money-making is crass, that competition to "get capital" is somehow unethical. This current of belief will not be reversed in a day. Yet if the new college graduate wants a world of opportunity, he must do his part in changing the whole contemporary climate of opinion.

Some simple figures tell the story of what is necessary if a college student is to have his chance. Every year in the U.S. 1.5 million new youngsters join the labor force. Allowing for death and retirement of their elders, a net total of 600,000 young men and women must have jobs created for them every year. Economists estimate that it takes \$10,000 of new investment to create one job. This means that \$6 billion must be saved and invested each year by somebody, somewhere.

Put in this light, does the advice to "get capital" sound like a crass and nasty business? Or does it sound like a call to real service? We invite the 1950 college graduate to ponder the matter and make up his own mind. Having done so, the new graduate might very well arrive at the conclusion that the most noble thing he can do is to go out and get the experience and the money needed to start a business venture of his own. That sounds like a tough proposition, but new businesses do get started in the U.S. in spite of all the difficulties. During the five-year period 1944-48, 2,270,000 new business ventures were floated. It is still possible in the U.S. for a young man to strike out on his own, and the 1950 college graduate ought to know as much before he compromises his future by looking for a safe place in a safe—but ultimately boring—backwater nook.

OUT OF WATER

Water—or, rather, the lack of it—has become big news. In New York it has taken almost a year to nurse the Catskill-Croton reservoir system back to the 90% of capacity level. There have been water shortages in Illinois and along the Gulf Coast. In California the underground water table has been falling. And now comes the news that a new Dust Bowl is threatened in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma.

While an erratic nature has been to blame for some of the water shortages, the shortsightedness of man has created most of the trouble. Cities have failed to add to reservoir capacity as populations have increased and as "thirsty" industries such as chemicals and paper have grown. In most of these instances man has been caught short by contingencies that have been largely unforeseen.

Not so, however, in the Dust Bowl area. There the experience of the dry 1930s presumably taught everybody a lesson. The fact that continued growing of wheat on dry

soil would lead to Dust Bowl conditions in a bad year was pounded home in a thousand articles and government pamphlets.

Came the war and all the articles and pamphlets went for naught: the arid southwestern plains were again planted to wheat. In a world of wartime scarcity there was justification for this. A wet weather cycle enabled the southwestern farmer to cash in on his wartime gamble. But the farmer pressed his luck too far when he kept on gambling after the war-induced wheat shortage was over.

Should the farmer be spanked for ignoring the lesson of the '30s? He should indeed. But this time the government should be spanked even harder. For the same government that puts out pamphlets urging the southwestern farmer to plant soil-binding grass is also subsidizing the same farmer to plant wheat. It doesn't make sense.

The remedy: let government supports be withdrawn from wheat that is grown in Dust Bowl danger areas.



BIRD GETS COLD SHOULDER

At Annapolis graduation week exercises Midshipman Peter Hughes was at attention when a starling landed on his shoulder. Hughes did not move. The crowd giggled. The bird stayed. Hughes was rigid. After five minutes the bird flew off. Now Hughes is known at Annapolis as "Nature Boy."



EYES POPPING WITH GENTEEL EXCITEMENT, TOP-HATTED ENGLISHMEN WATCH FROM "MEMBERS ENCLOSURE" AS FIELD THUNDERS THROUGH STRETCH

THE ENGLISH RALLY ROUND FOR DERBY DAY



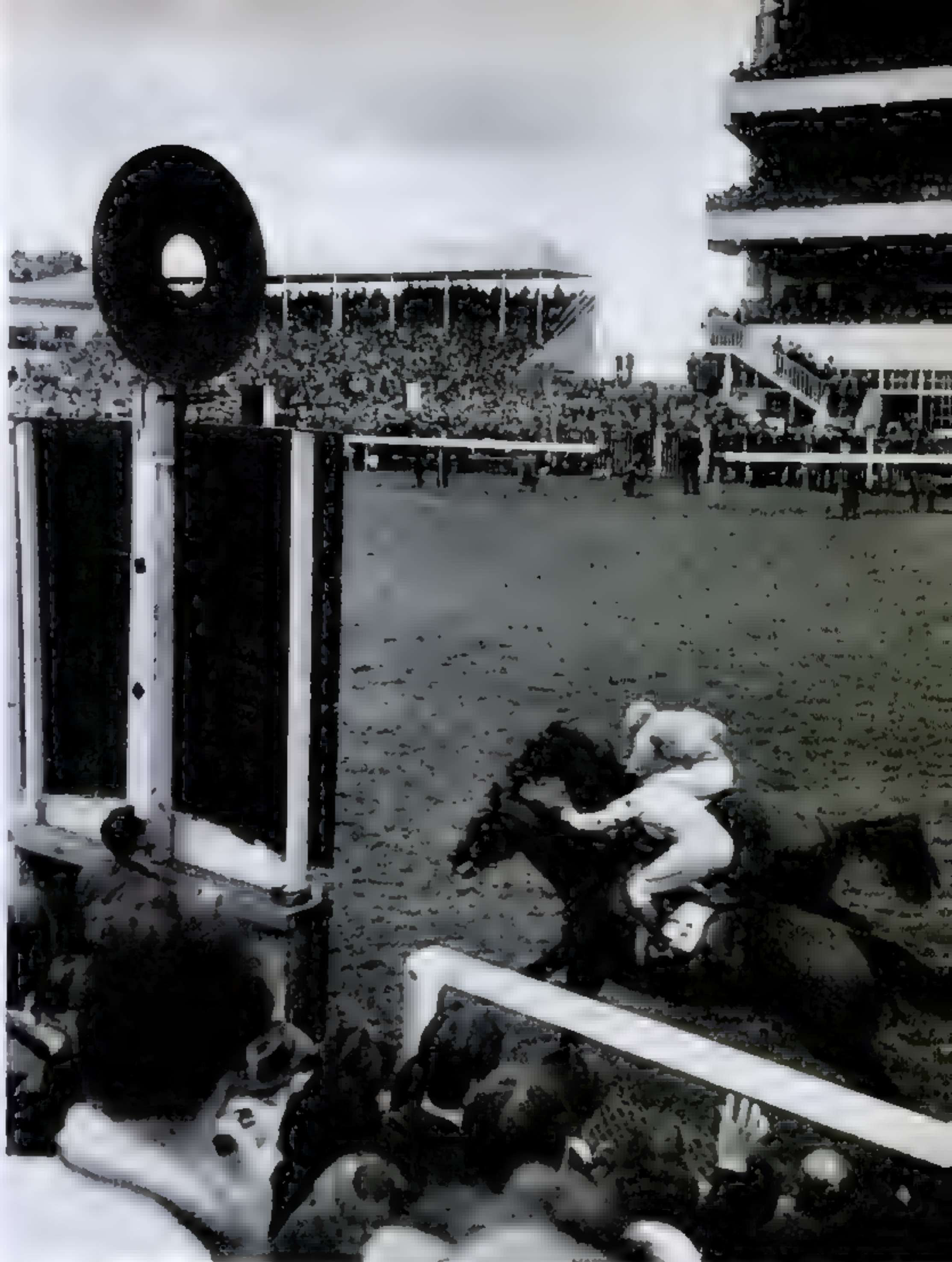
KING, his sprained wrist bandaged, chats with his trainer, Boyd-Rochfort.

Almost every Englishman with an ounce of sporting blood and a means of conveyance turned out last week for the world's most important horse race, the English Derby. It was run at Epsom Downs, 11 miles south of London, over a course different from those in the U.S. The track was of grass instead of dirt and the 23 starters, instead of running over level ground, ran uphill for a way, turned a corner and raced down an incline to the homestretch. When the shrieks of 500,000 Englishmen had died down, a French horse named *Calcedor* (above, right) had nosed out Prince Simon, an American horse, to win the race and £17,000.

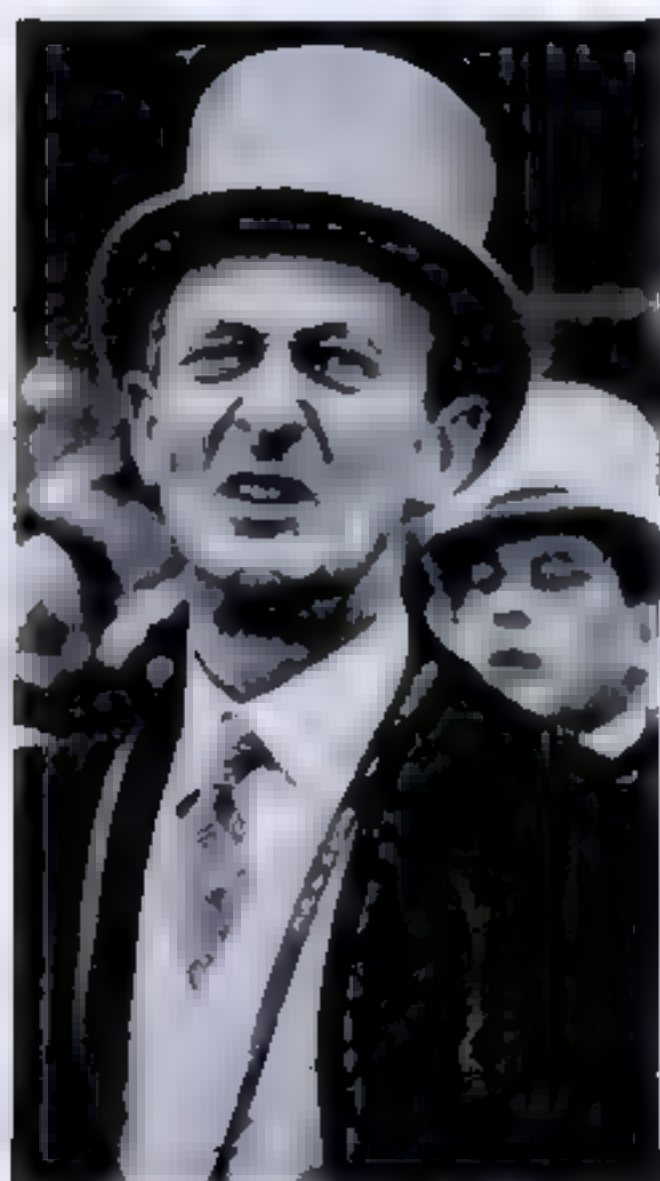
The finish was the only thing un-English about the affair. The king was in the royal box—with a rooting interest in the American horse, which was trained by the king's trainer and ridden by the king's jockey. The aristocracy sat in enclosures. And spread out over the Downs was that strange mixture of humanity, the English nation on a holiday. The great bulk of the crowd, in the infield, were unable to see the race over the heads of their fellow men. They swarmed among barking bulldozers, merry-go-rounds, gypsy fortune tellers and bar tents. It was this huge, grotesque carnival that once caused Doré, the French artist, to gasp, "*Quelle scène brutale*," upon his first and only view of it and return instantly to London.



COMMONER, itching for a glimpse of royalty, succeeds with friend's help.



UNDER A DRIVE, FAVORED PRINCE SIMON (FOREGROUND) FAILS TO STAVE OFF GARCADOR'S CHARGE



UPPER-CLASS LOSER tries gamely to take his loss with a stiff upper lip.



BOOKMAKER, whose business is legitimate, sets up shop in the center field. In the background is the city of tents that gives the Derby its carnival look.



MIDDLE-CLASS WINNER smugly counts his haul. Winner paid 11-1.



SIGN GOT ARTHUR MILLER CONTRACTING JOB

BIGGEST GRADUATING CLASS

Just a few months ago the class of 1950, whose 500,000 graduates make it the biggest college class in U.S. history, was hearing nothing but dreary news. Labor Department statisticians, looking at the job situation, said it would be the tightest since the 1930s.

This added a note of special urgency to the usual spring scramble for jobs. Some students resorted to billboards and sandwich signs (left and right). Others sent out brightly phrased

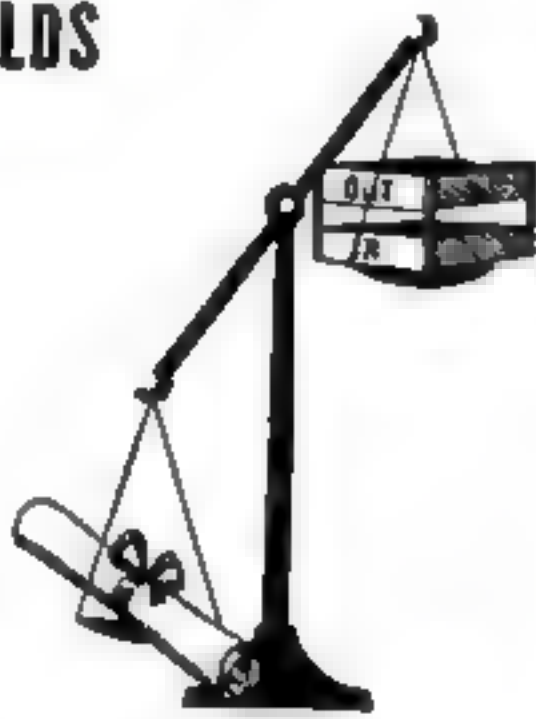
letters to companies they hoped would employ them. One student brashly warned personnel managers: "I want your job."

Suddenly, last week, things began to look up. Though some large industries were hiring fewer men than last year, the slack was being taken up by small businesses whose level of prosperity is higher than anticipated. The situation at the University of Toledo was representative of that in most colleges. The Toledo area had a high

THESE ARE CROWDED FIELDS

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION:

On this imaginary scale about 70,000 graduates (represented by the weight of diploma) far outweigh number of jobs now open (represented by weight of desk basket). The situation is especially bad for accountants. Men who are trained for insurance and market research are finding it somewhat easier, especially with smaller businesses.



HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS

graduating this spring total 84,730. There are only about 30,000 jobs open to them. Those who are trained to teach English, social sciences and men's physical education have hardest time finding jobs. Most openings are in rural areas. Educators advise students in this group to get above the general level by going on for master's degrees.



ENGINEERING, the U.S.'s third

largest profession, has about 18,000 jobs open this year. An estimated 50,000 graduates are competing for them. The prospects are better than predicted a few weeks ago, but many engineers will find it wise to switch to sales or other nontechnical jobs. The petroleum, aviation and machine-tool fields are now among the most crowded.

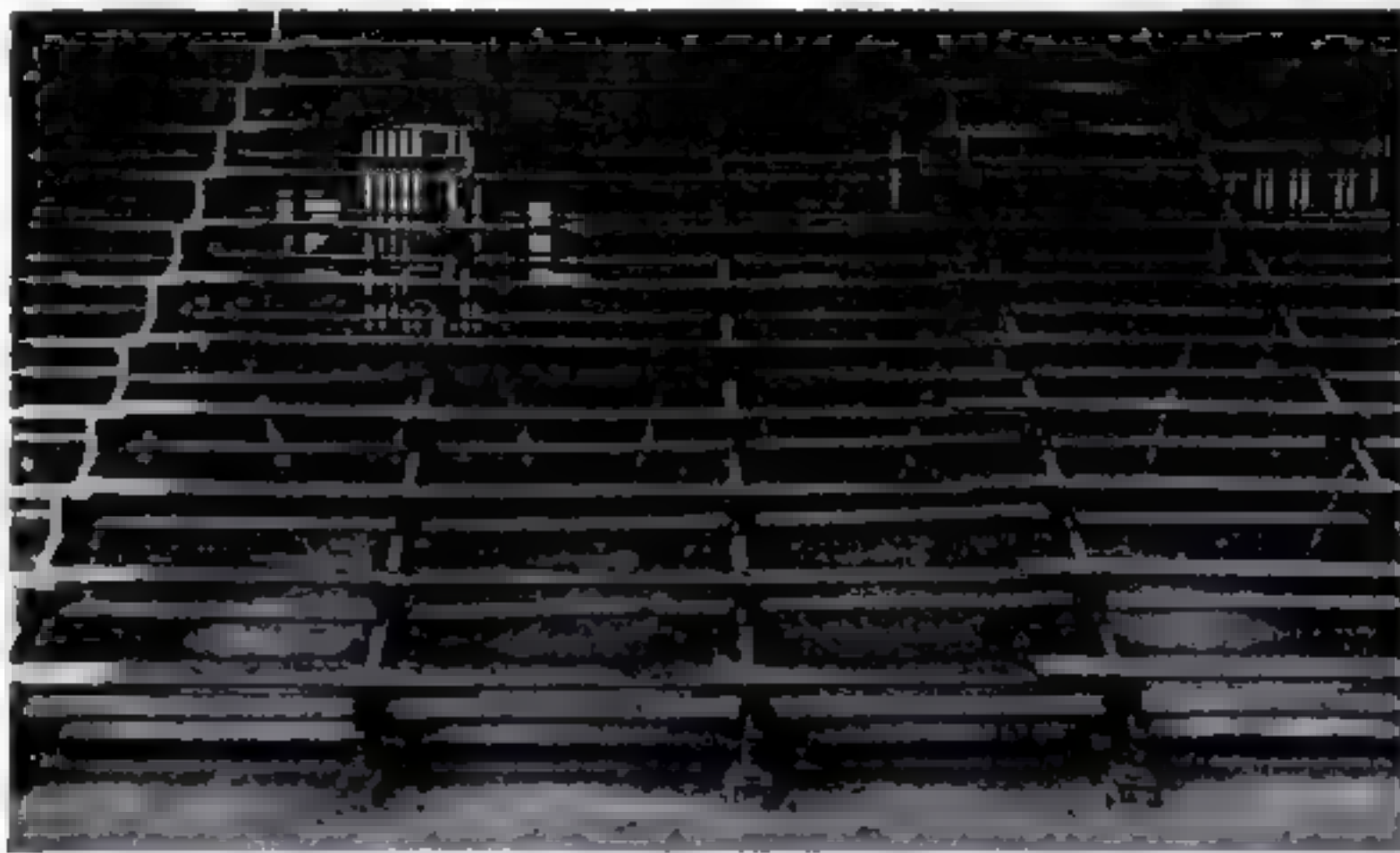


LAWYERS increase this year by

about 16,000 graduates, who find that their overcrowded field is expanding very slowly (only about 5,000 jobs open up each year as result of death and retirement). The best opportunities are in smaller cities or in fields of international law, tax law (where accounting is helpful) and patent law (where engineer training is often required).



TOLEDO NURSING GRADUATES: NONE UNEMPLOYED



EDUCATION GRADUATES: 11 UNEMPLOYED



ENGINEERING GRADUATES: 11 UNEMPLOYED



GETS SUDDEN BREAK ON JOBS

unemployment rate, and college placement officials had expected a bad time. But when they lined up graduating classes and divided those with jobs from those without, they got the encouraging results shown below. All of the school's nursing graduates had jobs; half its teaching graduates were placed—44 of the 48 unemployed were aiming at the crowded high school field; 36 engineers were employed. The latter figure was especially good news, since

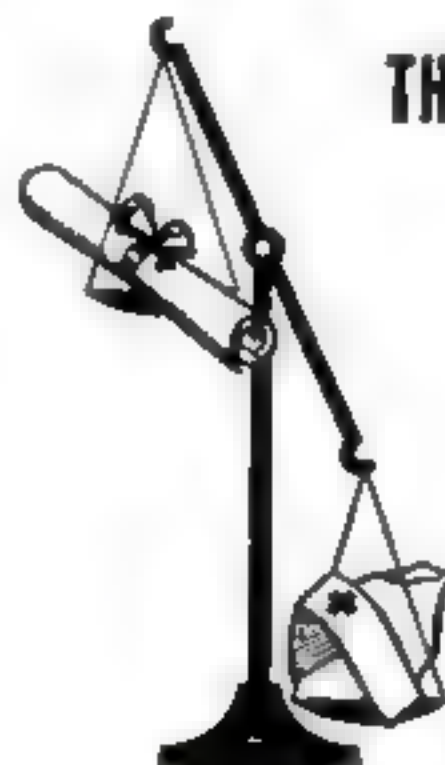
engineering is one of several fields in which jobs are most scarce (chart, opposite page). For students in these crowded fields employment experts had three bits of advice: be willing to move (the West and the South are best areas for jobs, New England the worst); settle for a training job; or switch to a better field, such as one of the four shown in the chart at right. Other good opportunities include library and secretarial work, dentistry, psychology and architecture.



CHICAGO POLICE STOPPED GOLDSTEIN'S STUNT



THESE ARE UNCROWDED FIELDS



NURSING is wide-open field. On this scale, the nurse's cap, representing an estimated 88,000 jobs open, far outweighs the diploma which represents the 1,300 nurses graduating from college. They will be in competition with hospital-trained nurses, but their specialized college training gives them an edge for many of the better paying hospital administrative jobs.



GRADE SCHOOL TEACHERS now graduating number 22,460, but there are 100,000 jobs open. Shortage of teachers for growing number of U.S. children will continue until 1960 when about one million will be needed. Openings are most numerous in the primary grades. Prospective teachers are advised to train for this rather than high school field (opposite page).



DOCTORS: It is impossible to obtain solid figures in this field, but all sources agree that serious shortage exists. Some say that by 1960 a total of 42,000 more doctors will be needed than will be available at the present rate of training. The 5,600 doctors who are graduating this year will have no trouble. The most serious shortage is still in rural areas and public health fields.



SOCIAL WORKERS, majority of whom are employed by local, state and federal governments to advise families and look after hard-ship cases, are in great demand. About 1,500 students are getting bachelor's degrees this year. Another 1,500 are getting their master's degrees. The latter, because of their intensive training, should have no trouble in landing jobs.



RUTH'S "PRINCESS GOLD"

Exiled African chief's white queen has a 7-pound daughter



Six days after her baby daughter Jacqueline was born in a hilltop hospital at Serowe, Africa's "white queen," Ruth Khama (*LIFE*, March 6), held the sleeping, 7-pound infant while a British photographer took her first pictures. London's *Daily Express* described her as a "suntan" baby. The father, Chief-Designate Seretse Khama of the Bamangwato tribe, was present by courtesy of the British government, which had exiled him for having married Ruth but permitted him to drive 250 miles to the hospital from his place of exile to see his baby. Putting a cautious finger to Jacqueline's chin, Seretse

observed that she is "just a little crinkle-faced baby." Then he took Ruth's arm and supported her as she walked unsteadily to a car to be driven to the six-room bungalow which she and Seretse had expected to make their home. They would be permitted to stay there three weeks, then Seretse would have to resume his five-year exile. "First we will go to London," he told reporters. "I may resume my law studies at London University later. That seems to be the best way to spend the time. . . . And my daughter can get everything she needs there." His tribe has bestowed a special name on the daughter: "Princess Gold."



WORLD COPYRIGHT 1950 BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

INGRID'S "ROBERTINO"

Movie Director Rossellini's bride shows off her 15-pound son

Four months after the birth of her son Renato Roberto Giusto Giuseppe at Villa Margherita Hospital in Rome (LIFE, Feb. 13), Actress Ingrid Bergman held the wide-eyed, 15-pound baby while his father, Italian Movie Director Roberto Rossellini, took the pictures shown on this page. Then, ready to show him to an interested world for the first time, Miss Bergman explained: "My husband and I have decided that the publication of these photographs will assure our son's physical safety and will finally give us that freedom of movement which we both crave." Their decision was taken a week after

they had received certification of their marriage by proxy in Juárez, Mexico, and along with the baby's pictures the parents were displaying new gold wedding rings last week: The father commented proudly that "the child has something of both of us . . . pretty evenly divided . . . but he certainly inherited his mother's looks." The mother thought that he was the picture of health, and added that "he has that look in his eye which is all Rossellini." Of all those taken she liked best a picture (right) showing a slightly twisted "Rossellini smile." She has given a pet name to her son—"Robertino" (Little Robert).





THE VIRGIN MARY'S IMAGE ALONE SURVIVES IN RUINED LA MERCED CHURCH



INDIAN WOMAN GETS DRY EYES

QUAKE IN CUZCO

Tremor in Peru shatters hemisphere's oldest city

It took 40 seconds on a Sunday afternoon last month to devastate the oldest inhabited city in the Western Hemisphere, the ancient Inca capital of Cuzco in Peru, which Pizarro looted in 1533. Like a great hammer blow, a short, sharp earthquake struck the 11,380-foot-high plateau on which Cuzco stands, inflicting as much damage as the great quake of 1650 which almost destroyed the town. Fortunately a third of the 45,000 inhabitants were at a soccer game at the edge of town. Still, under the rubble of some of Latin America's finest churches and monasteries lay 83 dead. For days an immense plume of dust hung over the ruins like a pall. Americans joined with Peruvians to forestall epidemics (*above*) and house the living in tents and shelters. Last week, when *LIFE* Photographer Eliot Elisofon took these pictures, Cuzco was still jittery from a small aftershock which crumbled more of its houses. It found 90% of its buildings either ruined or uninhabitable. But the Cuzquenos knew that their historic city would rise again.



THE SEARCH FOR BODIES went on day and night. Here, in Plaza de Armas in center of town, sweating rescue workers dig through debris. Wall of building

still stands in background. Severest damage was done to houses and churches; most Inca monuments, built of stones carefully fitted without mortar, withstood shock.



LIFE

CONGRATULATES

HEATH PROCTOR

As American Airlines Flight No. 19 neared Chicago at dusk on May 31, a dispatcher radioed to Pilot Heath Proctor, "We're happy to report there are fair skies ahead. . . ." This was the dispatcher's way of saying goodbye to Proctor, who a few minutes later finished his last airline flight. At the age of 60, "Proc" was retiring, the first airline pilot ever retired because of age alone. Still in perfect physical condition, he had flown commercially since 1927 (with three years out as a World War II Ferry Command officer), carrying 200,000 passengers 3.2 million miles, making 24,000 landings and take-offs with only one minor mishap. A dozen pilots met him at the Chicago airport, and they all drank a toast. Then Proc, who will get a \$150 pension from the airline and \$160 from the Air Force, which retired him as a colonel, felt a bit empty. But he was resigned to no more flying. He said, "Like a bad habit, the best thing to do is chop it off and forget it."



COMMEMORATIVE KISSES from stewardesses salute Pilot Proctor as he boards plane for

last trip. Stewardesses were fond of Proctor; one called him "a doll-baby . . . a father-confessor."



IN DAREDEVIL DAYS of 1927, Proctor flew the mail from Buffalo to Cleveland in open-cockpit Pitcairn biplane.



ON LAST TRIP he waves from the cockpit. After a long vacation he hopes to get executive job with feeder airline.

JELLIED CONSOMMÉ

cool...

refreshing...

delicious!



Easy to serve...any time... all summer long!

Time was, when jellied consommé was served as a prized specialty of famous restaurants. Today, Campbell's Consommé—jelled to a cool, smooth amber—is enjoyed as a summer meal-time "must" in millions of homes. Here, truly, is a dish that's sweeping the country. And no wonder. It's so refreshing... and so delicious with the deep flavor of beef, pointed up by tomatoes, celery, carrots—all strained to a clear, invigorating broth. Get some and try it!



A happy eating habit
For a wiling summer's day
Is this delicious fav'rite
Campbell's Jellied Consommé!

Campbell's CONSOMMÉ
SERVED JELLIED



So easy to fix



Place in chiller or immediately
below the freezing compartment.

So sure to delight



Any time after 4 hours, remove, open,
heap the gleaming consommé in cups.

HOW ABOUT
LUNCH
TODAY!



*Just reach into
the package and find
for real homemade*

RECIPES

Hot Rolls

**and many other wonderful baked things
... in 1/2 the making time**
(compared to your standard cookbook recipe)

You'll find a flying start to real homemade dinner rolls, sweet rolls, raised doughnuts, coffee cakes—right inside every package of Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. *Fresh-Acting Yeast* (in specially protected inner packet) helps you turn out your favorite raised bakings in far less time—and recipes on the Ann Pillsbury folder are simple to follow. So why not open up a package of Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix and take your baking easy!



3 Original Rogers Silver-plated Teaspoons. Expires 12/31/58. Only 50¢ each. Send to Pillsbury, Box 150, Minneapolis, Minn. Write for free premium booklet on Pillsbury premium plan. Savings up to 30% on complete silverware service and other value de articles. For travel use contains with all Pillsbury packages.



*You and Ann Pillsbury
can make a great team*

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new hot roll mix in her kitchen to save you time in your kitchen, and give you perfect results every time.



Easy, Quick, with the new improved
Pillsbury HOT ROLL MIX
(WITH FRESH-ACTING YEAST)



BUYERS AND GIFTS, left to right: Mrs. Fred Brandt (Fred Thurier's pair of hockey sticks and pucks, \$3), Hugh Jamieson (Shirley Temple's handkerchiefs and

picture, \$8), Mrs. W. R. Grant (Director Dore Schary's carved comic statue of a drunk, \$10.50) and Donald Horsburgh (John Nelson's salt and pepper shakers, \$8).

CELEBRITIES' PIGS IN POKES

Church group raffles off mystery gifts sent in by 230 big names

One of the hazards of being a celebrity is the Bite, which is applied by organized and disorganized charity, hobby-soxers, deadbeats, the Department of Internal Revenue and similar hungry groups. On the other hand, one of the obligations of being a celebrity is to be openhanded. But whether the celebrity will scream or smile when bitten can never be known in advance.

On June 2 members of the Couples Club of Plymouth Church in Shaker Heights, Cleveland held a fund-raising "Celebrity Auction." They had spent three months writing to 1,017 celebrities of all sorts asking each one to donate an item ("personal or otherwise") which could be put up at the sale. Some 230 had replied with gifts, and their sealed presents, each prominently labeled with the name of its celebrated donor, were purchased one by one by Clevelanders dying of suspense. This is what they found and

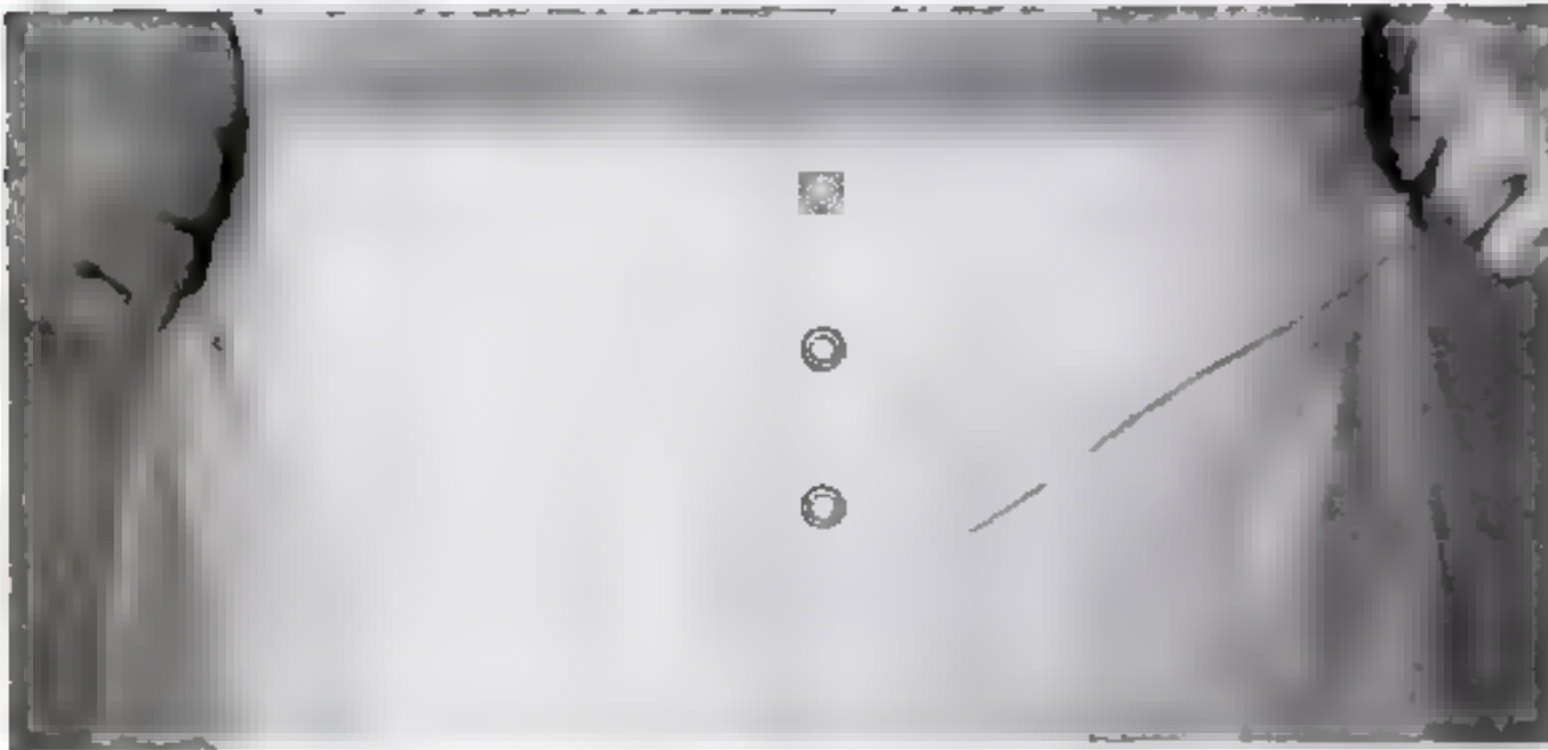
what was bid: from A. B. ("Happy") Chandler, baseball commissioner, one baseball (\$5); from Walter Lippmann, a \$5 check (\$5); from General George Marshall, four stars he had worn as an officer (\$10); from Novelist Fannie Hurst, one 25¢ "Pocket Book" (\$4.25); from Novelist Louis Bromfield, a painting (\$20); from A. Howard Fuller, a Fuller brush (\$5); from Playwright Russel Crouse, cuff links ideal for anyone whose initials are "R. C." (\$7); from Jimmy Doolittle, his pilot's wings (\$10); from Writer Paul de Kruif, a used pipe (\$5); from the Premier of Portugal, several pamphlets and posters reading "Come to Portugal" (\$17); from Hattie Carnegie, a big box which drew top price of auction (\$28) and turned out to contain a small bottle of perfume, powder and cologne. Altogether, the auction brought \$1,303 (84¢ per man-hour spent). For other gifts, see the next two pages.



LABELING was task of Bill Houghton (right), Fred Freer Jr., who marked donors' names conspicuously.

Active men insist on them—

Shorts with Gripper* Fasteners!



For those who like plain waistbands—
several styles with GRIPPER Fasteners!



For those who like all-around elastic—
improved boxers with GRIPPER Fasteners!

NO MATTER what style of shorts you prefer—with elastic waistband or without—you'll like them better with a waist-opening (with GRIPPER Fasteners, of course)!

Active men are delighted with GRIPPER Fasteners because they find that they are on to stay—and are so

easy to snap and unsnap!

And women (who do lots of shopping for their menfolk) like them better, too, because they know that GRIPPER Fasteners refuse to pop off... chip... or break. They're laundry-proof, and make ironing easier.

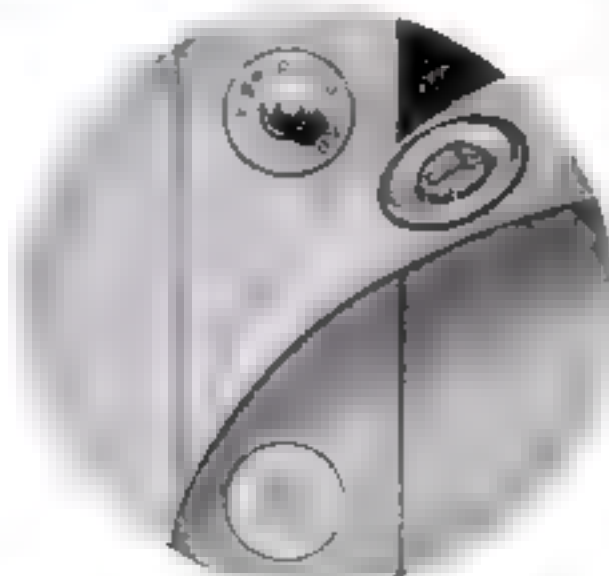
Available in leading brands.

GRIPPER Fasteners for home attachment—Available at notion counters everywhere

GRIPPER*

*© by Scovill Mfg. Co.

FASTENERS

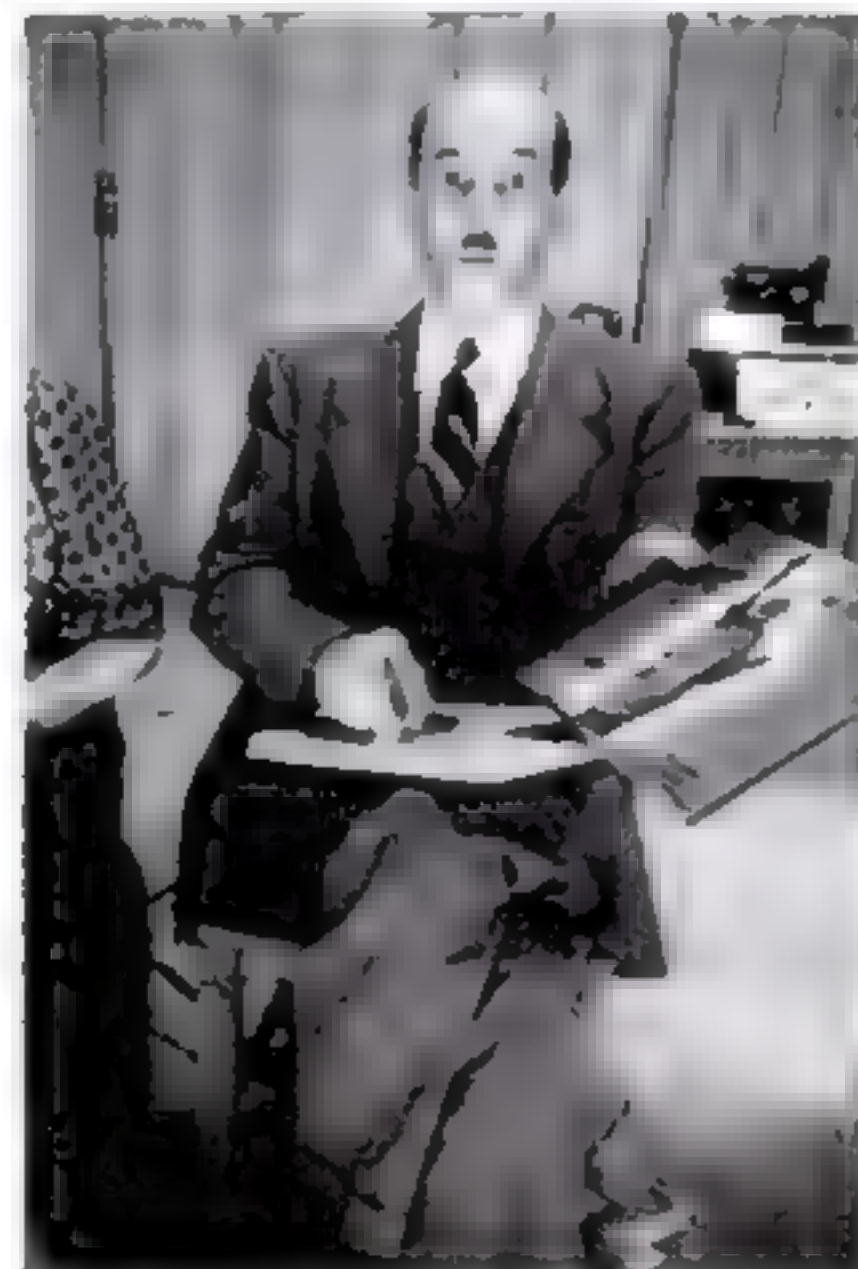


THE LAUNDRY-PROOF SNAP FASTENERS THAT END 'BUTTON BOTHER'!

A PRODUCT OF SCOVILL



A STRAW HAT sent by Florence Reichman Inc. pleased Mrs. Paul Keller, who paid \$16 for it, found that it matched her outfit.



A RECORD ALBUM, *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*, from Fred Waring, gave buyer W. H. Welty \$11 worth of amusement.



KNICKKNACKS from Luxembourg (\$3.25), sent by Minister Perle Mesta, left Lobby Gauthier with somewhat mixed feelings.

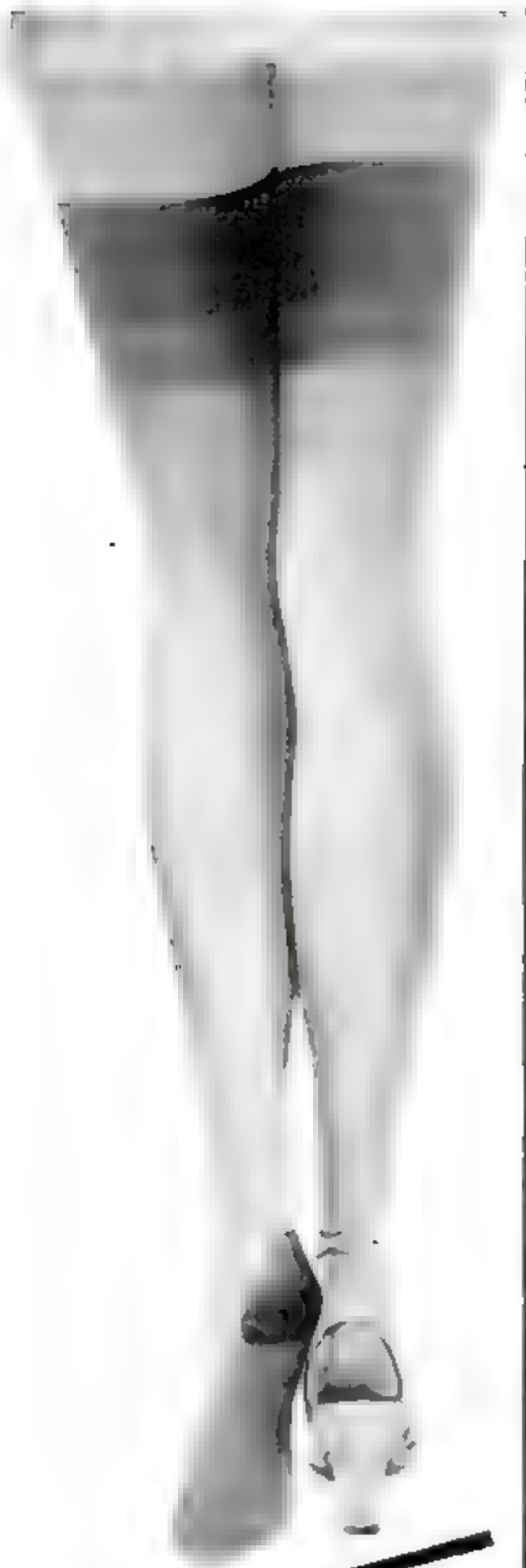
CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



De Luxe:
specially
elegant...
uncommon.
WEBSTER

*Walker's DeLuxe is a straight Bourbon whiskey,
elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.*

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. 86 Proof.



it could be
you!

in that clear miracle...TRANSPARA
...Cameo's entirely new knit seamfree
stocking that's sheerer, clearer than
any you've ever worn! You'll love the
natural perfection it gives your legs...
revel in the better fit, the color clarity!

BUR-MIL®



CAMEO®
stockings

A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS



LETTER sent by a party
worker for Senator Taft
cost Mrs. Bishop Holstein
\$16, won her chance to get
signed picture of Senator.
The committee offered her
money back; she took it.



NECKTIES were the gift
of The Lone Ranger. Fred
Freer bought four of them
for \$3.25 apiece. Cowboy
Roy Rogers contributed
a pair of highly polished,
deadly looking cap pistols.



SCARF covered with mo-
tifs from Broadway show
South Pacific, contribut-
ed by Star Mary Martin,
was purchased by delight-
ed bidder Virginia Chester
for bargain-basement \$10.



"I've got confidence
when I see that name
Swift on the canned
meats I buy."

See American Meat Institute ad
elsewhere in this issue.

Callouses

Pain, Burning,
Tenderness
Quickly
Relieved

You'll quickly forget you
have painful callouses, ten-
derness or burning on the
bottom of your feet when you
use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads.
These thin, downy-soft, won-
derfully soothing, cushioning
pads instantly lift pressure on
the sensitive spot. Speedily
remove callouses when used
with the separate Medications
included. Ask for Callous
size. Cost but a trifle.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



QUICK...NEAT...SECURE
Three sizes, 12 colors.
For snapshots, cards
and other keepsakes.
NUACE
ACE ART COMPANY
READING, MASS. MOUNTING
CORNERS

The famous
**NICKEL
LUNCH**
PLANTERS IS THE
WORD FOR PEANUTS

Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike milder than any other principal brand!

These scientific tests, confirmed by independent consulting laboratory, prove Lucky Strike mildest of 6 major brands tested!

MARLENE DIETRICH says:

"I smoke a smooth cigarette—Lucky Strike!"



Let your own taste and throat be the judge! For the rich taste of fine tobacco — for smoothness and mildness . . .

THERE'S NEVER A ROUGH PUFF IN A LUCKY!

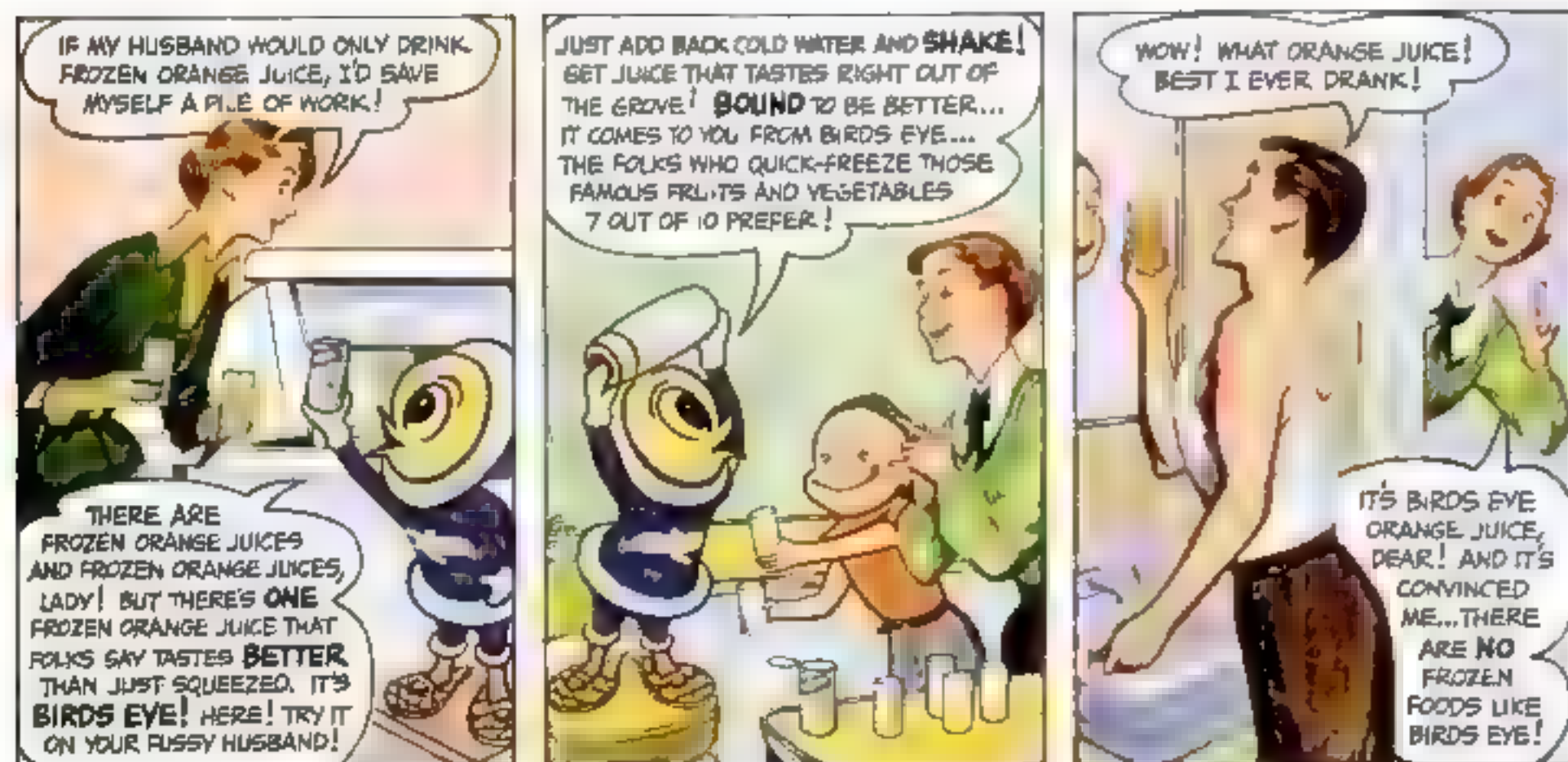
L.S./M.F.T. — Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw



PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

Fussy Folks say **Birds Eye** Orange Juice tastes better than just-squeezed!



Copyright 1960, General Foods Corp.



BIRDS EYE - BOUND TO BE BETTER!



AT 1 A.M. ON TUNNEL OPENING DAY, Omero CATAN, WHO CALLS HIMSELF "MR. FIRST," STANDS IN FRONT OF TOLL BOOTHS, HIS CAR PARKED IN NEARBY LOT

TUSSLE AT THE TUNNEL

Ancient rivals meet in Brooklyn in fight to be first through tube

The opening of the \$80-million Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel last month marked completion of the longest vehicular tunnel in the U.S. To New York it was an occasion for civic celebration. To Omero C. Catan (*above*), a field manager for a catering concern, it meant another opportunity to do something first—in this case, be the first toll-paying driver through the tunnel. Catan

has already had 400 firsts in his 36-year life. But when he arrived at the tunnel's Brooklyn entrance 15 hours before the opening, he found his arch rival, George Horn, already there. In 1938 *LIFE* reported their rivalry (*below*) at the Lincoln Tunnel opening. No word of greeting passed between the pair as they settled down for the grim struggle chronicled on the following pages.



NEW TUNNEL LINKS MANHATTAN AND BROOKLYN



A DOZEN YEARS AGO *LIFE* published this strip of pictures showing the first meeting of Horn (*left*) and Catan as they waited to be first through the Lincoln

Tunnel under the Hudson River. Horn started from New York, Catan from New Jersey. They met in middle, but Catan paid first toll since gates are on Jersey side.

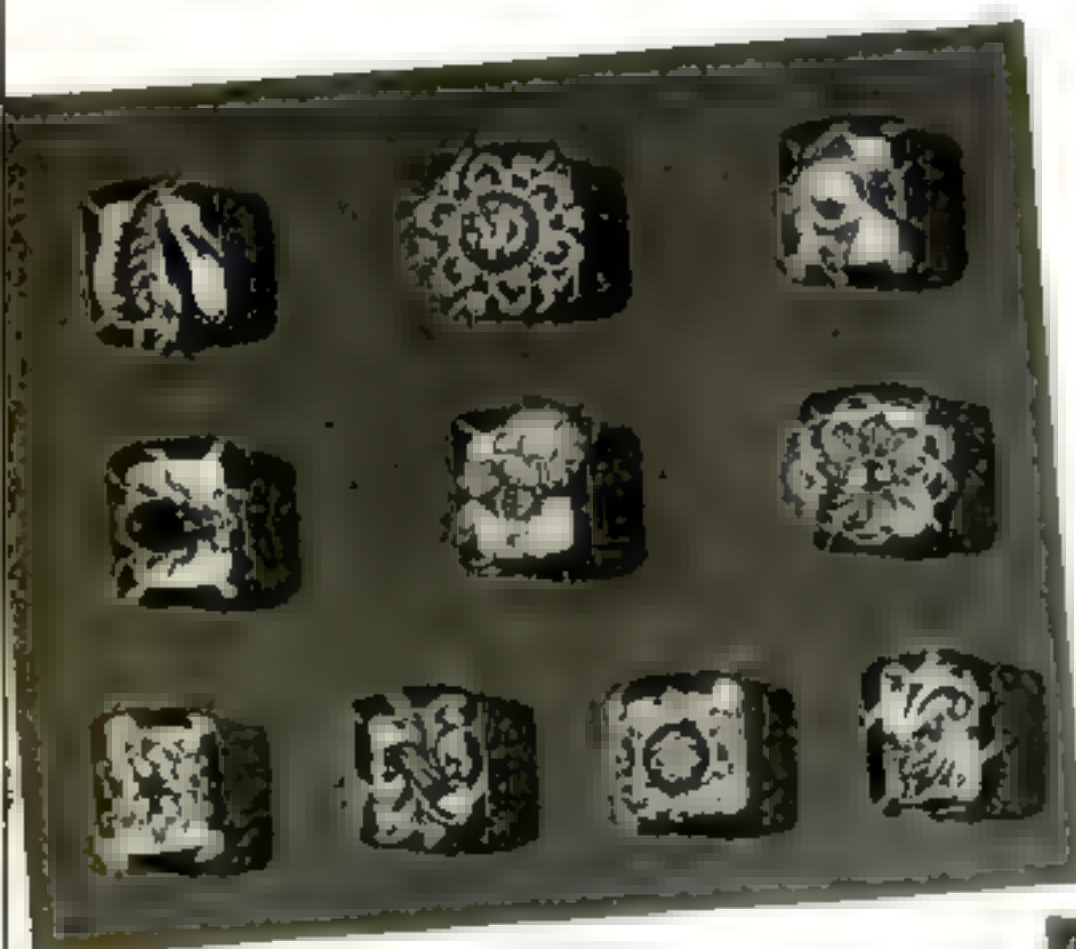


A NEW WAY TO HEAR—*through a tiny jeweled pin!*

THAT BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE brooch that adorns her smart faille suit is the new Sonotone Hearing Aid's amazing "Movable Ear"! And no wonder she's pert and poised—her secret is safe, her hearing is sure! Just a stunning piece of costume jewelry with no outside

connecting cord, a Sonotone exclusive! And the fashion-magic that conceals this outside microphone gives unmuffled, softest reception—besides banishing clothes-rubbing noise, even on swishy silk or taffeta. Nobody knows you're deaf! Clip coupon now.

Fashion takes a Front Seat in the Newest, Finest Sonotone!



THE TINY "MOVABLE EAR" is concealed by any of these ten beautiful "Sonotone charms"—some gold, some silver, some classically simple, some saucily jeweled. And "Sonotone charms" are inexpensive enough that you can flatter each costume with a different gay design, placed wherever it does the most for you—with no tell-tale outside cord! Yes, fashion takes a front seat. The new Sonotone gives you a front-row seat in life again!

FOR THE FIRST TIME in history, fashion has been wedded to hearing aids—in an exciting, helpful fashion booklet just published by Sonotone. Written by a famous Fifth Avenue fashion authority, this entirely new approach to hearing problems is beautifully illustrated in full color, and crammed with fresh style ideas. And it's free! Just mail coupon below.

NO TELL-TALE OUTSIDE CORDS! NO CLOTHES-RUB NOISE!

A MAN WEARS Sonotone's exclusive "Movable Ear" under his tie, or even on his tie, or lapel, as a handsome pin or tie clip. Nobody notices he's deaf!

FREE! "FASHION—Your Passport to Poise" An entirely new approach to hearing problems, by a famous Fifth Avenue fashion authority. Learn the many smart ways you can conceal a Sonotone so that it actually adds a touch of glamour to your costume. Clip coupon now for exciting details.

©1950, Sonotone Corp.



SONOTONE

Box 405, Elmsford, New York

Please send me free booklet "FASHION—Your Passport to Poise", crammed with exciting style ideas illustrated in full color.

Name _____

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____ State _____

Tunnel CONTINUED



CATAN'S TROUBLES begin early. To back car (right) into vacant lot, he has to build a small ramp over gap between curb and newly laid pavement.



DECORATIONS are also problem. Catan cannot tie flags to his radiator cap, finally attaches them to radio antenna with string and Scotch Tape.



AS THE MOMENT NEARS, Catan in 1941 Dodge (center) edges out of lot and over onto pavement. Horn's car, also a 1941 Dodge, is at head of side street.



CATAN IS SHOED AWAY from his position by policeman (top, center) on technicality that he has edged across police lines. Enraged Catan ripped



TUNNEL IS OPENED and Horn, sure of victory, shoots ahead of bakery truck. But the truck has quicker pickup, shoots past and beats Horn to booth.



RIVAL George Horn comes over with clipping scrapbook, tries vainly to persuade nonpartisan police inspector he should be allowed through tunnel first.



POLICE BARRIER is set up directly in front of lot where Catan's car is parked. But the crowd agrees to move barrier when Catan wants to get out.



(center, foreground) beside Chevrolet bakery truck that happened by. The official cavalcade which started at Manhattan streams out of Brooklyn exit.



the flags off his car and tried to get back into race by circling several blocks and getting on the road at left. The auto starting toward tollgate is official car.



Meanwhile a motorcycle, starting a minute earlier from Manhattan, had sped through at 72 mph and come out tollgate (far left) before anyone could enter.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FOR BEST RESULTS: shave with Barbasol



Even croquet can be O.K.
...with a Barbasol face!



- No brush
- No lather
- No rub-in

You just can't "drive away" the ladies when you use Barbasol! Quick, clean Barbasol shaves keep your face looking *naturally* smoother *all day long!* That's because Barbasol never dries the skin, as soapy lathers do. Yet its special ingredients wilt tough beards trigger-fast for really close, *comfortable* shaving. Yes sir, Barbasol shaves *look* good, they *feel* good, and Barbasol is good for your skin—*actually protects* it against sunburn and blistering. Try Barbasol!

Use it also for soothing relief of sunburn, windburn, insect bites and itching.



Avoid Athletic Aroma
use **BARZ**
Lotion Deodorant



Left: All Nylon and Latex with figure molding shearing. \$15.95
Right: Shirred, slim Latex taffeta. \$11.95
Both have straps for swimming.

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

California Catalina

Write for folder of other Catalina styles, and name of nearest store. Catalina, Inc., Dept. 616, Los Angeles 13, California



MR. FOIST was Baker Conrad Bauer, who was greeted next day with sign in Brooklynes. The original Mr. First, Omero Catan, entered the tunnel in the first minute, but a dozen cars were ahead of him, ending his claim to title.



THE REAL FIRSTS to pay toll were Mr. and Mrs. Sebastian Conti, who had come through just for the ride. Challenged by another motorcycle, they stepped on the gas and went through 1.7-mile-long tunnel in about 1½ minutes.



it's spring it's Motorola

PORTABLE TIME

It's spring again! Let's go outdoors—let's go to the park, or down to the beach, or maybe canoeing. And let's take along a new Motorola Portable to play for us wherever we go. Come on—it's spring!

There's a swell idea. The new Motorola Portables are the best-looking, best-sounding little radios you've ever seen or heard. They all play almost *anywhere*—outdoors on their own long-life batteries, or indoors on ordinary house current. They're small in size, but mighty big in power, tone and *value* and pull in distant stations clear and sharp. Take a look and a listen at your Motorola dealer's soon.

◀ **NEW "JEWEL BOX"** . . . a set you'll be proud to own. It's light, and it's tiny—but it sounds like your living room set! A *bedtime* antenna in the lid helps bring in distant stations clear and sharp. And talk about beauty . . . its *lustrous* green *enamel* plastic case will be "at home" in any room of your house. Plays outdoors on batteries and indoors on house current. Low price, too.

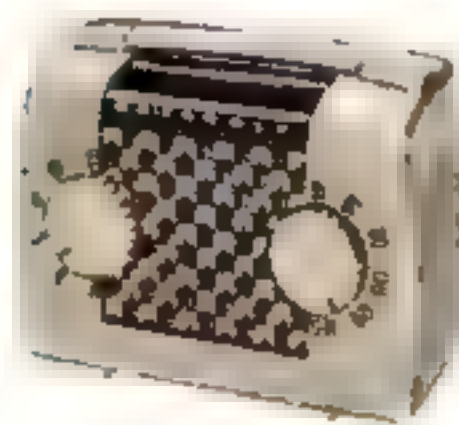
MODEL 531
\$29.95
less batteries

NEW 1950 Motorola Portables

Gift of fun for everyone!

Who wouldn't be happy with a new Motorola portable! Whether 16 or 60 . . . it's a gift as welcome as spring itself. In their own smart gift packages, they're a happy thought for birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, graduations . . . just ANY special gift occasion. See them now.

MOTOROLA, INC. • 4545 AUGUSTA BLVD. • CHICAGO 31, ILL.
prices slightly higher in south and west—
prices subject to change without notice.



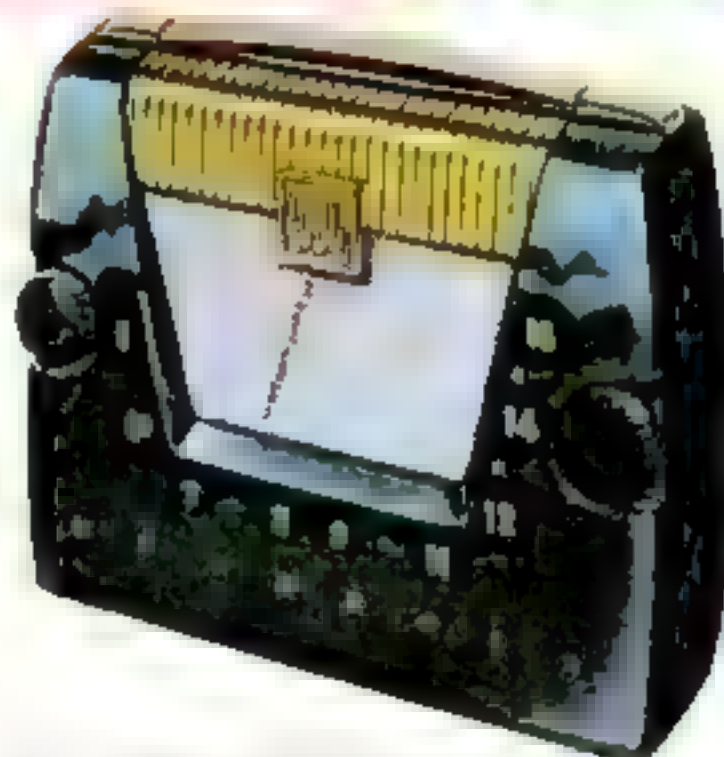
"MUSIC BOX" . . . This one belongs at the top of any "best buy" list. Because, while it carries a low price tag, all the essentials of a *good* portable are here. Lots of power—wonderful tone—all in a sturdy, handsome case of brown and tan plastic. AC/DC or battery operation. See this one before you buy!

MODEL 511
\$24.95
less batteries



"PLAYMATE JR." . . . A favorite year after year, the Motorola "Playmate Jr." is now all new and *better than ever!* It's only a little bigger than your hand, but wait till you hear it play! Antenna is built into lid. The lightweight steel case is as rugged as it is good-looking. AC/DC or battery operation.

MODEL 5M1
\$34.95
less batteries



"TOWN AND COUNTRY" . . . Here's the portable that sounds like a million—even where others fail to play at all! It's a slim, trim beauty with an easy-to-read "sweep station" dial. It's built to give scoundout performance. AC/DC or battery operation. If you want the best you can buy—this is *your* radio.

MODEL 611
\$39.95
less batteries

World's Most Convenient Refrigerator

Hotpoint

Special Cold Zones Provide For Every Refrigeration Need

● Look at the big, new, 11 cu. ft. Hotpoint "Super-Stor," shown at right. Eight separate storage zones, with temperatures scientifically controlled, give you the right degree of cold and humidity for each kind of food.

● **Frozen food compartment** stores 31 lbs. of food—will freeze eight lbs. of ice cubes.

● **Tall bottle zone** for beverages, cans of juice, water pitchers and milk containers.

● **Leftover and utility zone** provides for a variety of leftovers. Utility shelf is adjustable.

● **Flexi-cold zone** accommodates family-size roasts—large fowl and fish.

● **General fresh food zone** provides spacious accommodation for perishable foods.

● **Hi-humidity zone** keeps vegetables and fruits crisp and fresh. Glass-covered drawers slide easily.

● **Built-in butter bin**, keeps a full pound of butter fresh and at the right consistency for easy spreading.

● **The "Super-Stor"** door shelves are ideal for condiments, olive bottles and a wide variety of miscellaneous items that are hard to store in the general refrigerating space.



● New butter bin is built in—keeps a full pound of butter fresh and at right temperature for easy spreading.

LOOK TO HOTPOINT FOR THE FINEST... FIRST!

— Out In Front With Everything! —

"Super-Stor"

*Eight Handy Storage Zones
Engineered To Keep Foods
Fresh And Wholesome*

HERE is the truly fine refrigerator you have been waiting for. Engineered to provide eight separate food-storage zones for maximum food protection, it gives you the convenience of front-row accessibility to most of its contents.

● **Out in front with everything**, the new Hotpoint "Super-Stor" puts 72% of all storage space within finger-tip reach. And for families who desire *extra* frozen-food capacity, the combination refrigerator-food freezer model gives the world's most complete and convenient refrigeration. It provides a full-size, no-defrost "Super-Stor" refrigerator for regular family needs plus a *real* food freezer of 70 pounds capacity.

● **Never before** has a refrigerator combined so much deep-down quality and so many practical features with such outstanding beauty and performance. With 53 proved advancements, the Hotpoint "Super-Stor" adds prestige to a name that has stood for excellence in design and manufacturing for 45 years.

● **When you choose** a new 1950 Hotpoint "Super-Stor" you're sure of getting the all-time high in refrigerator quality, value and convenience.

Hotpoint Inc. (A General Electric Affiliate),
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Ill.

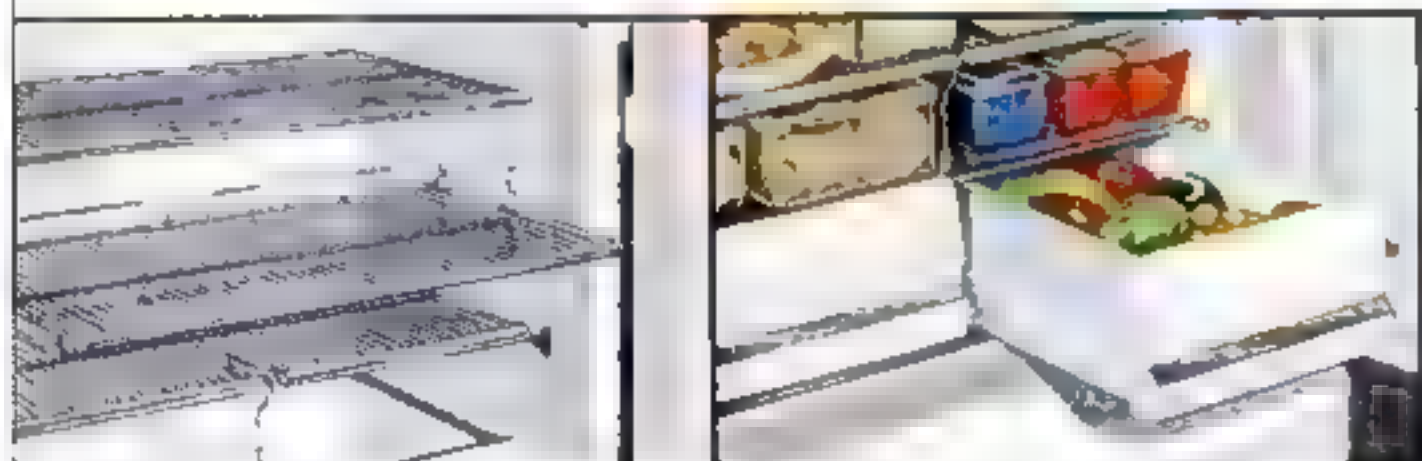


72%
Of All Storage Space
In Finger-tip Reach!

Everybody's Pointing To

Hotpoint

Quality Appliances



● Shelves are of stainless steel and adjustable. Three are sliding shelves to bring everything out in front.

● Hi-humidity storage is provided for fresh fruits and vegetables in two large porcelain-enameled steel pans.

What is...

The New Idea in Smoking?

**Why are Thousands
of Smokers Turning to
Robt. Burns Cigarillos?**

THE ANSWER...

Reason No. 1 . . . The Robt. Burns Cigarillo is the most truly *unique* innovation in smoking pleasure in over 50 years.

Reason No. 2 . . . It is different, unlike anything else you ever smoked.

Reason No. 3 . . . It fits the mouth or holder like a cigarette.

Reason No. 4 . . . It is just right anywhere, any time, even when time is limited.

Reason No. 5 . . . It combines real tobacco taste with the convenience of the cigarette.

Reason No. 6 . . . It has a modern, stylish look becoming to a young face.

Reason No. 7 . . . It is a manly smoke, admired by women as well as men.

Reason No. 8 . . . It is economical, costing only 5¢ each.

Reason No. 9 . . . It is the *perfect mild* smoke.

Reason No. 10 . . It bears the name and reputation of the world famous Robt. Burns brand, which guarantees the quality and fine taste of Robt. Burns Cigarillos.

General Cigar Co., Inc.

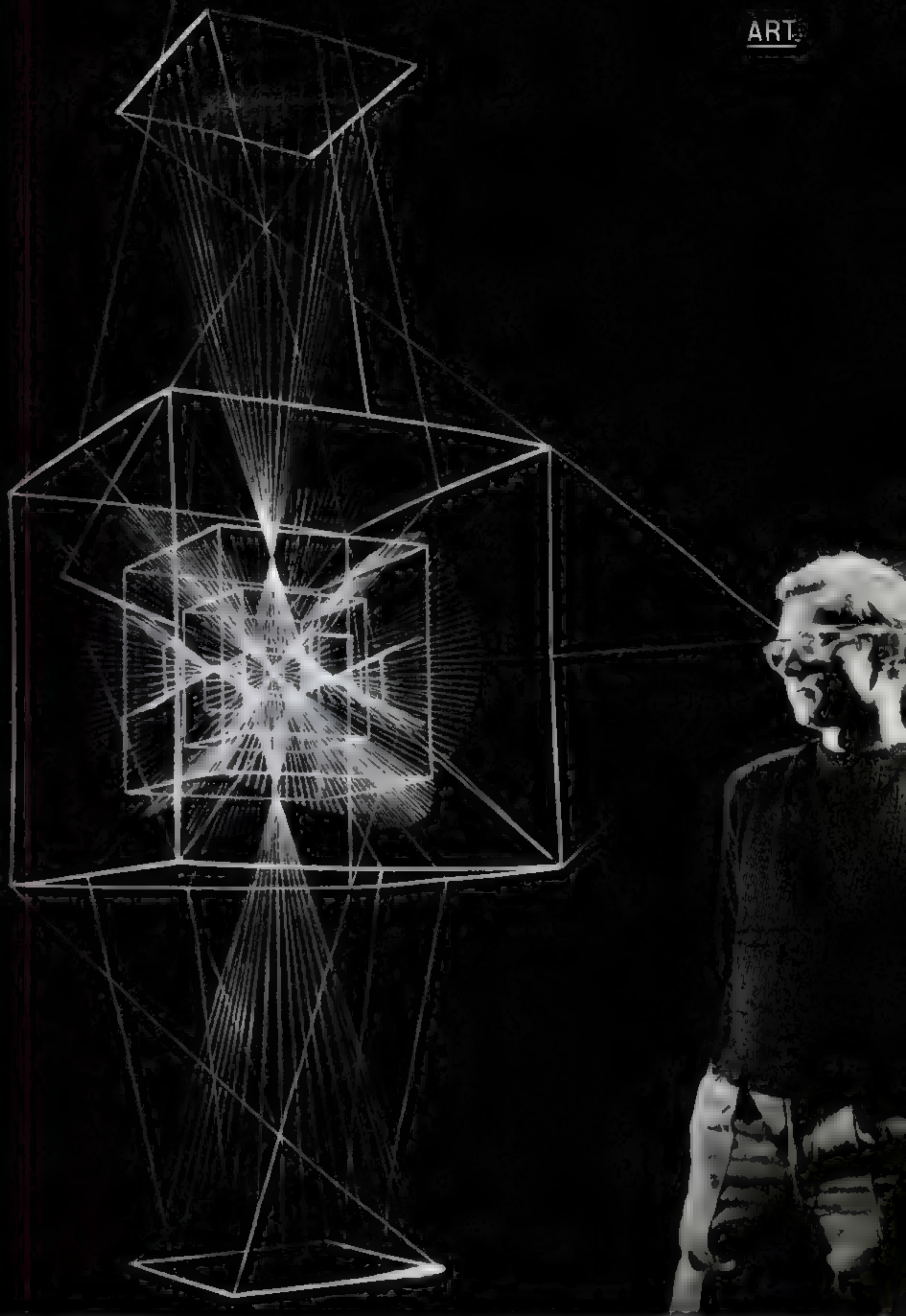


Robt. Burns

Cigarillos

5¢
each

At Your Dealer's — Look for the Cigarillo Box and try the Perfect Mild Smoke!



THE ARTIST STARES MOODILY AT HIS GLEAMING 10-FOOT WIRE CONSTRUCTION, "FULL MOON." IN ASSEMBLING IT, HE BEGAN AT CENTER AND WORKED OUT

MOON SCULPTURE

A Milwaukee artist gets \$3,600
for lunar study made out of wire

As an industrial designer, Richard Lippold of Milwaukee found himself limited to producing such things as a golf-ball washer, a ladies' compact, a mimeograph machine and a mechanism that slices and wraps loaves of bread. Out of his dissatisfaction he developed a form of abstract wire sculpture which resembles three-dimensional mechanical drawing. Through most of 1949, Lippold pieced together 720 feet of brass

and nickel chromium wire into the striking complexity of cubes, ellipses, triangles and pyramids above, which he calls *Full Moon*. Bought recently by New York's Museum of Modern Art for \$3,600, the construction suggests to Lippold the radiations of moonlight. But Lippold also interprets it as a symbol of the tenseness of the world today. If one of its taut key wires were to snap, the whole structure would collapse.

Grant's



Largest-Selling
8 and 12 YEAR OLD
Scotch Whiskies
in America*

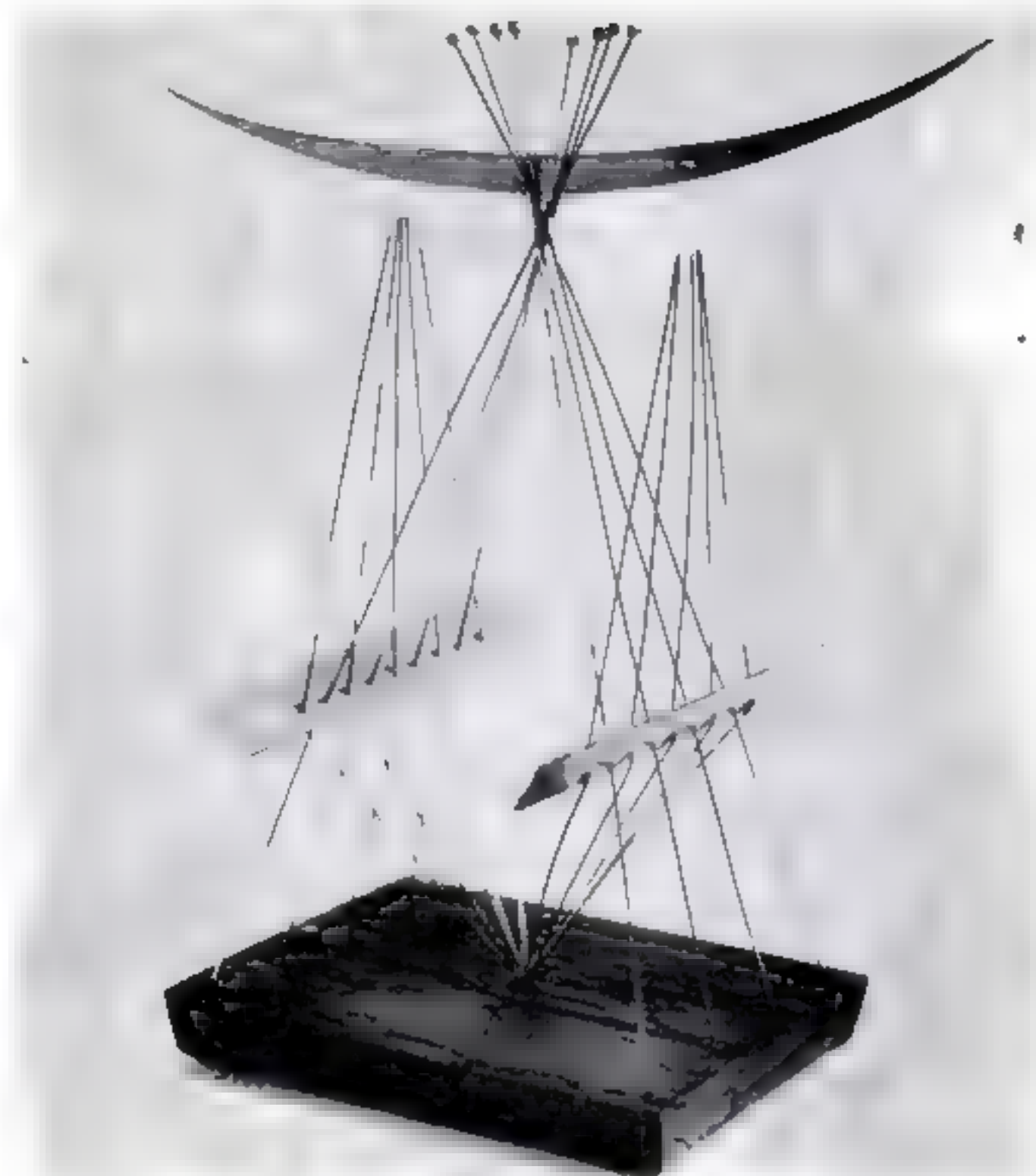
FAMOUS LORE OF SCOTLAND

The art of taxidermy has been practiced in Scotland for over 300 years. It is almost as old as their art of distilling which dates back to the 15th Century.



* Every drop of GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof.

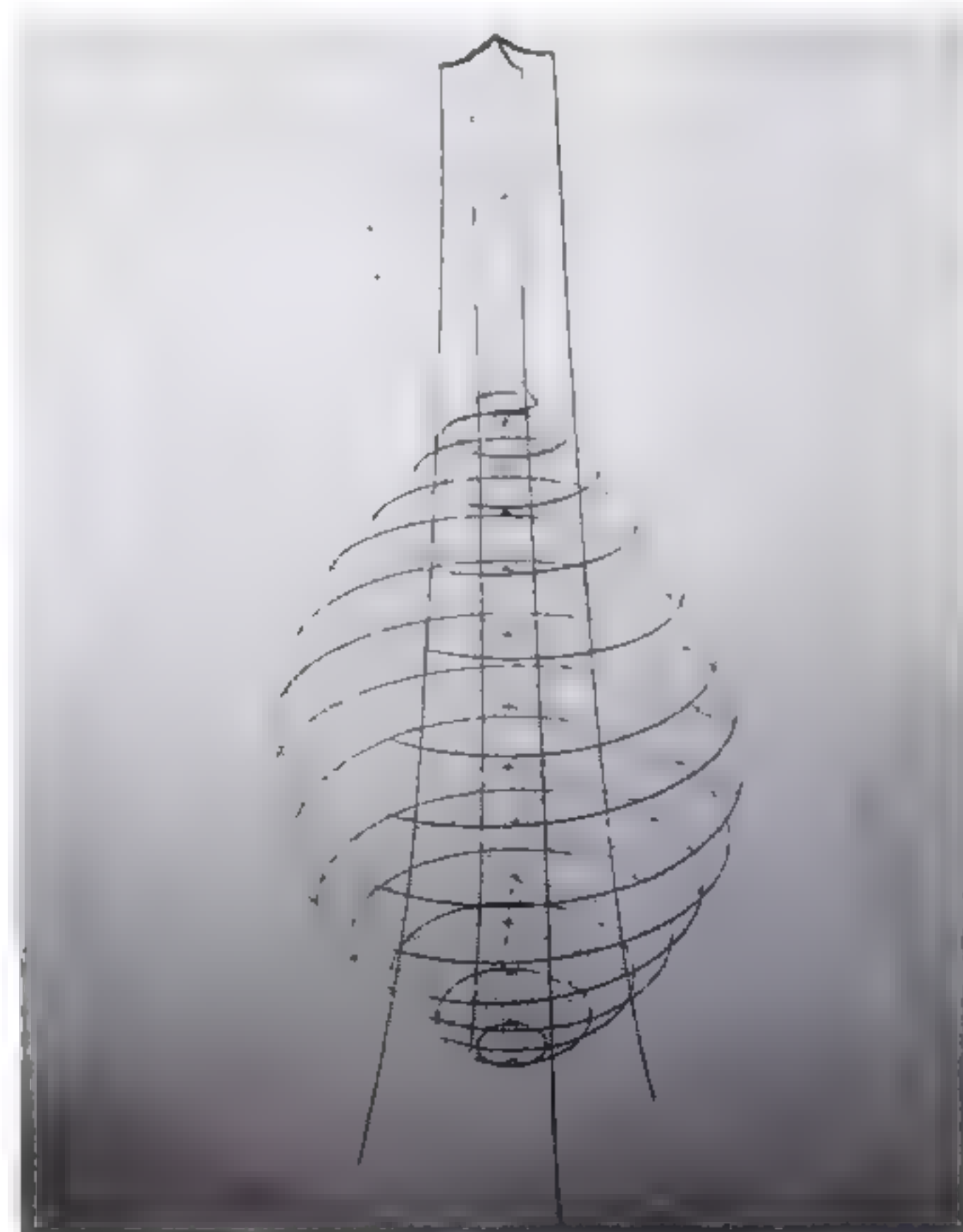
SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. BROOKLYN - NEW YORK



"THE NEW ONE" HAS A CRESCENT MOON TO SYMBOLIZE BIRTH OF A BABY

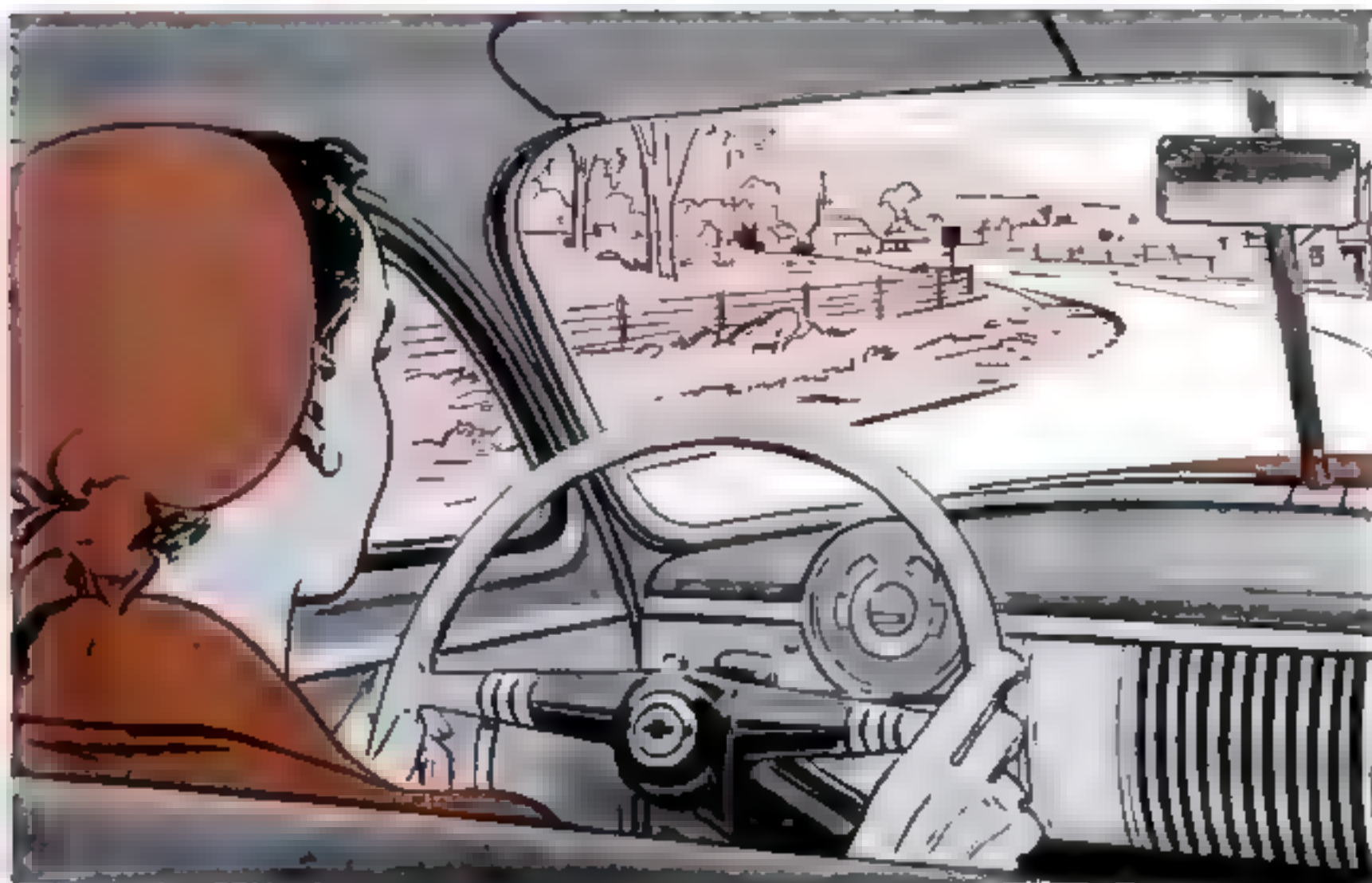
HIS MOONS HAVE MANY PHASES

Some of Lippold's constructions hang from the ceiling; others, like the two studies of moons on this page, stand upright. In building them, he tries to obtain perfect balance and to express feelings of limitless and mysterious space. Lippold is now constructing an entire solar system. Besides moons, he has made a series of stars and is planning a sun.



NEW MOONLIGHT was suggested to Lippold one night in Vermont, when he saw moonlight shining through veils of mist spiraling upward from a valley.

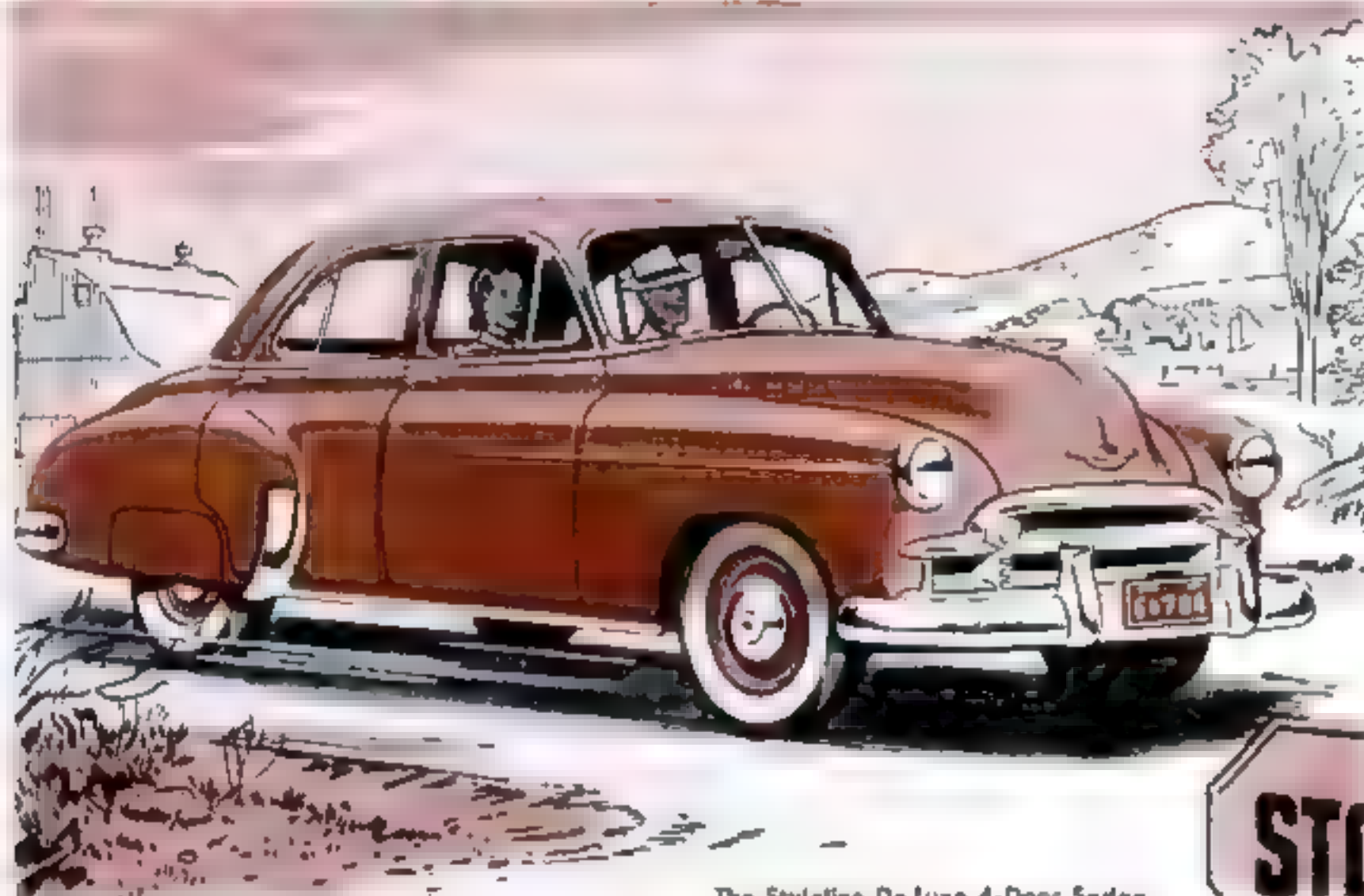
First... low-priced car with Automatic Drive



Today, as for years, you get the *finest improvements first* in Chevrolet! It's the only low-priced car that brings you your choice of the *finest automatic drive* or the *finest standard drive*, just as you prefer to have it. Thus, you may choose a Chevrolet offering the sensational Powerglide Automatic Transmission, teamed with Chevrolet's 105-h.p. Valve-in-Head Engine,* and experience simpler, smoother *no-shift* driving. Or you may choose a Chevrolet offering the highly improved, more powerful standard Valve-in-Head engine, teamed with the famous Silent Synchro-Mesh Transmission, and experience simpler, smoother *standard* driving. Both are thoroughly proved; both are outstandingly dependable; and both represent the highest attainment in their respective fields for easy low-cost driving.



and Finest... in comfort, safety and performance with economy



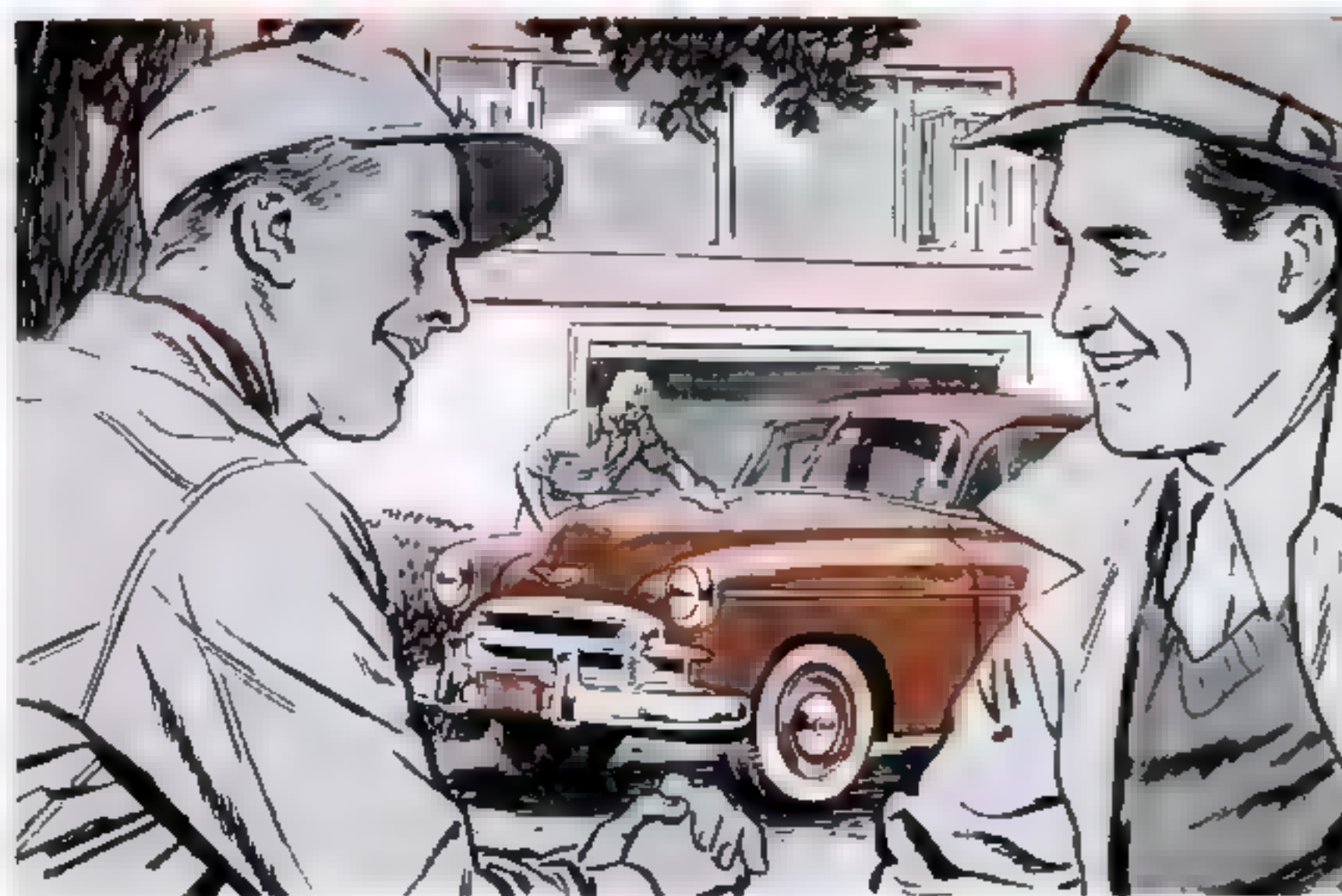
The Styleline De Luxe 4-Door Sedan

Just as you will enjoy the *fullest* measure of driving-ease in your new Chevrolet, so you will enjoy the *fullest* measure of beauty, riding-ease and safety, and spirited Valve-in-Head performance at lowest cost. Take a look at these advantages—all yours in Chevrolet—and found elsewhere only in costlier cars: Extra-luxurious Bodies by Fisher, with tasteful two-tone interiors, setting the standard for beauty! Extra-comfortable form-fitting seats, the famous Unitized Knee-Action Ride, and airplane-type shock absorbers at all four wheels, for greatest riding ease! Curved Windshield with Panoramic Visibility, and proved Certi-Safe Hydraulic Brakes for maximum safety-protection! And your choice of *two* brilliant Valve-in-Head engines*—including the *most powerful* engine in its field—for finest low-cost performance!

*Combination of Powerglide Automatic Transmission and 105-h.p. Valve-in-Head Engine optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.



at Lowest Cost... owners say "thriftiest of full-size cars!"



Yes, indeed you get *more* motoring advantages in Chevrolet than in any other car in its field; and, what is equally important to wise buyers you pay *less* money for them! Not only are the new Chevrolets the *biggest* of all low-priced cars—not only do they bring you feature after feature ordinarily associated only with more expensive automobiles—but they also stand out as the *lowest-priced* line in their field. They are outstandingly economical to buy, operate and maintain. That's why owners say Chevrolet is the *thriftiest* of full-size cars; that's why owners say Chevrolet is *first and finest at lowest cost!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



NOW

even a 12-year-old can wax your car in 20 minutes without rubbing!

Sensational discovery by makers of JOHNSON'S WAX

CAR-PLATE

THIS IS IT!
THE NEW AUTO WAX YOU READ ABOUT
IN THE JUNE Reader's Digest.
IT'S SENSATIONAL!



gives a "diamond shine"—the brightest, toughest, longest-wearing auto wax since cars were first made!

Nothing else like Car-Plate! There's nothing like Car-Plate on the market. It is a smooth-flowing, wipe-on liquid...the result of a basic new scientific discovery in the Johnson's Wax laboratories. Even after hard, tedious rubbing, no other wax or polish can match the finish that Car-Plate gives so easily and quickly!

Just spread on...and wipe! Imagine waxing a car in 20 minutes! That's what Car-Plate does without any rubbing. It's so easy a 12-year-old can do an expert job and call it fun! Just spread...let dry...wipe lightly. Your fingertips supply all the pressure needed.

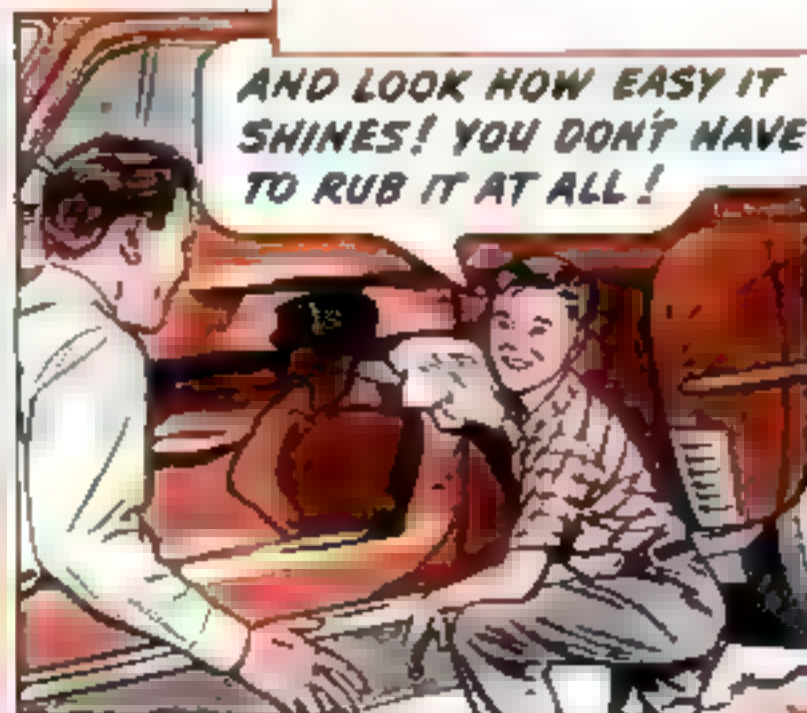
The shine wears longer! Car-Plate gives a deeper, richer gloss than any wax you've ever seen (even brighter than the finish on a brand new car) because of a special blend of waxes perfected by Johnson chemists. It's highly water-resistant and guaranteed to give your car longer-lasting protection than any other wax.



GEE, DAD, THIS IS FUN!
CAR-PLATE SPREADS ON
SO QUICK AND EASY!



AND LOOK HOW EASY IT
SHINES! YOU DON'T HAVE
TO RUB IT AT ALL!



THAT CAR-PLATE IS TERRIFIC!
IT SURE OUTSHINES THAT WAX JOB
I PAID 15 BUCKS FOR LAST WINTER!



Important! CAR-PLATE is a WAX—not a cleaner!

Before you apply Car-Plate, your car must be completely clean and free of traffic film and oxidized paint. For quick, thorough cleaning of your car, use Johnson's Carnu.

Car-Plate's protective diamond shine lasts month after month. Dust wipes off easily without scratching the finish. Washing takes only a fraction of the effort it would ordinarily take.



Guaranteed!

The makers of Johnson's Car-Plate unconditionally guarantee that it will give your car the brightest, smoothest, longest-wearing wax finish it has ever had. Your money back if not completely satisfied.



HOPPY CLOTHES from Lord & Taylor in New York, one of many stores with "Hopalong Cassidy Hitching Posts," show a wide price range. From left, complete outfits include: with leather jacket (\$45.20); with denim pants and shirt

(\$21.78), with girls' frontierset (\$27.80); paneled shirt set (\$29.30); cheapest girls' Hoppy outfit (hat \$1.95 extra) at \$4.95; suit with "leisure jacket" (\$42.15); and variations at \$29.25 and \$27.75. Prices vary very little throughout the country.

Hopalong Hits the Jackpot

America's children, the country's most ruthless pressure group, bring in a bonanza for a middle-aged actor who corralled television rights to a cowboy nobody wanted

By OLIVER JENSEN

TWICE daily, as the lights go dramatically down and thousands of awe-struck children lean forward expectantly, the echoing loudspeakers of the touring Cole Brothers' Circus blare a magic message: "Fifteen years ago a great legendary character of Western fiction stepped onto the screens of thousands of theaters throughout the world. Today, via radio and television, he has been welcomed into every home in the country. His principles of action, courage, honesty and fair play have made him the beloved idol of children everywhere and . . .

(Spotlights converge on the entrance to the arena; the gum-chewing is stilled.)

"... THE OUTSTANDING PERSONALITY IN THE WORLD TODAY! Cole Brothers' Circus takes pride in presenting, in person, William Boyd—HOPALONG CASSIDY!"

Around the arena and into the ring, at a slow trot, rides a smiling man in all-black Western rig, resplendent in silver spurs and six-shooters, waving a big black ten-gallon hat. The idol cuts a good figure, but he is as white-haired and plainly middle-aged (52) as is, in a relative sense, his 16-year-old mount, Topper. Topper is no thoroughbred and is as much a stranger to the round-up as his master, who only learned to ride, indifferently, when he became Hopalong. But the children, for whom Hopalong combines the dream of ideal parent, big brother and national hero, break loose from restraining hands and crowd the railings for the closest possible look. The roar is a childish treble but deafening, and it carries far.

Not long ago it reached Washington, with the result that the Outstanding Personality in the World was invited to ride with the mere President of the U.S. in the annual glorification of "I Am An American Day." In the course of negotiations, which were fittingly carried on by underlings, Boyd's

manager, Robert Stabler, waved aside a seat in the presidential car, since everybody agreed that the Personality would make a bigger hit on his horse. Two government planes were proffered, one each to fly Hopalong and Topper to Washington, and the event itself, which conflicted with Boyd's circus schedule, was postponed a day. After word of the delay got out, however, something went sour. The government planes were withdrawn; Stabler says he learned privately that Truman was not coming and was sending Vice President Barkley instead. From the Boyd camp came a cancellation and the brusque remark that "We only play on the first team." The disappointed chairman of arrangements angrily exploded to the press. "You know what my kids did last night?" he shouted. "They took an old safety razor, and they cut all their Hopalong Cassidy clothes to bits!"

With the possible exception of this one family, however, the cowboy juggernaut penetrates every dwelling which has young children—through television, radio or mere juvenile conversation; in records, comic strips, Hoppy books and Hoppy clubs; via cowboy clothes, breakfast food, blankets, towels, bedcovers, lamps, watches, bicycles, candy, soap and even wallpaper—and American youth is more aware of Hoppy than earlier generations ever were of Buffalo Bill, Lindbergh, Babe Ruth or other idols of the past. The objection that Hopalong is a fictional character is swept away at once; Hoppy is visible flesh and blood, who has merged with and absorbed completely the formerly separate personality of William Lawrence Boyd, actor.

"Hopalong is a simple man, friendly and informal," says Boyd. "He's very intimate. It's all psychology. I don't treat the kids as kids—they don't like that—I play to the adults. That pleases everybody. I tell the parents what fine kids they have. That gets a big hand. Then I say, 'You kids are all going to keep right on being good, aren't you?'"



MOPPET HORDES LEAVE BOYD WEARY



DO YOU THINK YOU ARE SMOKING TOO MUCH?

Then here, at last, is the cigarette especially blended for you!
It is the distinctive new king-size Embassy!

Embassy gives you *all* the satisfying character, *all* the full-bodied flavor you enjoy in your present brand. Yet, one of America's leading research laboratories reports milder Embassy smoke averaged over 60% *less Acid-Tars* than that of 4 leading brands tested, when smoked the same normal length.

This amazing result indicates you get virtually no more Acid-Tars in *three* Embassys than in *one* ordinary cigarette!

So . . . if you think you are smoking too much . . . give Embassy a try. You'll find that your last cigarette of the day will taste as fresh and pleasant as your first!

Now... Inhale
to your heart's
content!



HOPPY PUTS HIS BRAND



HOPALONG CASSIDY CONTINUED

And that gets an ovation too. If the kids get out of hand all the parents have to say is, "Hoppy told you to be good, remember?"

With childish protestations of love and devotion pouring in from Europe, Asia and Africa, Boyd (who has no children himself) finds his status as an international, 20th Century Pied Piper a heavy responsibility. "I'm sort of an ideal parent," he explains. "The parents preach what a wonderful guy Hoppy is. What the hell do you do? You have to be a wonderful guy."

Boyd is not only evangelical about the character he has assumed, but he totally rejects the idea that Hopalong is an entertainer and insists that he is a "visitor." The visitor gets a hearty welcome. The Cade Brothers' Circus, an otherwise slow-moving affair, broke all Chicago entertainment records with Hopalong as its star (he has just become one-trial owner) and paid for its total production cost there in 10 days. His magnetic pull was clearly demonstrated by the customers' disconcerting habit of leaving en masse while the circus was still in progress, after Boyd had left the ring. His act had to be moved near the end, last fall, when he undertook a cross-country tour of department stores, a crowd of 200,000 turned out to watch him parade through New Orleans. In Oklahoma City 35,000 screaming fans overturned counters trying to see him in a local store. At Loeser's in Brooklyn some 85,000 people paralyzed business, and Boyd shook an estimated 10,000 childish hands. Babies stretched out their fingers at the bronzed face; oldsters, muttering "Howdy, podner," stepped up to give the imitation plainsman a firm handshake and to look into the steel-blue eyes.

At one store Boyd was distressed to hear a smooth voice begin talking at a microphone behind him, blandly suggesting that the folks step downstairs and buy some of the fine Hoppy-endorsed cowboy suits on sale there. Outraged, the evangelist stepped over to the announcer. "Listen, these are my friends," he barked, and punched him in the nose. The crowd cheered at such outright rejection of commercialism. Later, at Gimbels in Philadelphia, Ellis

ON ALMOST EVERYTHING



CLIP-ON TIE: 50c



SOAP: FOUR BARS FOR 59c



SPUR SKATES: \$4.95



WRISTWATCH: LARGE, \$4.95; SMALL, \$6.95



ANIMATED LAMP: \$3.95



"TRAIL KNIFE": 98c

Gimbel sat down for an hour behind Hopalong as he greeted his public. "How can you do it?" Gimbel asked. "Every one of them is a precious piece of Dresden," answered Boyd. "They're my best friends and your best customers. Look at these (indicating the tiny hands of two little girls clasping his). Just like rose petals!" Gimbel was overcome.

Not a few parents occasionally commit the indiscretion of remarking that the idol "won't come to see you" if the children misbehave. One mother had told her adopted daughter that if she was good about getting over scarlet fever, and if she prayed all year long, Hoppy would come to her birthday party. The girl did just as she was told, and Boyd presently received a desperate letter from the mother, who explained that she didn't think her daughter would take it all so seriously. Couldn't he at least answer the letter and explain that he couldn't come? Upset by this problem, Boyd finally set off for the party, which was not far from his home, taking along a Hoppy suit for the girl. He found an amazed mother, despite a place confidently set for him. As he choked down birthday cake, he heard his young hostess reproach her mother for weeping. "What are you crying for?" she asked. "I knew Hoppy would come all along." Boyd was profoundly moved. "Can't do this sort of thing if you don't believe in it," he says.

The rewards of belief, if they continue at the rate of the last few months, will feather Boyd's nest with some million dollars in cash before income taxes and another half million in stock equities during 1950, for Hopalong has become an economic colossus, born of television's desperate need for ready-made programs. Boyd owes everything to his foresight in acquiring control of the television rights to the otherwise financially unspectacular 66 Hopalong Cassidy Western movies, in which he has starred ever since 1935. The first 54 of them are now available for transmission. Some of them are playing for the fourth or fifth time around, to an unprecedented audience, at up to \$1,000 a showing. They will net Boyd only some \$110,000 of his annual income, but out of their popularity grows everything else.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"MEN AND BOYS,
LOOK GOOD...FEEL GOOD
IN CARTER'S TRIGS"



"CONVINCE YOURSELF.

Try a pair of Trigs and see how they fit—smooth and snug. How soft and comfortable they feel! No binding. No bunching. No riding up. That sturdy waist and cuff elastic stays 'alive' too. You've never worn underwear like this before!"

LADIES—Carter's Trigs are easy to wash. Made of soft combed cottons, they need no ironing. There are Trigs for boys, too—made just like Dad's.



Carter's **TRIGS**

BRIEFS, MID-LENGTHS AND LONGS ATHLETIC AND T-SHIRTS AND SUITS

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Wholesale Distributors: F. & B.



Only Schick, the No.1 Electric Shaver, gives **PUSH-BUTTON SHAVING**

More men want and use the Schick Electric Shaver than any other make. That's why it's a sure-fire gift for any man.

Remember, the Schick Super is the only electric shaver with a stop-start switch. It makes shaving as easy as snapping on a light. The Schick has the most efficient real motor in any shaver, and its V-16 shaving heads will shave any beard fast and clean. Only Schick, the leader in electric shaving, makes this offer:

HIS NEW SCHICK ELECTRIC MUST OUTSHAVE BLADE RAZORS...or your money back!

If after a full ten days' trial your man isn't convinced that his new Schick Electric Shaver can out-shave his blade razor, return it to

the store and get every penny of your money back. By "outshave" we mean a faster, more comfortable shave that's just as close as he wants.

Illustrated above is the SCHICK SUPER \$22.50
There is also the SCHICK COLONEL \$17.50

**MORE MEN USE A
SCHICK SHAVES
THAN ANY OTHER MAKE**

SCHICK SERVICE BRANCHES NOW LOCATED IN 44 CITIES



OLD BOYD drank regular Western rotgut in such pre-Hopalong pictures as *The Painted Desert*, made in 1931.



NEW BOYD slakes a plainsman's thirst with straight sarsaparilla, and gives a saloon siren the firm brush-off.

HOPALONG CASSIDY CONTINUED

There is the radio program, already recorded in advance up to next November, which goes out over 500 stations and brings Boyd about \$50,000. Hoppy phonograph records, comic strips in 80 papers and Bill Boyd comic books are paying off at an approximate \$60,000 a year. His circus and other personal appearances will add \$100,000 in fees, and for playing Hopalong in an expensive Paramount movie with Bing Crosby he will receive \$125,000 more. Meanwhile his stock interest in his movies and in the Cole Brothers' Circus will have appreciated this year by half a million dollars, subject only to 25% capital gains tax in the event he sells out.

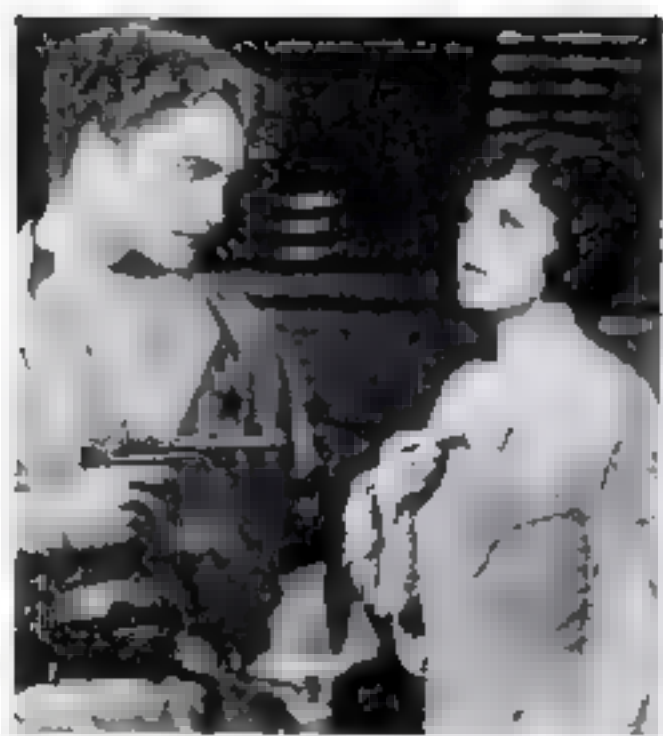
But the biggest bonanza is the 5% of wholesale price which manufacturers pay for the right to use Hopalong trademarks on their products. The most ruthless pressure group in the U.S.—its children—is on his side, and manufacturers have discovered that parents will buy anything, from candy bars to roller skates with spurs on the heels, if it has Hoppy's picture on it. Almost every child in America, it appears, wants to dress like Hoppy and swing cap pistols modeled after his shooting irons. Some who at first did not are being pushed into it by their mothers. A famous anthropologist, Margaret Mead, has a partial explanation for that. "With fathers away from family life so much in modern times, mothers are afraid the boys will imitate them instead of their fathers, and turn into sissies; they encourage their little boys to copy the current play ideal of masculinity. Girls imitate the boys."

Any Hopalong promotion now is a smash. The "Hopalong Cassidy Troopers' Club," sponsored by bread concerns, has grown overnight to two million members in the West. Finding himself unexpectedly burdened with a formidable rival to the Boy Scouts—but with no program whatever ready for them—Tom Sholts, head of the advertising agency promoting the Troopers, suffered a nervous breakdown. An assistant got two ulcers. A merchandiser collapsed and his partner, Dan Grayson, of Hopalong Cassidy Enterprises, Boyd's licensing firm, was tired and groggy. In New York last month for a convention of children's wear manufacturers, he sat amid jangling telephones, trying to handle the rush of business and explain what was happening.

As of that day, he thought, the 75th manufacturer had been licensed to use the Hoppy label. Grayson could demonstrate Hoppy outfits, complete, at anywhere from \$4.95 (if one could forego the boots) to \$75, at which price the frontier pants and blouse are hand-embroidered and the six-shooters are plated, very lightly, in 24-karat gold. Some of the initial sales figures were just coming in, Grayson said, and the factories could still barely believe them. The Imperial Knife Company had sold one million 98¢ knives in the first ten days. In the opening week, Dagget & Ramsdell had unloaded 400,000 bars of Hoppy Soap, and Sportswear Hosiery had marketed \$165,000 worth of sox. ("Hoppy Sox Make Happy Feet" is their slogan.) Gimbels in New York, with a hard eye on the future, placed an initial order for \$22,500 worth of Hopalong Cassidy snow suits.

"This is bigger than Mickey Mouse," said Grayson. "Gene Autry and Roy Rogers have dropped out of sight. Why, we're doing 56% of all the Western business already." Boyd's various managers come to the average prediction, on the basis of last month, of a total 1950 U.S. retail sale of \$70 million, of which Boyd's take, after all splits of his 5% of factory price, will amount to some \$600,000.

Figures like these, which are constantly being revised upward, stagger Boyd, a laborer's son from Cambridge, Ohio, when he recalls that only two years ago he had to sell his ranch and last June



OLD BOYD menaced heroines, often married them. Elinor Fair in *The Volga Boatman* (above) was wife No. 3.



NEW BOYD is polite to women and devoted spouse to wife No. 5, Grace Bradley, who gives him bubble baths.

even mortgage his automobile to raise cash for a trip east. They are equally staggering to an ex-marriage license clerk from Brooklyn who dreamed of the West he had never visited and, sitting down to write about it in 1905, created the character of Hopalong Cassidy. Like the small army of agents, lawyers, broadcasters, distributors, managers, publishers, manufacturers, salesmen and actors who link the two, he is getting suddenly rich.

The marriage license clerk was a meek-looking young man named Clarence E. Mulford. He sold his first Western story to *Outing Magazine* for \$90, and it was included, along with other bloody tales which followed, in a first book called *Bar-20*. Its handsome straight man was a stalwart cowhand named Buck Peters, but Mulford soon lavished his interest on Buck's profane, tobacco-stained friend, Hopalong Cassidy, who got his nickname because he limped. Hopalong, a near-illiterate who spoke only in "shore," "git," "purty" and "plum' loco" style Western lingo, was vaguely on the side of Good but managed to reduce the population, redskin or white, by anywhere from two to 12 souls per episode. He could drop a man while swigging whisky raw from a bottle and pause after "ventilatin'" another varmint to pinpoint a green fly on a nearby wall with a stream of tobacco juice.

For years Mulford ground out this sort of thing, until there were 18 Hopalong volumes. They prospered, although mildly by modern standards, until Mulford was able, in the mid-20s, to make his first trip West. The books were translated into several foreign languages but Hopalong Cassidy would never have become a byword to bring wealth to meek Mr. Mulford had not a thoughtful junior partner at Doubleday, Doran, his later publishers, made a contract for him in 1935 with a stipulation which was remarkably farseeing for that time. In routine fashion the publishers were selling Movie Producer Harry ("Pop") Sherman the right to make a series of cheap Westerns, or "oaters," out of the Hopalong books. On impulse, the partner was moved to insert the words "and television" after the radio and other rights then reserved to the author. Sherman laughed and agreed.

How Hopalong got hired

CASTING for the first movie, Producer Sherman thought he had just the man for the part of handsome Buck Peters, and one who would come cheap—William Boyd. He was broke, and his career was on the wane. Boyd had hit Hollywood in 1919, after a youth of restless wandering in odd jobs and mining camps. At one point he had worked briefly in a Riverside, Calif. car-hire and chauffeur business and married one of the customers, an heiress, after the second ride. The marriage didn't last long, but it left young Boyd with a taste for high life and pretty things, together with a fine wardrobe. These clothes, sheer brass and his shock of hair, snow white at 19, were his principal assets and they landed him an extra's job with Cecil B. DeMille. In the course of time he got larger parts in *King of Kings* and *Road To Yesterday* and was the silent star in *The Volga Boatman*. He acquired fans—including a 13-year-old named Grace Bradley, who began writing "Grace Loves Bill" in her copybooks—fame and three more wives. He lived and spent high, once shelling out \$12,500 for a yacht during a party, when the guests suddenly decided they wanted some sea air.

Disaster was obviously around the corner, a moralist might expect, but what laid Boyd low was a coincidence outrageous enough for a Mulford plot. There was another actor, now dead, in Hollywood named William Boyd, a saturnine heavy who had once played Sergeant Quirt in *What Price Glory*. When police in 1931 raided

Looks
Cool!

Tastes
Cool!



Arrow SLOE GIN FIZZ

Easy to Make with

Arrow KREEMY HED SLOE GIN



Half fill shaker with shaved ice. One jigger Arrow Kreemy Hed Sloe Gin. Juice 1/4 lemon. Barpoon sugar. Shake, strain into ordinary glass. Fizz with seltzer.

Swell Straight Drink

Also delicious in a rickey, with cola, or in other drinks.



ARROW KREEMY HED SLOE GIN, 60 PROOF .. ARROW LIQUEURS CORP., DETROIT 7, MICH

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WARNING!

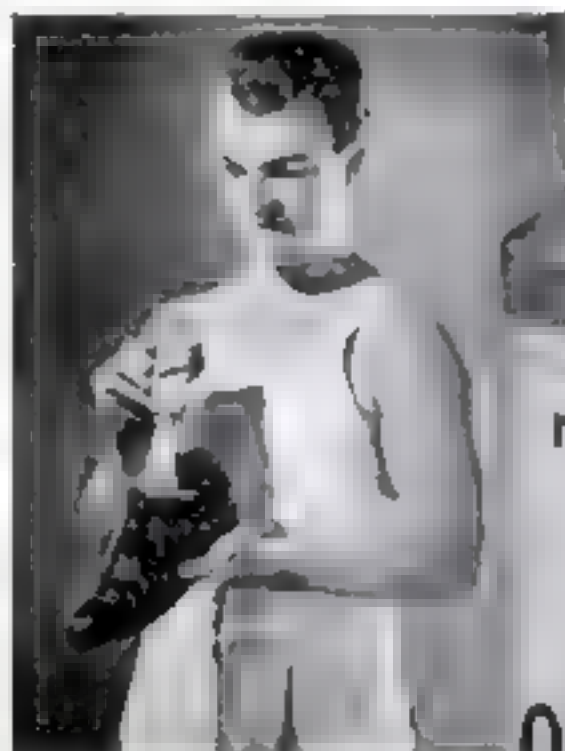
YOU MAY HAVE ATHLETE'S FOOT WITHOUT KNOWING IT!

(Over 70% are infected yearly)



9 out of 10 get complete relief!

Athlete's Foot can be agony, attacks fast in summer! Hot damp shoes, public swimming, outdoor sports expose you to infection. At first sign of cracks, peeling, itching between toes, use Quinsana. Recommended by most chiropodists... Quinsana's antiseptic action checks the growth of Athlete's Foot fungi. No wonder so many rely on effective Quinsana—the largest selling Athlete's Foot Powder!



For daily foot protection, shake Quinsana on feet. Shake it in shoes to help absorb perspiration. So cooling, soothing! Amazing relief for tired, burning feet. Count on Quinsana to help combat foot odor, too!

Easy-to-use... no mess, no stains. So help your feet to health and comfort. Use fast-acting Mennen Quinsana—every day. The whole family will love it!

Costs so little... feels so good! only 49¢

HOPALONG CASSIDY CONTINUED

this other Boyd's home during a gambling and drinking party, the future Hopalong's picture appeared in the newspaper accounts. The innocent Boyd was soon out of a job and he leaped eagerly at Sherman's Western offer. But even in these straitened circumstances, he made a wise move: he insisted on playing the more colorful Hopalong, not the upright Buck Peters. Sherman agreed to take a chance, although he got a rude shock at the first day's shooting when Boyd confessed he could barely stay on a horse. As the story goes, a double had to be employed until he improved.

It was an entirely different Hopalong from Mulford's plug-ugly that emerged in the movies Boyd and Sherman made over the next nine years. Only the first six pictures were based even remotely on the original yarns and Boyd stopped limping after the first one. (The wound healed, the second film explained.) Compared to his prototype, Boyd's Hoppy was a dude. The dirty shirt and galluses were replaced by a snappy black outfit with white piping. Hopalong gave up cut plug and wholesale killing; now he spent all his time saving the widow's ranch from rustlers and the crooks, out of the sheer goodness of his heart. He was no shiftless cowpoke but a substantial, grammatical rancher trying to improve the community. There was always a hell-for-leather chase in the last reel, but Hopalong now often only captured the bad men and killed nobody, after which he might just possibly have a quick sarsaparilla.

Life at home with Hopalong

NO less a character change overtook Boyd in this same period. He gave up drinking and quit party-going. Then in 1937 he met his loyal fan of 10 years before, blonde Grace Bradley, who was now 23 and had as snappy a head of hair as Boyd himself. In three weeks she became his fifth wife. She soon gave up her own stage and movie career to live quietly with Boyd at an isolated ranch near Malibu. When the ranch was sold they moved to a rented four-room house in the Hollywood hills. With a living room only 12 by 20 feet in size, it is the kind of cottage a storekeeper might occupy, not the outstanding personality in the world, but the Boyds, stay-at-homes who avoid hobbies as they do exercise, think it is just right. It is furnished in what is loosely described as "moderne" style and decorated with a terra-cotta Cupid and a grinning Buddha. There is no Western decor. Boyd dislikes Western music although a songwriter has been licensed to compose some Hopalong Cassidy songs. He subscribes to *Popular Mechanics* while Grace, the intellectual of the family ("She reads for both of us") belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club, whose selections over the last few years constitute their library. They avoid church, politics and Hollywood social life. Grace does the cooking, there is little entertaining and the only alcoholic beverage ever consumed is Liebfraumilch, a mild white wine, mixed with soda. Looking back with revulsion at the old, un-Hoppy days, the model husband often remarks, "I never really was married before. That old Boyd doesn't exist."

The transformed Boyd has a clear, keen eye for business. In 1938 he first learned from the publishers of the clause reserving Mulford the television and other rights to Hopalong; they had tried vainly to sell them for years. Boyd kept mum, but the idea seized his imagination. As the cost of making the Westerns rose steadily with the times, from an old average of \$60,000 each to over \$100,000, irascible Pop Sherman began to lose interest in them. Toward the end Boyd went to him and broached his television notions, suggesting a partnership. "Why don't you stick to acting and let us handle the business?" snapped Sherman. Soon after, Sherman dropped the series, and Boyd went to work. He bought from Sherman the right to make 18 more Hoppies himself, arranged for financing, and released them through United Artists. In these films, even more than in the Sherman Hoppies, Boyd used television tricks. He concentrated on close-ups and avoided excessive long shots, almost useless on small television screens; he saw to it that there was heavy lighting. But after only 12 of Boyd's own films had been produced, his financial backers refused money for any more. Hopalong was popular but he was not making any money.

Boyd's faith was not weakened. Over several years he quietly made a series of contracts for television with Mulford's publishers, with splits ranging from 25 to 50%. Then he gradually rounded up from various owners who had bought them the negatives of the old Sherman films. A man with the remarkable name of Toby Anguish has handled the distribution of them for television, placing the first, as a sustaining program, on a Los Angeles station in 1948. By the time the boom began this year, Boyd had expended what he estimates as \$350,000 in cash and lost income. He was flat broke, but, save for a few book rights, he had cornered the market.

Having firmly corralled the children of America, Boyd knows

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

grandest **Father's Day** gift of all!

the new **Van Heusen** (*CENTURY*) Shirt

with the soft collar ! at

won't wrinkle ever!



Secret of the "Century"! It's woven in one piece. No sewn or fused layers to wrinkle. The fold line is woven in to stay . . . can't even be ironed wrong.

Both qualities in two collar models, single or French cuffs.

Van Heusen Century 100 *Regular collar*, \$3.95 Van Heusen Century 400 *Regular collar*, \$4.95
Van Heusen Century 200 *Wide-spread*, \$3.95 Van Heusen Century 500 *Wide-spread*, \$4.95

For the first time in your life, you can wear a shirt with a luxuriously soft collar that stays neat all 24 hours of the day!

Not fused, not starched—the soft collar of the sensational new Van Heusen Century is woven in *one piece* of special fabric . . . has no inner linings or layers to wrinkle and buckle. But that's not all! The fold line of this remarkable collar is woven in by a new process. Feels as soft as a fine linen handkerchief round your neck. Can't be ironed wrong . . . can't be folded wrong . . . folds almost by itself *without ironing*.

Perspiration won't wilt it . . . laundering won't hurt it . . . work won't wrinkle it. And the new Van Heusen Century has smart, low-setting Van Heusen "Comfort Contour" collar styling . . . tug-proof pearl buttons—a new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size.

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y. Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts



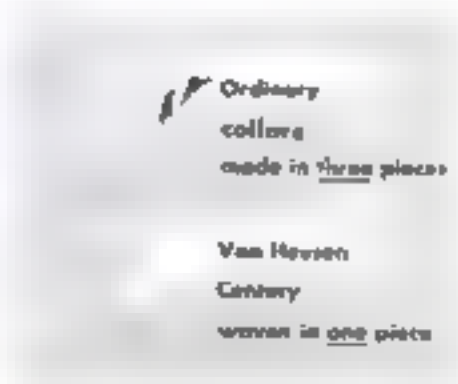
Perspiration won't wilt it! Soft collar of new Van Heusen Century stays neat day and night—without starch! . . . without stays!



Work won't wrinkle it! Fold line is woven in to stay in place, to feel handkerchief-soft. Even the collar points resist curling up.



Laundering won't hurt it! Easy laundering — can't even iron-in wrinkles. No starch, less ironing mean more wear and comfort.



Patented one-piece collar! Has no lining—just *can't* wrinkle. Its "Comfort Contour" collar styling gives a neat look always.

Van Heusen
CENTURY shirts
\$3.95 and \$4.95

his main problem today is to keep them from getting away. Hence Hoppy's qualities of "loyalty" are heavily stressed. The Troopers' Clubs, still confined largely to the West Coast, have nothing so far except a "secret code" card, a pledge (sample articles: "to be kind to birds and animals, to avoid bad habits, to obey my parents") and an honor scroll. Boyd's managers are thinking of developing local Trooper chapters with some program other than the eating of more bread before letting the tidal wave roll to the Atlantic. The licensees of commercial products are to be limited to 100 and supervised as to the quality of their product. One has already been forced to discontinue a bubble gum (Boyd disapproves of it) and another to stop putting shiny gold and silver fringes on leather jackets ("What cowhand would wear those?" Boyd asks disdainfully). Meanwhile Boyd plans to make 13 half-hour-long Hopalong films especially for television, at a production cost of \$50,000 each. He will adhere to the old rules set by Sherman—that Hoppy mustn't smoke, drink or fall for the heroine but that he must always trap the bad man personally. In addition Boyd adds grimly that there will be no singing, which irritates him, and no Indians who he says have been unionized and have gotten too expensive.

Boyd likes to point out with satisfaction that he has three generations of adherents: the grandparents who knew him as a DeMille actor, parents who watched Hopalong in the movies and the children. But he is aware that the children are fickle and he is ready, whenever it comes, for the inevitable day when the children will begin to fidget around the television set and leave their guns in the bureau drawer. The end will have its compensations for Boyd ("Brother, am I tired of that cowboy outfit!"), but it is not yet in sight for the businessmen. Some indication of their optimism is the fact that the National Broadcasting Company is buying up the television control of Hopalong on behalf of the General Foods Corporation and expects to have him on every available station in the U.S. by 1951. Their contracts are geared to the confident expectation that the boom will hit its real peak three years from now.

Against the avalanche only an occasional voice is raised. Not long ago a New Jersey schoolteacher, quitting her job, complained that her charges, restless and fidgety for lack of outdoor exercise, could talk about nothing but Hopalong Cassidy. "They are bored by school," she said. "How can I compete with Hopalong Cassidy?" She was going to Nevada, she said, behind whose protecting mountains television reception is poor.

Equally disturbed by the modern Hopalong, if for different reasons, is his creator. After watching the well-scrubbed sarsaparilla drinker in a few films, Mulford was unimpressed and never went back. In 1926 he moved to Fryeburg, Maine and, when the movie money began to roll in, stopped writing and devoted himself to his hobbies. He collects stamps and firearms, owns a tremendous library of Western Americana and builds models of stagecoaches and ships, one of which, a representation of the U.S.S. *Constitution*, has guns that actually fire. But until he received a state visit from Boyd last year, Mulford was only a cantankerous local character. Then, with Boyd in full Hoppy regalia surrounded by a lawnful of screaming Fryeburg children, he became the sensation of the year and the object of sudden and immense respect from his own grandson. "Grandpa's stock," remarked Mulford, "sure went up for having brought to Fryeburg such a famous man as Hopalong Cassidy."



HOPALONG VISITS CREATOR in Maine and gets an awed welcome from author's grandson, Bruce Perkins, 8. Mulford is warming to Boyd these days.



1890—golf was just becoming popular in America. Three of the early courses were near Millis, Mass., home of Clicquot Club, then and now.

They tried a brand new sport and a grand new refreshment

In the nineties there was some question as to whether you pronounced that new game "golf" or "goff"—but there was no question about Clicquot Club! It was pronounced the finest ginger ale anyone had tasted! And so the fame of Clicquot Club spread—from old New England to all the U. S. A., and then across the seas. The rich, ripe tang of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale today as yesterday is flavor-perfect because it's *flavor-aged*—mellowed months for extra goodness. And ice-cold carbonation means longer-lasting sparkle—for *all* Clicquot Club beverages.

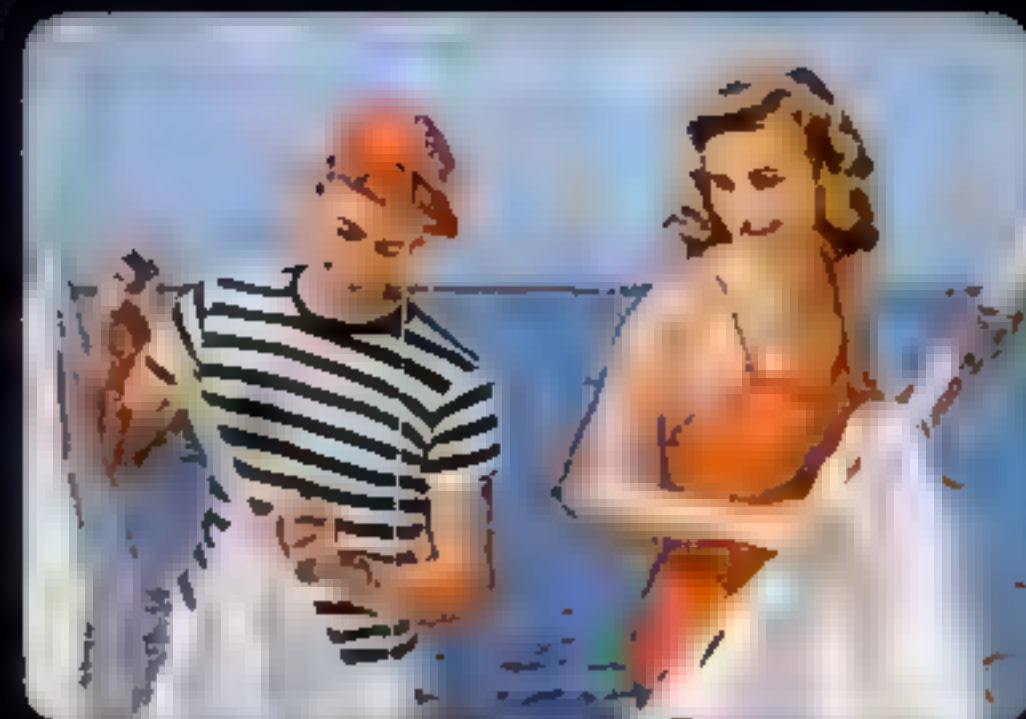


GINGER ALE • SPARKLING WATER

Try these and other Clicquot Club flavors. They're delicious!

ORANGE COLA ROOT BEER GRAPE

Sunny summer days live again in movies you make yourself



You live it all over again in home movies. Out with the lights, on with the projector—and the happy memories come trooping back.

Each of its 4 snapshots is a little movie.
That's what makes the Cine-Kodak way



Pink cheeks, blue eyes, gay summer togs . . . movies you make yourself capture the very color of your happy times.



You are truly yourselves in home movies. The characteristic gestures, the familiar smiles, the endearing mannerisms, they're all here.



The week-end fun—the vacations, the Christmases . . . the memories of your happy times are nowhere so safe as in movies.



The days, the doings, the people you want to remember live on in movies . . . in a million and more American homes.



Sunny summer days come back whenever you will . . . in movies made as easily as snapshots; even beginners get beauties.

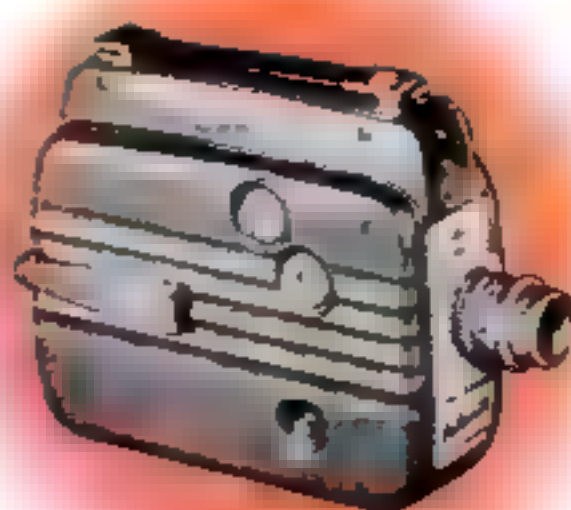


Another happy day safely tucked away in home movies . . . the prized family record that's so gratifyingly low in cost these days.

The little movie you see on this page . . . made into seven full-length scenes in full color . . . need cost no more than a dollar. (Film processing cost *included!*)

Camera cost is well within reach, too; Kodak has a new economy 8mm. movie camera, Cine-Kodak Reliant Camera, and most Kodak dealers offer time payments. See all the Kodak movie cameras at your dealer's. There's one just right for every family . . .

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



Cine-Kodak Reliant Camera (8mm.), \$79.
Fast f. 2.7 lens, built-in exposure guide, slow motion, too!
(With f/1.9 lens, \$97.50.)
Prices include Federal Tax.

Kodak
TRADE-MARK



THIS PLUMP PAIR OF WALLEYED PIKE ARE A FISHERMAN'S DELIGHT

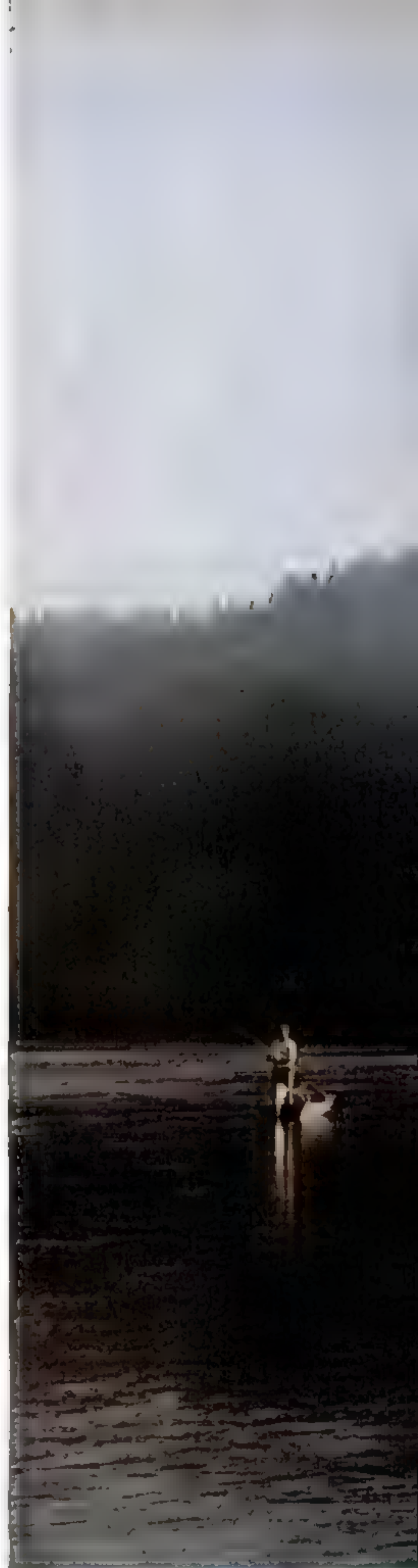
Nine of America's Best Fishing Holes

"LIFE" PICKS THEM—AND EXPECTS BACK TALK

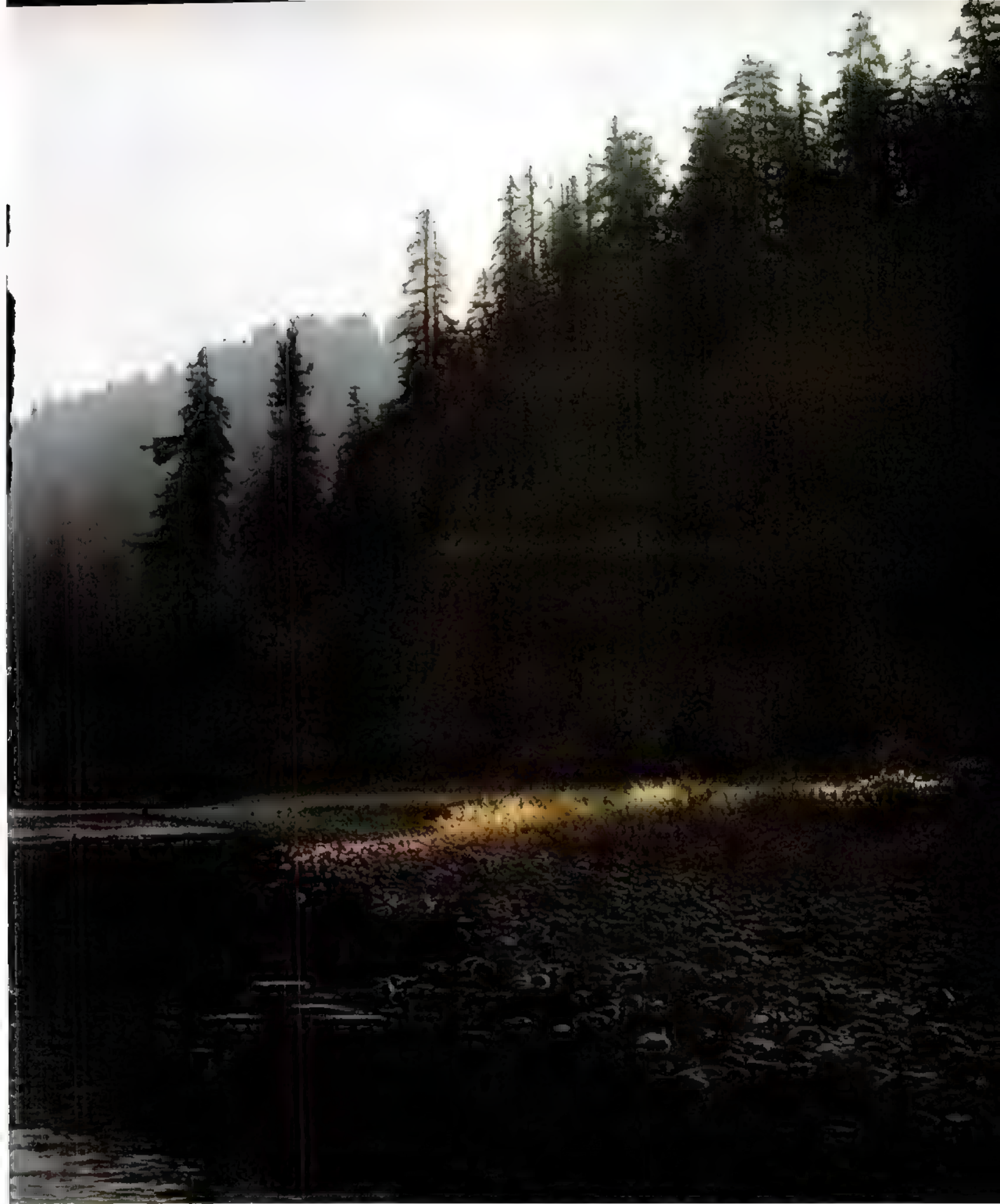
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY ANDREAS FEININGER

Whether he is casting for steelhead on California's Klamath River or for bass in Missouri, there is nothing quite like the expectant tranquility that settles over a fisherman. Partly this is induced by the imminence of the epic battle against a wily adversary—in which, of course, he can usually lose no more than his self-respect. (There is no record of any angler's having thrown himself into the water when the fish has won, which Heywood Broun once suggested as the sporting thing to do.) Partly the tranquility is brought on by the setting—the smell of water, the freshness of the trees, the comforting drone of insects. Surroundings can mean as much to him as the fish he might get. He will argue heatedly over the merits of fishing spots. On these pages LIFE pictures what it considers to be the nine finest spots in the U.S. to catch nine of the most sought-after fish. In assuming the fisherman's prerogative of making arbitrary choices, LIFE realizes that it is laying itself open to argument from many dissenting anglers.

This month, with fishing at its best, most of the nation's 16 million licensed fresh-water anglers have gotten their feet wet at least once in pursuit of a mess of walleyed pike (*above*) or brook trout or largemouth bass. Those that haven't are thinking hard about it. By and large the angler is a purist who scorns any method of fishing that is simple, like using worms. As a result he will spend \$150 million this year for such paraphernalia as rods, reels, spoons, spinners and red-nosed wobblers—more than all the nation's golfers and baseball players combined will spend for equipment.



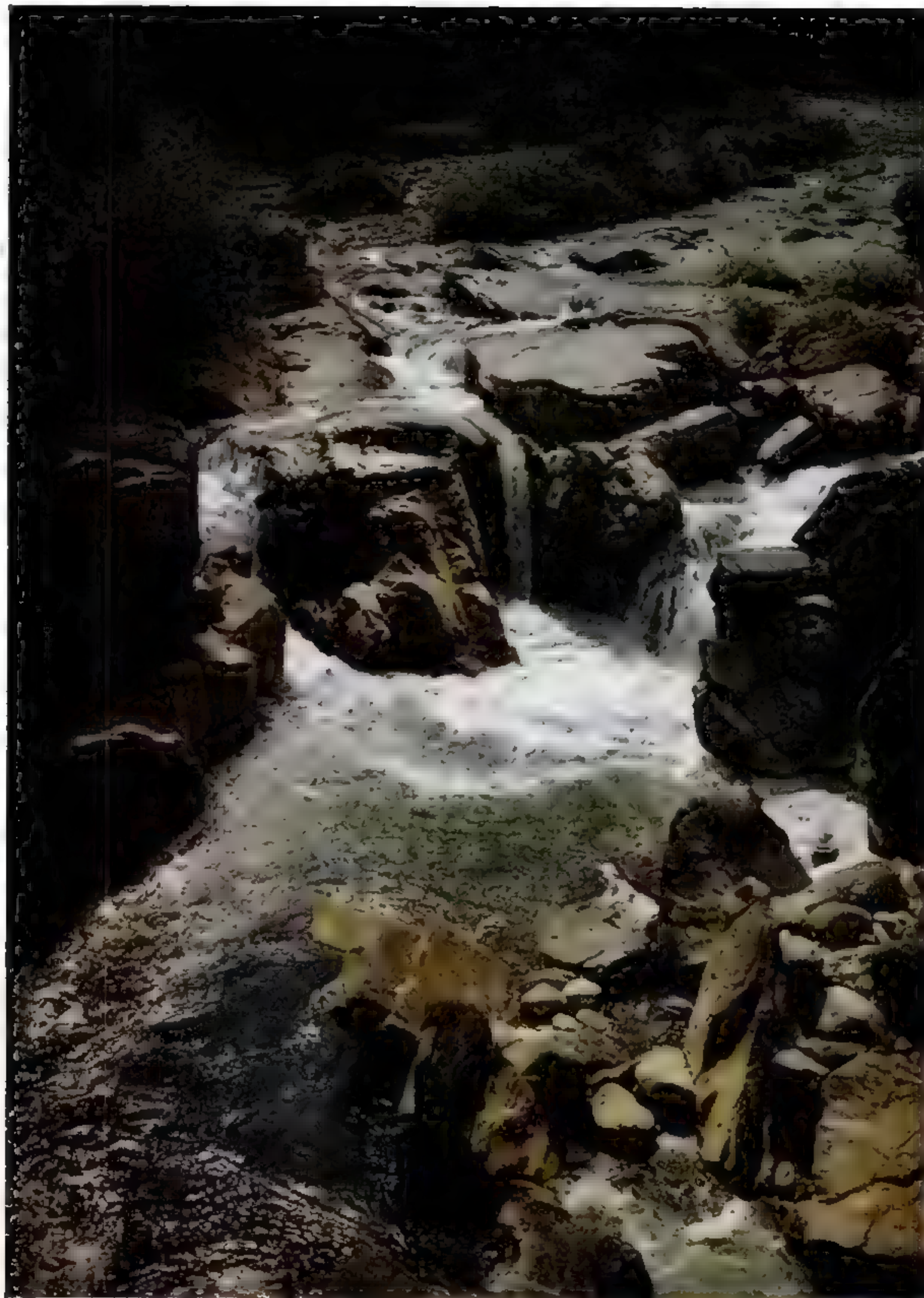
STEELHEAD WATER



Against a backdrop of redwood trees a fisherman casts for a steelhead near the mouth of the Klamath River in California. A seagoing trout that comes back to coastal rivers to spawn, the steelhead strikes hard and often rips tackle unless

expertly played during its first headlong dash for safety. Averaging about six pounds, steelhead begin their annual run up the Klamath River in August and continue through February. The best bait, flies until early fall, then salmon eggs.





BROWN TROUT

The West Branch of the Ausable River gurgles over rocky ledges and into clear pools. This spot near Wilmington Notch, N.Y. is a choice one for the fish Izaak Walton wrote of so fondly, the red-and-black-spotted brown trout. A good size (average: one pound), it is considered the wariest of all trout, lying in seclusion during most of the day and seldom seen until he comes up for what fishermen call the "evening rise." Brown trout that live to a ripe old age feed mostly at night.

LANDLOCKED SALMON

Beyond these bleached stumps in Maine's Moosehead Lake lie the big (average: 3 pounds), sporty landlocked salmon. As soon as the ice goes out in April, they bite on deep-trolled spinners. As the water warms they rise for minnows and flies. Whatever the lure, a hooked landlocked salmon gives a spectacular battle, which often lasts as long as an hour. In Maine, where the annual revenue from hunting and fishing is about \$20 million, landlocks are the aristocrats of fresh-water fish.



SMALLMOUTH BASS

Cool streams with moist, fine-bottomed silt and sand are the best for smallmouth bass. The Snake Fork River in Missouri's Ozark Mountains, where "flatt fishing" is the fashion, has bottomed baits and live crabs, crayfish, toad, and the occasional fathead downstream, strong in the bow, casting his place or fly. The venerable smallmouth averages 15 pounds in weight and pound-for-pound is one of the fiercest fish that swims. As for bait, he hits almost anything that moves.

BIG LAKE TROUT

The heavy sun over Lake Superior, how much wetter the parts of the lake were, consigned Apostle Islands. Each spring when they come in close to shore, we caught lake trout running up to 50 pounds, are caught by portmen of these shores with heavy tackle and deep-trotter hooks. When the big lakers move out into deep water in the hot weather, the catching of them on a day of the Dunes and Lowlanders was moved to the Apostle, going 25 miles to sea to get their net.







LARGEMOUTH BASS

Florida's coffee-colored Oklawaha River winds through miles of swamplands past trees dripping with Spanish moss. In dark pools, like this one near Fish Creek Landing, largemouth bass grow big (2 feet long, 15 pounds). Not as game a fighter as the smallmouth, the largemouth is nevertheless one of the most accommodating fish in North America. Adaptable to most kinds of water and conditions, he goes hook, line and sinker for almost any kind of lure the fisherman throws in.

WALLEYED PIKE

Close in to shore among these reeds of Michigan's Little Bay de Noquet, walleyed pike come by the thousands to spawn in April and May. Fishermen fly in from as far away as Texas to catch them. Not really a pike but of a family all its own, the walleye is also known as jack salmon and dore. A bottom feeder, he is caught on plugs and junebug spinners when the muskies and bass refuse to hit. What he lacks in fight, the walleye more than makes up in taste when pan-fried in butter.



KAMLOOPS TROUT

This is Whiskey Rock in Idaho's clear, cold Lake Pend Oreille (pronounced pen-duh-ray). The lake, which is 13 miles long and 1,300 feet deep at one place, is the site of the most spectacular fish culture project in history. In 1912 a form of rainbow trout called Kamloops was planted there. The growth of the Kamloops was so phenomenal that a world record 31-pound rainbow was taken from its waters five years later. One of Lake Pend Oreille's regular habitats is for Bing Crosby.

KING MUSKELLUNGE

Frank Lake near Boulder Junction, Wis., is a favorite haire for huge muskellies, the king of the pike family. Slim, crafty and incredibly swift, the muskellie likes to lie in ambush near weeds and sunken logs waiting for its prey. Muskies grow big in Wisconsin where a 69-pounder was caught last year. Because he lives only several tens of years and to reach that size, the muskie is not stocked in most states. At this size and fighting ability, he makes him one of the world's great game fish.





As seen
in
Vogue

A
Jamison
Classic

It's a
Dan River
Wrinkl-
Shed®
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Long-wearing DAN RIVER SHEETS

are made by the same folks

who make your beautiful

Dan River Dress Fabrics



Sleep Beautifully
ON
**DAN RIVER
SHEETS**



You know how much the Dan River name means in the fashions you buy and wear. Let it bring you the same dependability, freshness and satisfaction when you choose your sheets.

Dan River Sheets are everlastingly white . . . smooth to the touch . . . woven for long durability with firmly-taped selvages and strongly-stitched seams.

You'll find Dan River Sheets in type 128 utility muslins, type 140 luxury muslins and type 180 combed percales. Whatever type you choose, your family's always sure to "sleep beautifully on Dan River Sheets."

So remember: On your next sheet-shopping tour, look for the Dan River label.



AMONG THE PILLARS OF ANCIENT ROME ROTUND PAUL WHITEMAN, AS THE EMPEROR NERO, TAKES FIDDLE LESSON FROM COMEDIAN JERRY BERGEN (LEFT)

TV EXTRAVAGANZA

Paul Whiteman as Nero fiddles in a Rome built in three days

With their limited funds and space, TV producers have hitherto been unable to turn out the kind of extravaganza which moviegoers associate with Cecil B. DeMille. Now a young architect named James McNaughton has found a way to do it. Weekly, in New York's ABC studio, McNaughton uses tricks of painted perspective to create elaborate scenery for *The Paul Whiteman Revue* (ABC-TV, Sunday 7:00-7:30 p.m.

EDT). He builds his sets in three days at the low cost of \$2,500. Two weeks ago McNaughton outdid himself by designing a scene in imperial Rome, the most spectacular setting TV has ever produced. In an inspired example of type casting, the show had roly-poly Whiteman, erstwhile king of jazz, acting the part of Nero amid a troupe of 40 Roman roisterers. But large as Paul bulked, the settings bulked even larger.



"I don't know what we'll do with it in a New York apartment—but he just couldn't resist the U-S-S label!"

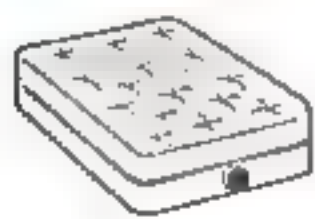


This label is your guide
to quality steel when you buy:

SHOVELS



BED SPRINGS



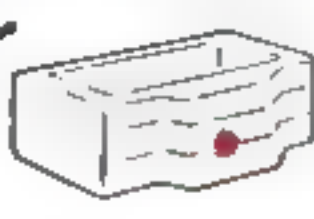
TOOLS



WHEEL BARROWS



BATH TUBS



UNITED STATES STEEL

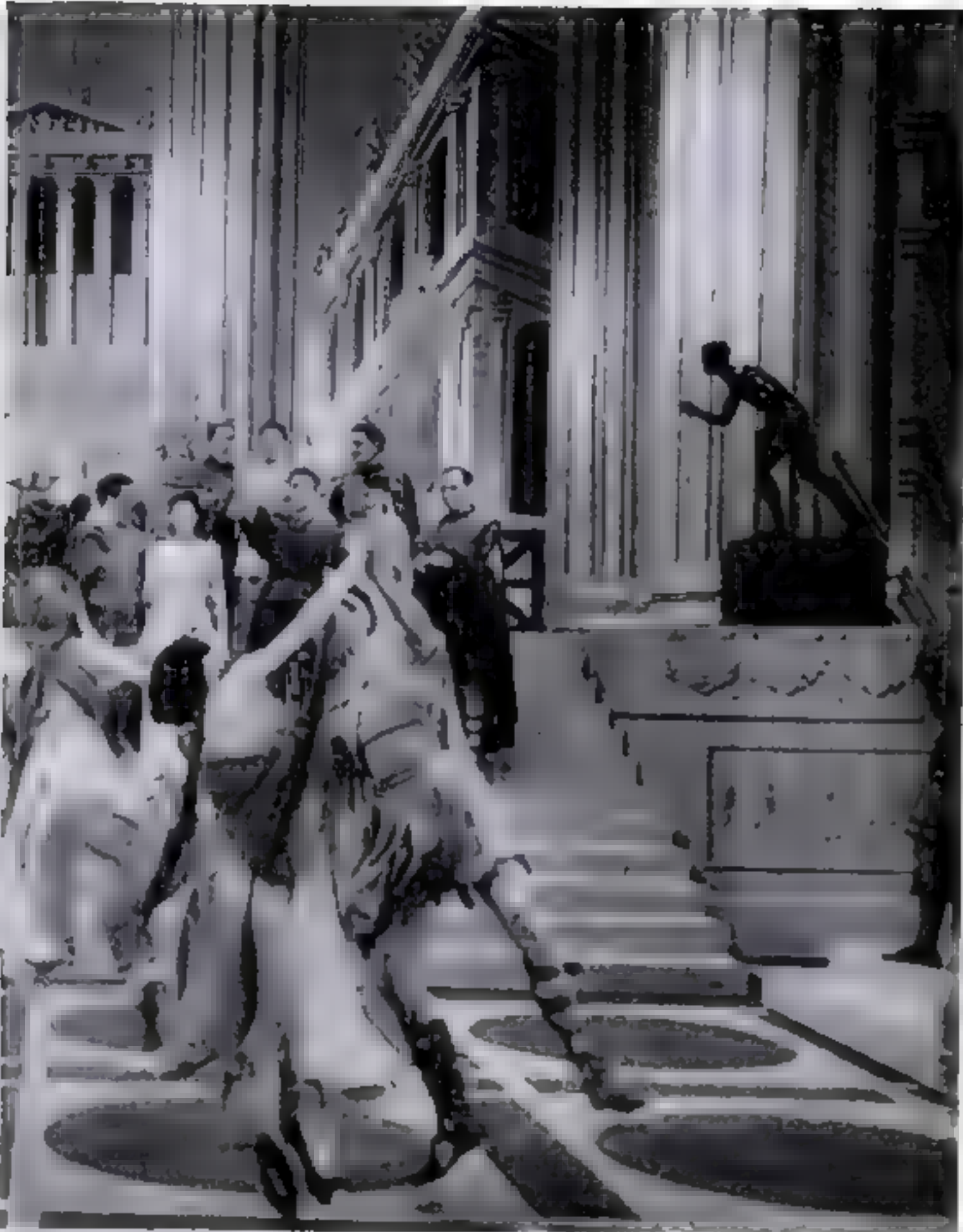
UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION OF DELAWARE, 435 SEVENTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH 30, PA.
AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY and CYCLOPE FENCE DIVISION
CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL CORPORATION
GERARD STEEL STRAPPING COMPANY • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY
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UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY



THE TOGA POLKA was danced by a chorus that cavorted around wildly but esthetically in Nero's court. Backgrounds for this lavish set were painted



A RIDING ACADEMY, which still retains faint aroma of its former occupants, was converted into this ABC television studio, the biggest on the East



on a canvas cyclorama 50 feet wide, while massive pillars, constructed out of 30-foot tubes of painted cloth, were suspended from the ceiling gridiron above.



Coast. TV Designer McNaughton extends his settings into every cranny, achieving amazing effects of distance and permitting great camera mobility.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"We don't really need it . . . but we can't resist anything with a U-S-S label!"



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GERHARD STEEL STRAPPING COMPANY • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • UR ON SUPPLY COMPANY
TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY
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Backbone of America

For its basic transportation needs, America depends upon steel rail—for only on tracks is it possible for the huge volume of farm products, vital raw materials and manufactured goods to be moved, dependably and at low cost, between all sections of the country, in all seasons of the year.

To make this vital transportation system—the very backbone of business—still more serviceable, our railroads have spent for new locomotives, cars, signals, track and other facilities more than four billion dollars in the last five years alone.

These vast expenditures—and the other billions spent in previous years—are helping railroads to hold down costs, while producing better service for traveler and shipper alike. And the more the ample capacity of these steel “highways,” provided and maintained by the railroads, is put to work, the better will they be able to serve you—and to do it at the lowest possible cost.

That's just another reason why it's good business to do business with the railroads.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

TV Extravaganza CONTINUED



TO BUILD ROME TV workmen erect smaller pillars made of cardboard. For this weekly revue McVay hton converts the studio into Spanish towns, Arizona ranches, pirate ships, Turkish harems, New York penthouses

Only wonderful, soft Kleenex serves you one·a·time!

Instead of many



you get just one . . . and save



You end waste, save money—with soft, strong Kleenex tissues. Kleenex gives you the quality you love...the Serv-a-Tissue box that lets you pull one at a time (not a handful!) The next pops up, ready for use.

Women, especially, welcome Delsey's greater absorbency

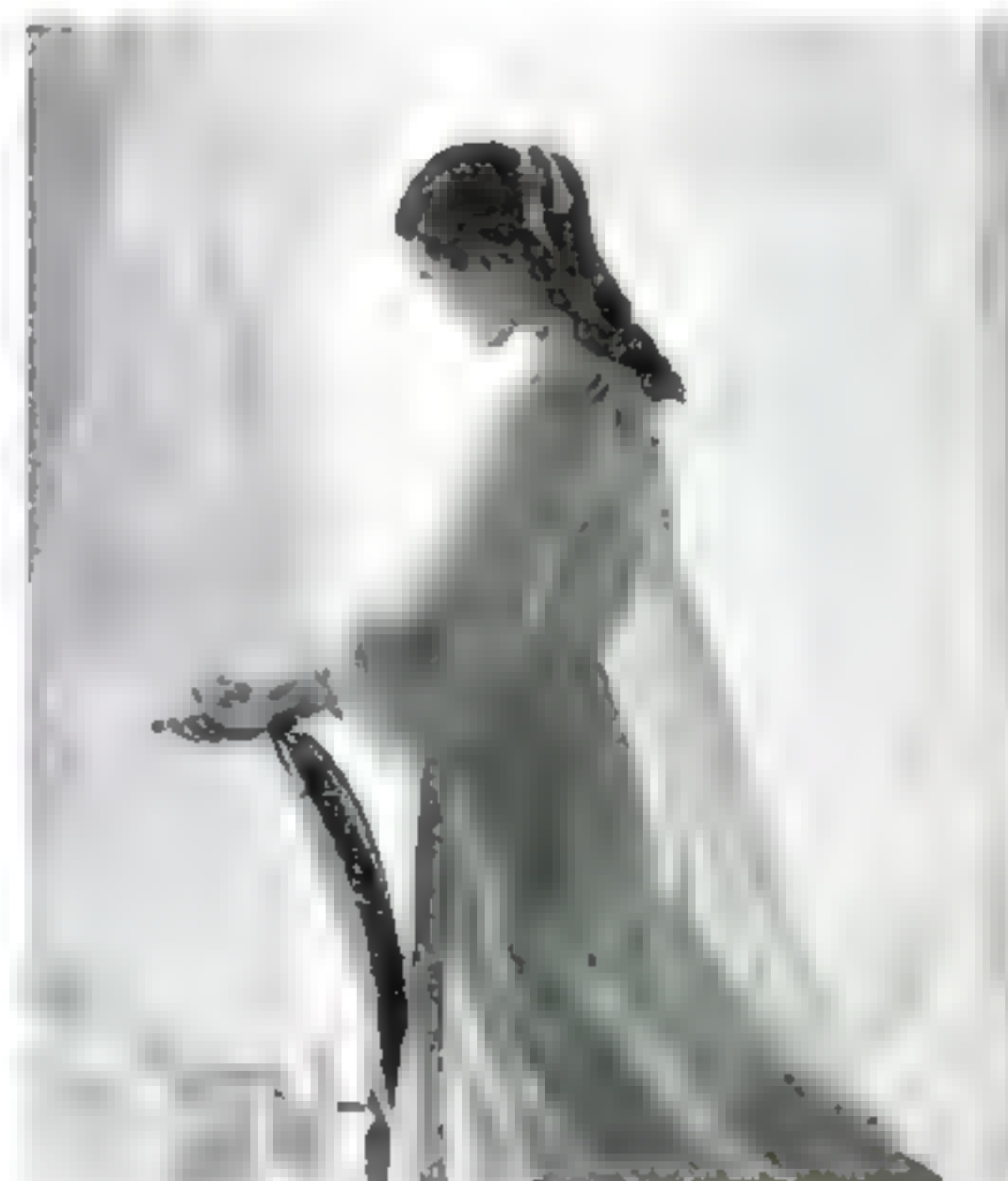
Soft
and absorbent
like Kleenex*
2 for 29¢

(Price slightly higher in Canada)



To answer women's special need for extra absorbency, extra daintiness—the makers of Kleenex tissues bring women this new, softer, more absorbent toilet tissue: Delsey. It's a pure white tissue, double-ply for extra strength; soft as only the makers of Kleenex can make it. So wonderfully different, your entire family will appreciate Delsey!

Yet Delsey's extra comfort and protection costs only a few extra pennies a month. 7 rolls cost only a dollar.



*KLEENEX IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF KLEENEX COMPANY



Time for giving~

...to the bride to the graduate...



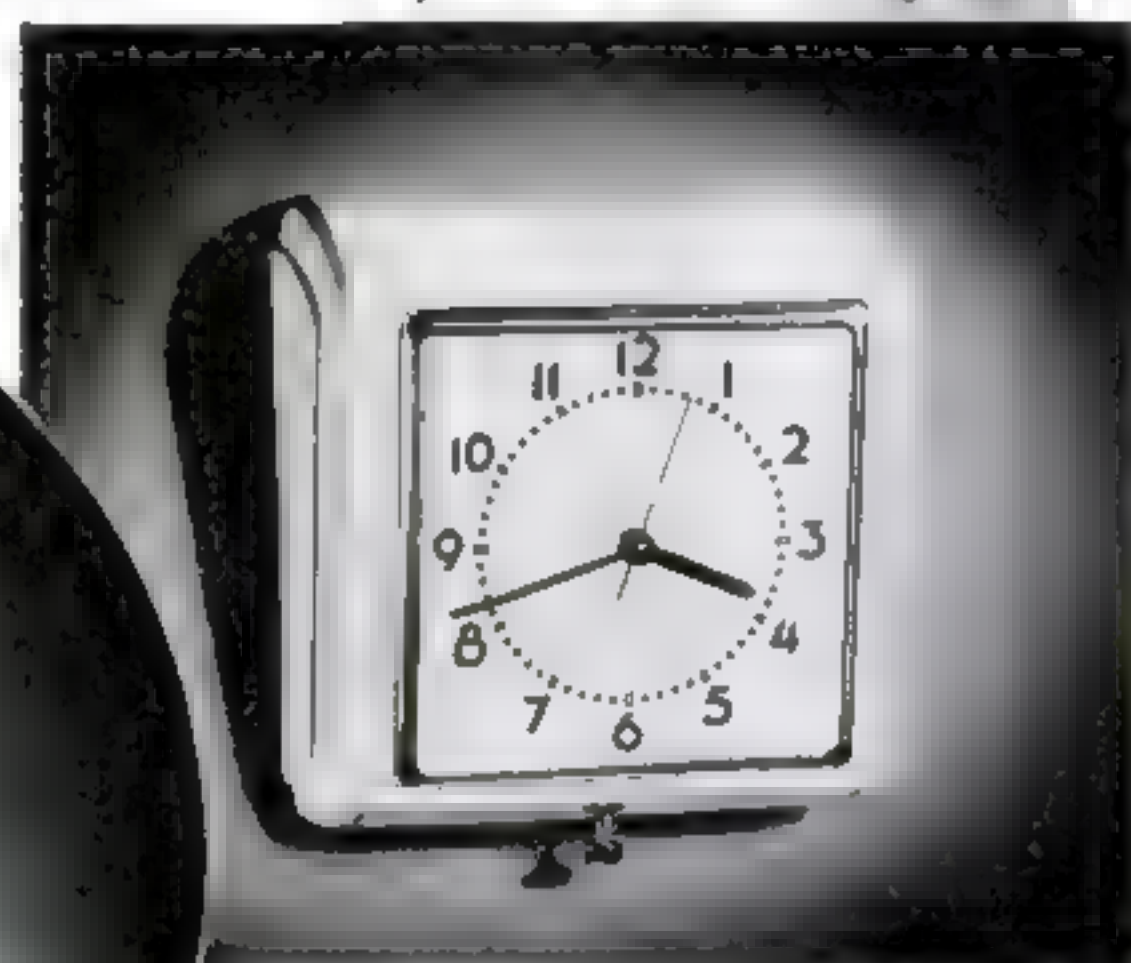
FOR YOUNG "starter-outers," no gift is more practical than time... no timekeepers more respected than Westclox. Here are just a few of the host of Westclox awaiting your choice. All are attractive. All reasonably priced. See them, wherever good clocks are sold.



BIG BEN LOUD ALARM means business when he says it's time to get up. His voice is friendly but firm. He has a tick you can hear. \$4.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more.



BIG BEN ELECTRIC ALARM has a pleasing bell alarm that calls cheerfully. Rich brown case with gold color trim. \$8.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.



DUNBAR ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK—Case is tilted forward for easier reading. Choice of smart ivory, white, red, or green finish. \$5.95.



BABY BEN ALARM—Quiet tick. Alarm adjusts to loud or soft. \$4.95. Luminous dial, one dollar more.



MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM calls two ways: first, *silently* with a light that blinks for several minutes. Then *audibly* with a reserve alarm that goes into action if the light is ignored. \$9.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.



LA SALLE wrist watch, with chrome finish front case. \$5.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.

RAJAH wrist watch has chrome finish case, with stainless steel curved back. \$9.95.

LANCE wrist watch has smart 10 kt. rolled gold plate front case. \$11.95.

WESTCLOX*



Made by the makers of Big Ben
Products of General Time Corporation



WITH A COMPOSURE BEFITTING THE WEIMARANER'S STATION IN DOGDOM, THE DUCHESS OF WEIMAR AND HER 8-WEEK-OLD SON SIT FOR A FAMILY PORTRAIT

THE VERSATILE WEIMARANER

The Weimaraner is a seal gray dog which, full grown, stands about two-and-a-half feet high and weighs around 80 pounds — i.e., it is about the size of a German shepherd. Its eyes are most often amber, its ears and nose are long and its tail is clipped to within four inches of its body. It is also the most versatile gun dog in the world. In Germany, where the breed originated about 140 years ago, it was used for hunting boar and stag. It also proved expert at flushing grouse and other upland game. It can be trained to point and retrieve and, when there is nothing else to hunt, the Weimaraner willingly goes after rabbits. Three years ago in Massachusetts, after

trained bloodhounds failed, a Weimaraner located the body of a lost boy.

There are only 1,500 Weimaraners in the U.S. today, all owned by members of the Weimaraner Club of America. Nobody can buy a dog unless he first promises to join and abide by the constitution of this club. Breeding is carried out with great care, and pups born with improper markings are destroyed. Probably the most important reason for the small Weimaraner population is the price. This ranges from \$300 for an average dog to \$1,500, which is what Mrs. Harold Goldsmith, of Ridgefield, Conn., a top Weimaraner breeder, got for the haughty little puppy shown above.



Anson

GRACIOUS GIFTS
for DAD
and GRAD

"SIR." Modern, smartly styled jewelry with his personal initials. Shown at left: Initialed genuine snake tie-chain with matching initialed key-chain and cuff-links. Sold individually or as a set. Also 3 initial tie-slide that harmonizes as a set. On necktie—initialed "GRIP-CLIP"—it opens—cannot injure the finest fabric. Tie-chain \$2.00. Others \$2.50 each (Tax Extra)

PICTURE 3 SNAPSHOTS...IN HERE

(In Boxes...Reading Down)

THE FAMILY MAN. Portrait Tie-Slide. Trim 3 favorite snapshots to fit removable picture-panel contained inside beautiful tie-slide. Complete set with matching links \$5.00 (Plus Tax)

A MAN'S KNIFE. Cleverly contained in modern design tie-slide plus links. Fine steel blade locks safely on tie, and when in use. Set complete \$1.00 (Plus Tax)

THE HOME GARDENER. Exquisitely designed garden trowel and shears for his necktie! Mounted on famous Anson Grip-Clip. There's an Anson "Midg-ette" for every man's hobby or craft! \$2.00 (Plus Tax)

THE WELL DRESSED MAN. Sabre tie-clip with matching collar holder. This is the famous Anson Grip-Clip millions are wearing. It opens—cannot injure tie. Wide choice of designs. Set shown \$3.00 (Plus Tax)

THE ANGLER. Any fisherman will cherish this perfectly reproduced rod and reel tie-slide. In two tones. \$3.10 (Plus Tax)

All Anson jewelry handsomely gift boxed.

Anson

A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S JEWELRY

Prices slightly
higher in Canada.

© ANSON INC., PROVIDENCE, R. I., ANSON CANADA LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

Weimaraners CONTINUED



PRECISION POINT on pheasant hiding in deep grass is made by Grafmar's Evening Mist, while Owner Bradford Warner stands ready to take his shot.



HUNTING RABBITS is another Weimaraner skill. Here Bismarck, a 2-year-old male owned by Jack Scott, the Weimaraner Club's executive secretary,



INTO THE WATER plunges eager Bismarck as he starts to retrieve a fallen duck. Even in winter's cold a well-trained Weimaraner will not refuse water.



RAPID RETRIEVE follows point. Unlike field-trial retriever, who awaits command, alert Weimaraner starts after falling bird at the sound of the shot.



is about to catch his prey. Ordinarily these dogs simply flush such small game out of their cover into the open where the waiting gunners can get a clear shot.



OUT OF THE WATER after a perfectly executed retrieve, Bismarck brings duck to shore. Webbing between toes makes the Weimaraners fast swimmers.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

America's largest-selling... full **5** year old
straight Kentucky bourbon

Ancient **A**ge



The whiskey with **A**ge in its flavor!

Every drop *Straight*. Every drop *Kentucky*.

Every drop *Bourbon*. Every drop patiently aged
for 5 full years. Every drop evenly matured...

and uniform...from sip to sip...from bottle
to bottle. Ask for "double A"...get *Double Value*.

Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof.

Ancient Age Distilling Co., Frankfort, Ky. © 1990 ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING CO.



"That Formfit Look"

YOURS— *A Sweetheart of a Figure*
THE EXCLUSIVE LIFE BRA WAY

Exciting! That's the word for you in Life Bra, designed from live models to assure you just the right bra to fit your exact figure proportions! Life Bra is tailored the exclusive Formfit way with quilted cushions for healthful support and elastic insets for free-action comfort... the result—a high, young and natural lift with real separation, no matter what your bustline size or development. Be fitted now and see what an amazing difference Life Bra can make in your figure, instantly!

At All Better Stores
 Life Bras from \$1.25

THE FORMFIT COMPANY
 CHICAGO, NEW YORK

Life
 BY
Formfit

More Women Wear Formfit Than Any Other Make

Weimaraners CONTINUED



DOMESTIC BLISS is enjoyed by this litter of pups as they romp hungrily with patient mother, one of Mrs. Goldsmith's prize-winning Weimaraners.



PUPPY LOVE is evident as Christina Goldsmith, 2½, kisses a young acquaintance. The Weimaraner makes a good household pet and an excellent watchdog.

What a Wonderful Surprise
for Father's Day
(JUNE 18TH)



AND WITH EVERSHARP-SCHICK HE CAN SHAVE WITH HIS EYES SHUT, TOO!



WORLD'S EASIEST SHAVING... SMOOTHEST, FASTEST, CLEANEST!

Imagine shaving so sure, *easy* and safe he can actually shave with his eyes shut! That's what EVERSHARP-SCHICK brings Dad! This razor is so light, so right in shape and "fit" . . . his hand automatically holds and moves it perfectly for clean, *effortless* shaving—unmatched by any other razor! What a perfect—yet inexpensive—gift for Dad! *Buy his today!*

WORLD'S ONLY RAZOR WITH AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGER

FOR FATHER'S DAY
**Give Dad the Gift
That's Sure to "Click"**
**EVERSHARP-SCHICK
INJECTOR RAZOR**

A. **ALL NEW 98¢ KIT**
Just out—in time for Father's Day! All-new handsomely gold-plated razor . . . with 12 revolutionary, new scalpel-sharp blades* . . . in a smart, plastic travel kit . . . for no more than you pay for ordinary razors . . . only **98¢**

B. **THE "TWINJECTOR"**
DeLuxe Razor with 2 injectors—40 super-sharp blades. In rich home-and-traveling kit. For extra convenience, stands upright on bathroom shelf. The "Twinjector" tucks away handily and easily into any suitcase . . . **\$2.45**

*No other blade ever made approaches its shaving luxury.

**IT'S NOTHING LESS THAN AN
ORANGE JUICE MIRACLE!**



FLORIDA FRESH-FROZEN CONCENTRATED ORANGE JUICE

You get the luscious juice of 8 to 12 wonderful Florida oranges in a miraculous little can. We remove the natural water . . . you put it back . . . a modern miracle! Get all the fresh flavor, all the vitamins and nourishing food values of oranges fresh picked from the tree. So good to drink, so economical to use. Buy a can at any frozen food counter today.

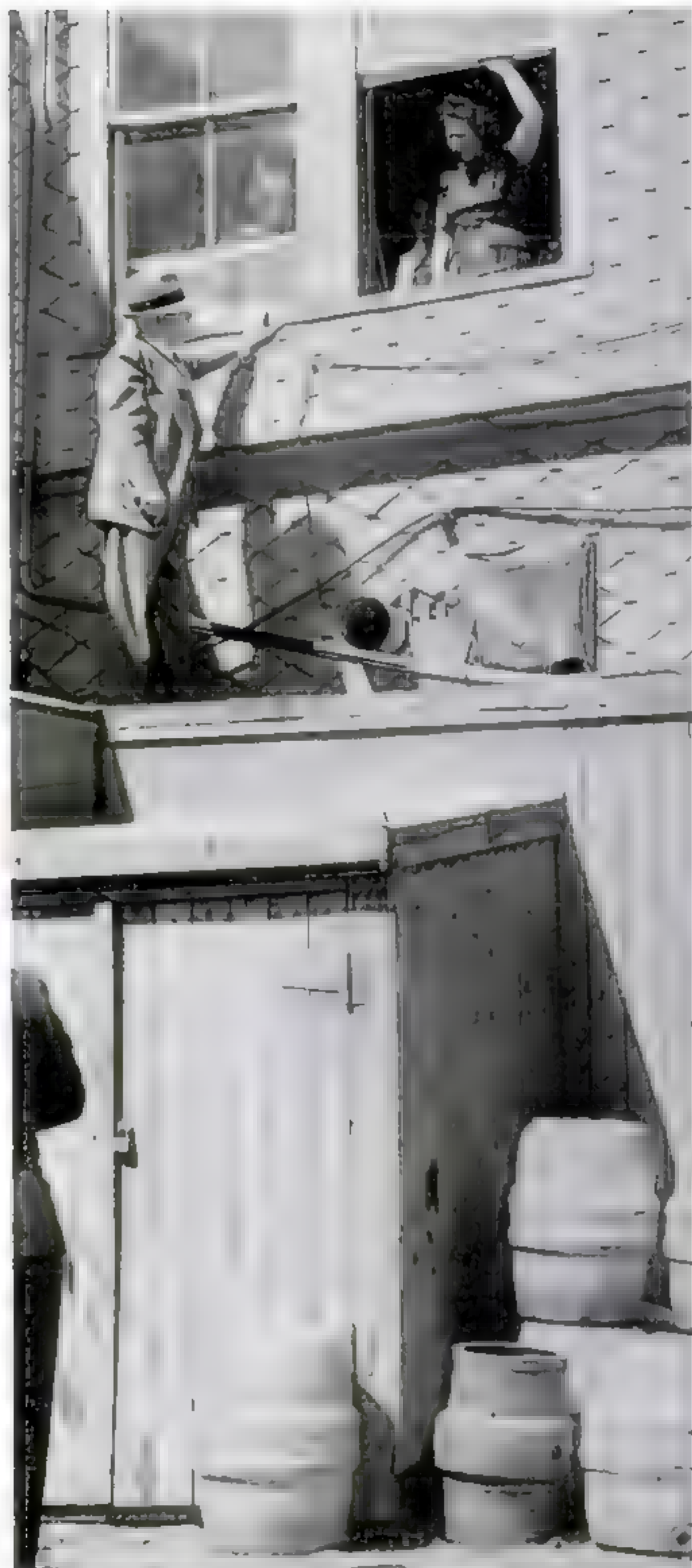
So Easy to Prepare!

Just add 3 cans of cold water and stir vigorously. That's all. Your delicious juice is all ready to serve!



**IN LESS THAN
A MINUTE—
you have 1½ pints!**

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION • LAKELAND, FLORIDA



CHILDREN WATCH AS MOTHER ARGUES WITH SHERIFF THROUGH WINDOW

PERSISTENT SHERIFF

He scales a shed to evict a stubborn widow

Deputy Sheriff Joseph Hunter of Braintree, Mass. had a court order in his pocket and an unpleasant duty ahead of him—evicting a widow and her six children. When he arrived at the tenement where Mrs. Cecilia Jones lived, he found the forewarned widow had barred the door and would not listen to him. Undaunted, he went to the building's rear and climbed up on a shed to argue. She stood inside, ready to slam the window shut if he came too close. After half an hour Mrs. Jones admitted that her chief worry was a rebate on the \$30 rent she had already paid. Hunter pulled out a check for \$9 and she agreed to get out.

MEAT

that comes in cans!

[illegible][illegible]

GOOD
MEAT

6781

GOOD
EATING

**GOOD
RECIPES**

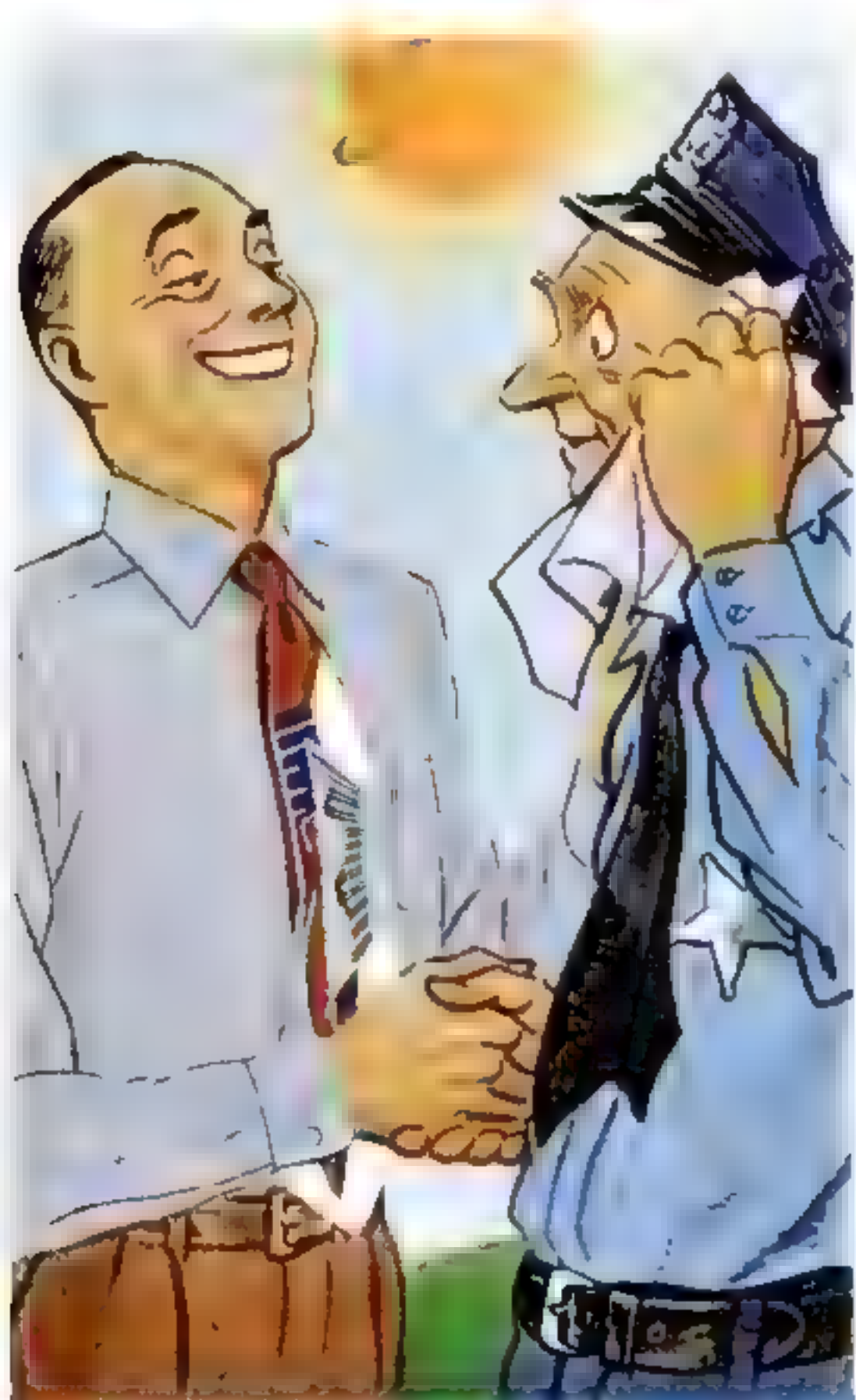
511/11

CANNED MEAT SHOW

"WAIT, officer! and ARROW'S



Father's Day, June 18th! Arrow (and Father's family!) is seeing to it that he'll be both well-dressed and "air-conditioned" this summer! Arrow's wonderfully cool *Lightweight Living* Shirts do the trick. For full proof, look directly below!



What a change! Father is cool . . . collected . . . no longer a menace to the community! Wearing an Arrow *Lightweight Living* Shirt which is coolness itself! The fabric is a fine lawn—a zephyrweight miracle. That smart low-slope collar with the vanishing band is the *Contour*. \$3.65.



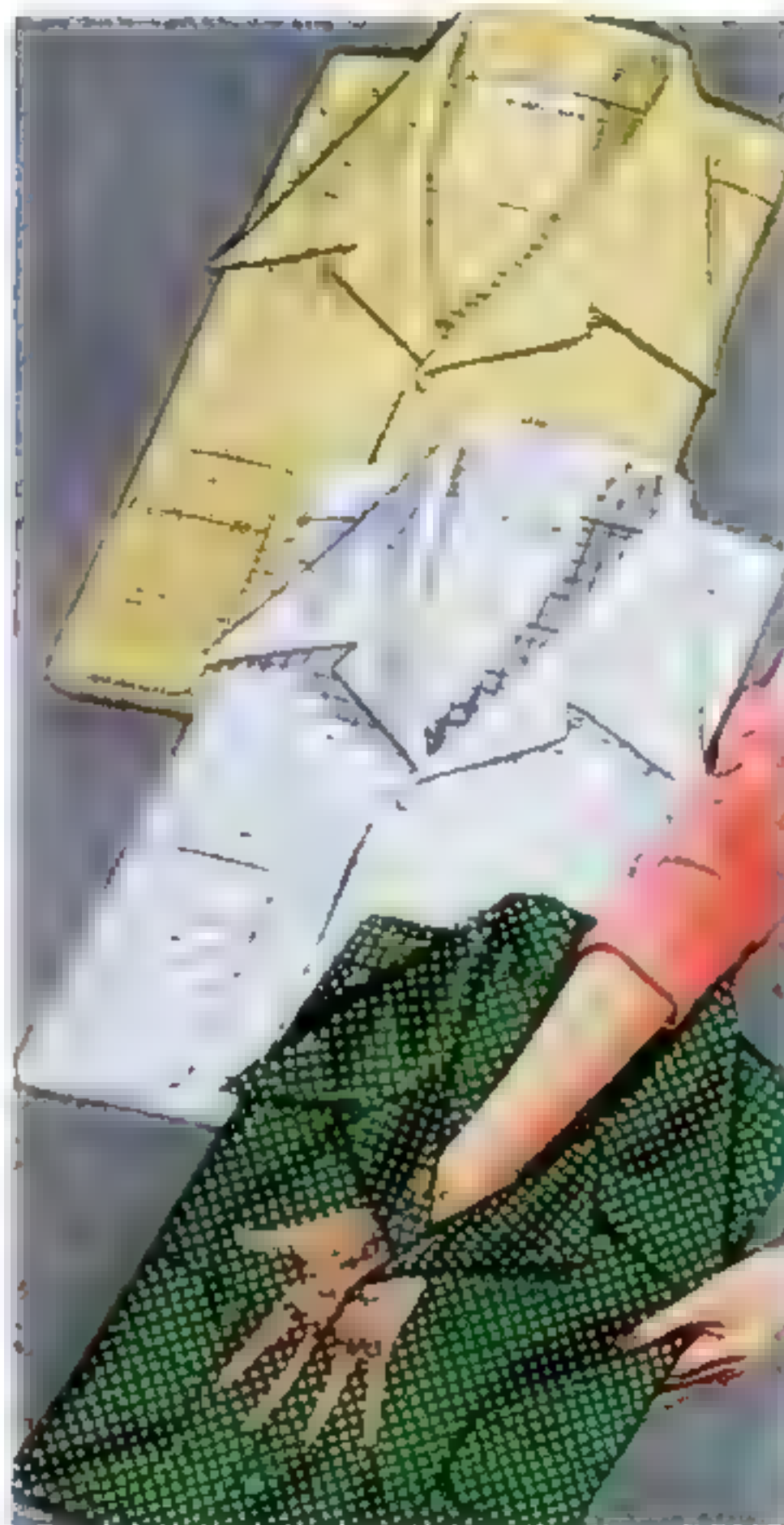
This picture shows you, better than words, just how cool Arrow *Lightweight Living* Shirts actually *are*! Note the thousands of little "windows" which welcome each vagrant breeze! That handsome, non-wilt collar is *Belmont*. Both long and short sleeves, \$3.65.

Note the harmony produced by *Lightweight Living* Shirts, Ties, and Handkerchiefs when worn together! (This is *no accident*!) The summery ties knot perfectly, drape beautifully, have *wear to spare*! \$1.50. Handkerchiefs come in white, solids, and with colored borders. 55¢.

He's *SOMEBODY'S* father— cooling fathers off this summer!"



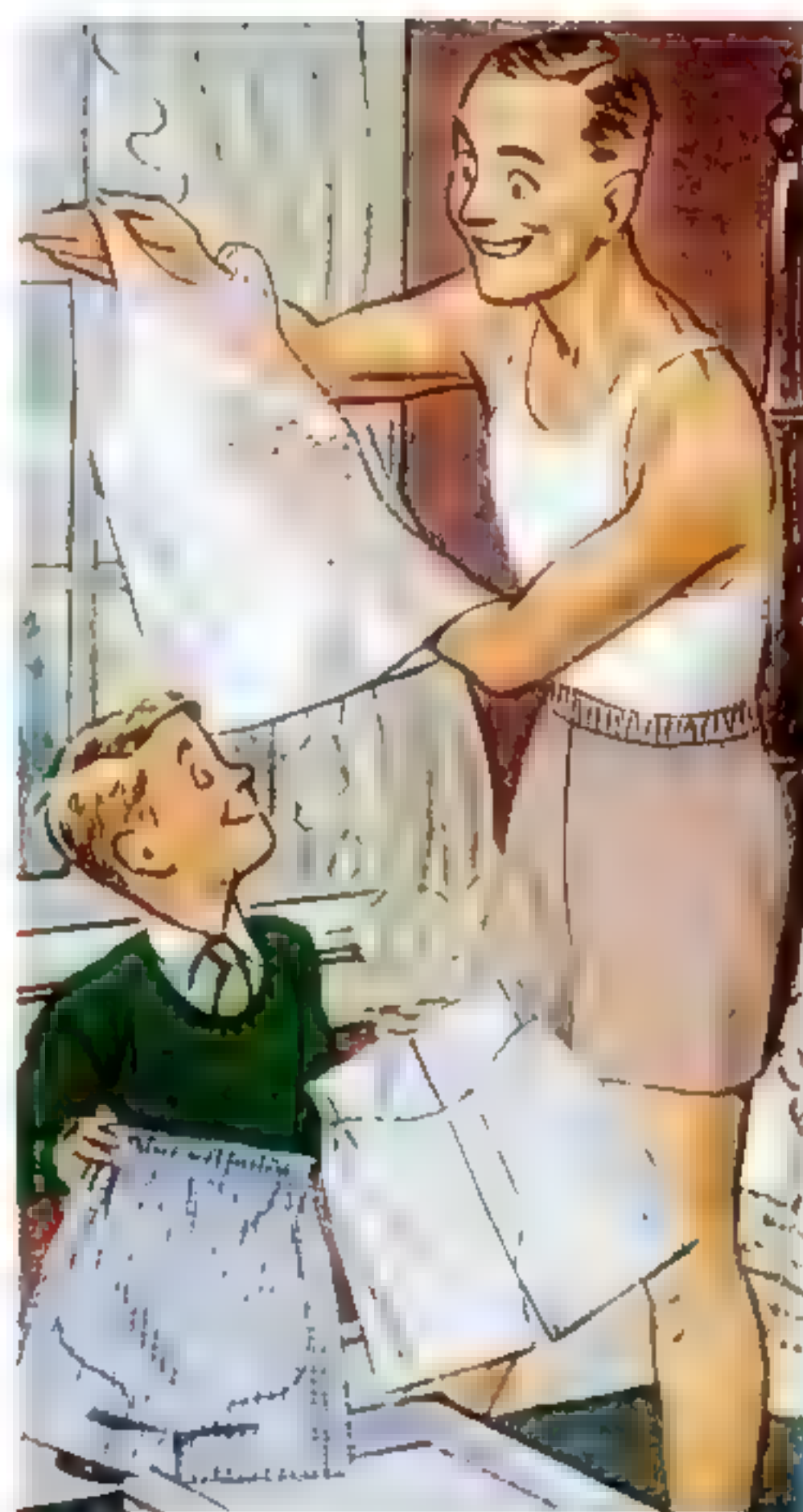
Three more wonderfully cool *Lightweight Living* Shirts with cool collars! (top to bottom): (1) a crisp maroon mesh, wide-spread *Sussex* collar. (2) A summerweight shirting in tan, regular *Belmont* collar. (3) A *Lightweight Living* Sports Shirt—cucumber-cool! \$3.65.



Sports shirts—Lightweight, coolest you've ever worn! Smart new stripes, meshes, polka dots in wide **VARIETY**! Painstakingly tailored, with fine details. *Sanforized*-labeled—permanent fit assured. (Hand shows what we mean by "lightweight.") Short and long sleeves. \$3.65 & \$3.95.

To Father's Wife—Here is your opportunity to give Father some cool, handsome gifts he will wear with pleasure! Do it, huh?

You will appreciate the easy, timesaving way Arrow Shirts iron, and those rugged Arrow buttons—they're anchored to stay!



Underwear—Even the shorts are cool, being tailored of mesh fabrics! Undershirt is cool mesh. 85¢. Shorts (left to right): (A) "Sprinter," all-elastic waistband; (B) elastic sides, Gripper Fasteners; (C) "Sprinter," in another cool fabric. Shorts have no chafing center seam. \$1.25.

ARROW

LIGHTWEIGHT LIVING

Cloett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
Makers of shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, underwear and sports shirts.





Honeymoon in Paris—painted for the De Beers Collection by Jean Hugo



$\frac{1}{4}$ carat (25 points) \$85 to \$ 75
 $\frac{1}{2}$ carat (50 points) \$210 to \$465
 1 carat (100 points) \$550 to \$1165
 2 carats (200 points) \$1250 to \$3500

The above prices were secured for your guidance through a nationwide check in April, 1950. They are for the top-quality stones generally offered by jewelers for engagement rings. Exceptionally fine stones are, of course, more expensive. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Add Federal tax.

WHEN CHOOSING YOUR ENGAGEMENT STONE . . . remember color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. It is important to seek the counsel of a trusted jeweler. He will help you find the size and quality and style of stone that is in keeping with your preferences, and what you wish to spend.

May your happiness
last as long as your diamond

Timeless as a river, your engagement diamond pours forth its
 joy through all your years together. In its stream of beauty,
 it marks the moments your hearts hold dear, and thus becomes
 more lovely on the way. Your diamond, though it may be
 modest in cost, should be chosen with care, for nothing
 else on earth can take its place.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd

a Diamond is forever



IN AN OPEN FIELD, SPLASH EROSION HAS EATEN AWAY THE EARTH, LEAVING BEHIND TWO-INCH PINNACLES OF SOIL WHICH WERE SHIELDED BY ROCK CAPS

SPRING'S RAIN SPLASHES AWAY THE SOIL

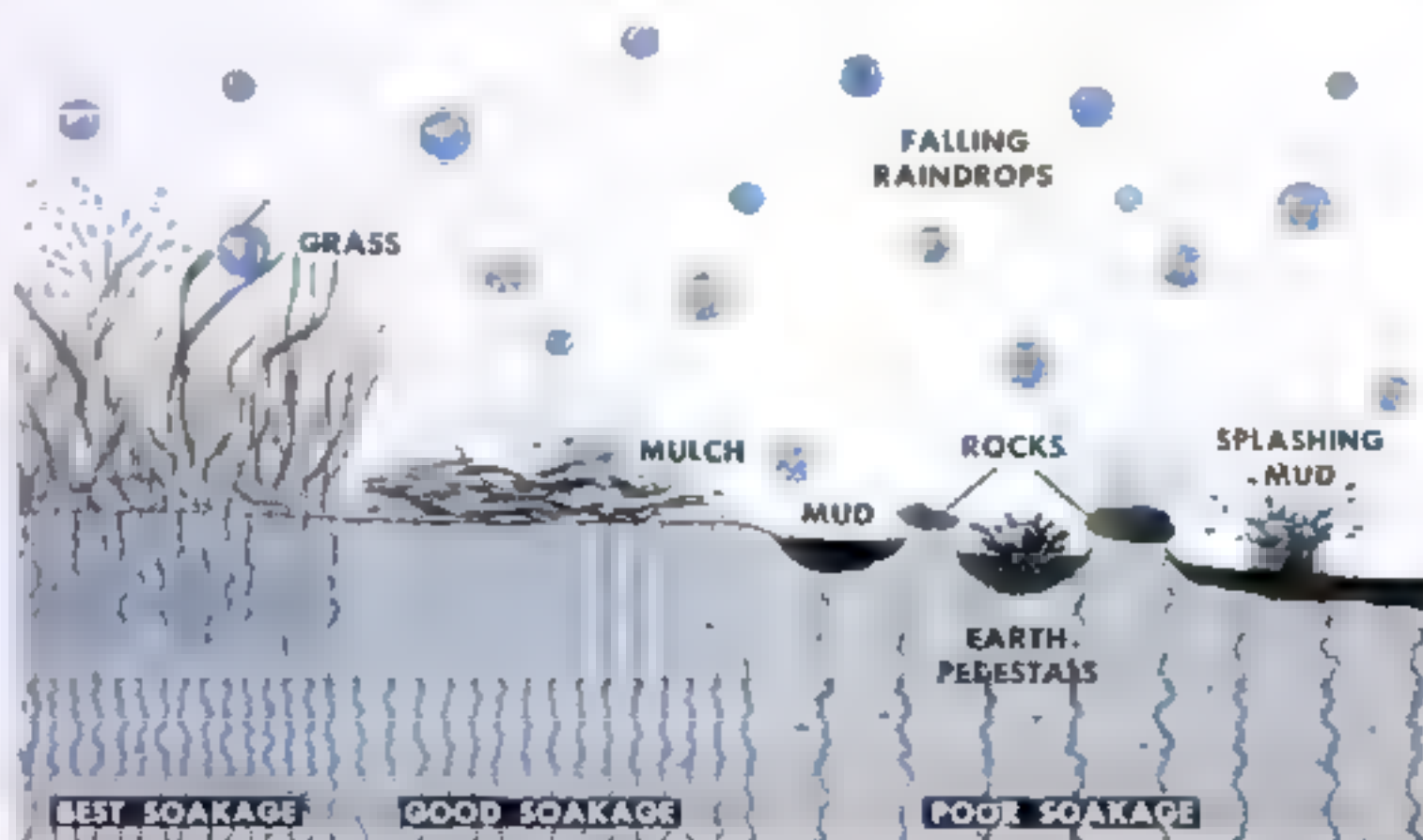
By now nearly every farmer in the U.S. is aware of the damage done to the land by rivulets of water running down the hillsides and carrying off the topsoil. But almost none of them knows of another kind of erosion, even more damaging, caused by the patter of raindrops falling not only on the hills but on the flat fields as well. This menace, splash erosion, may cost the nation's farmers and ranchers as much as 5 billion tons of precious topsoil each year.

In splash erosion the damage is done by raindrops striking the bare soil like tiny projectiles and loosening particles of earth which bounce upward with the splashes. On a hillside such particles land downhill, so that during a rainfall there is a downward migration of soil, even though there may be scarcely any flow of water. On level land the particles do not migrate but form mud, some of which seeps into the crevices and cracks of the earth and seals them

up. Level ground can thus be virtually waterproofed in a few minutes, depriving underground reservoirs of much-needed rain. As rainfall continues, it churns more and more topsoil into puddles of mud which finally overflow to lower levels of the field.

During an afternoon's rain tons of topsoil can thus be washed off an acre of land. The mud left behind, deprived of many loosely held nutrients, congeals into a crust that inhibits plant growth.

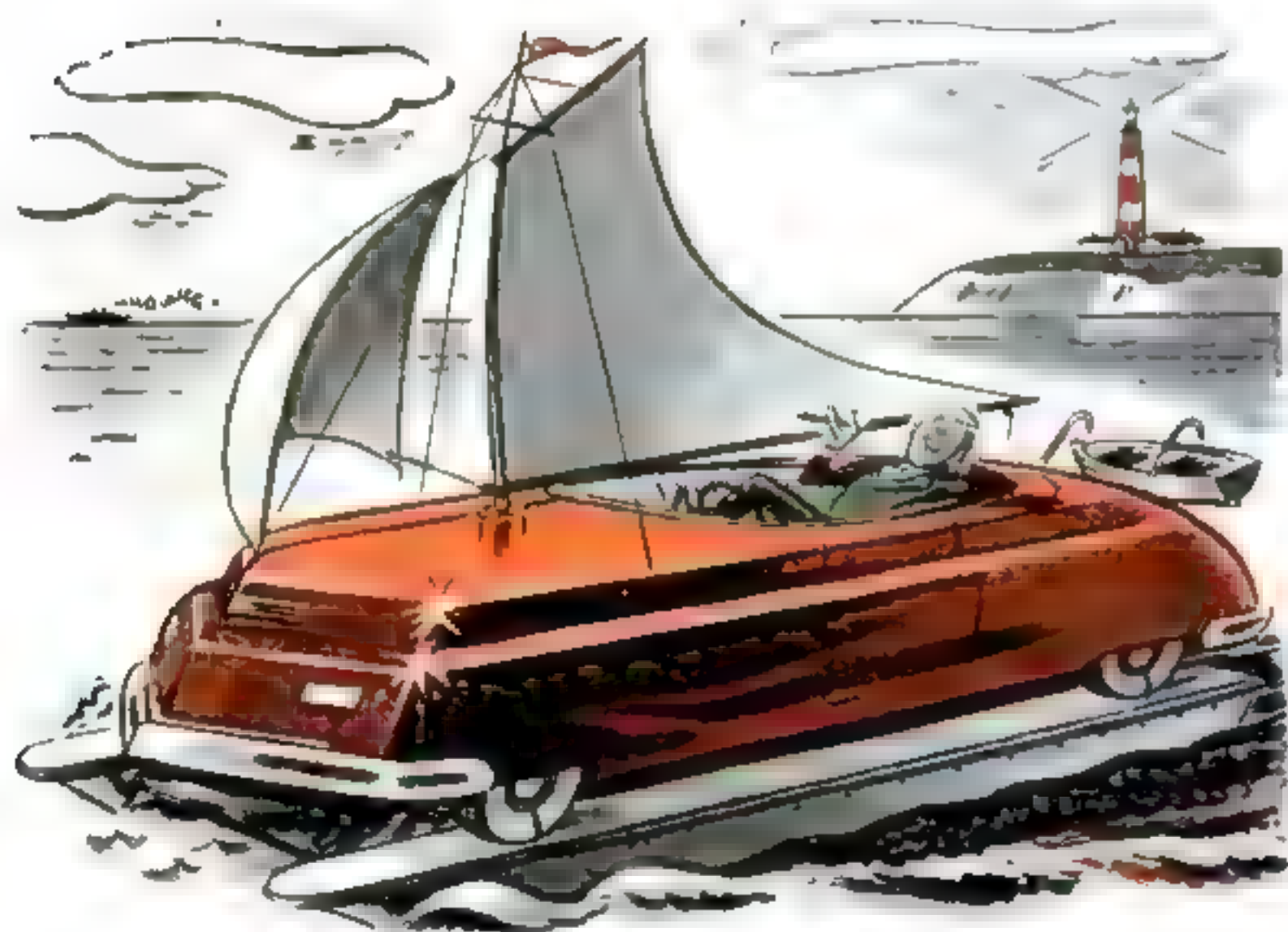
The discovery of the menace of splash erosion resulted from a 15-year study by W. D. Ellison, a leading soil conservationist. Ellison has also prescribed its cure: keep the earth covered with a growth of grass (left). During planting season, when it must be exposed, it should be protected by a layer of mulch. Though the mulching operation is often expensive, its annual cost would be far less than the \$2 or \$3 billion worth of topsoil which would otherwise be ruined or washed away.



PROTECTIVE COVERING of grass or mulch (left) breaks up raindrops. Drops striking the soil directly (right) produce mud which then clogs the soil channels, preventing water absorption. Remaining water and mud form puddles that overflow and drain off.



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for
MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH **MARFAK!**

Want summer driving that's *smooth* pleasure? Get longer-lasting *Marfak* lubrication! Tough, clingy *Marfak* sticks to its job — protecting chassis wear points and bearings for a thousand miles and *more*. Resists squeeze out and wash out, stands up to road poundings. You've got the proof in that swell "cushiony" driving ease that lasts! Get *Marfak* lubrication today from your Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had.



THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

TUNE IN: TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE on television every Tuesday night. See newspaper for time and station.

Splash Erosion CONTINUED



FALLING RAINDROP is caught by high-speed camera. As the drop splatters it becomes increasingly opaque, indicating it has churned up some topsoil.



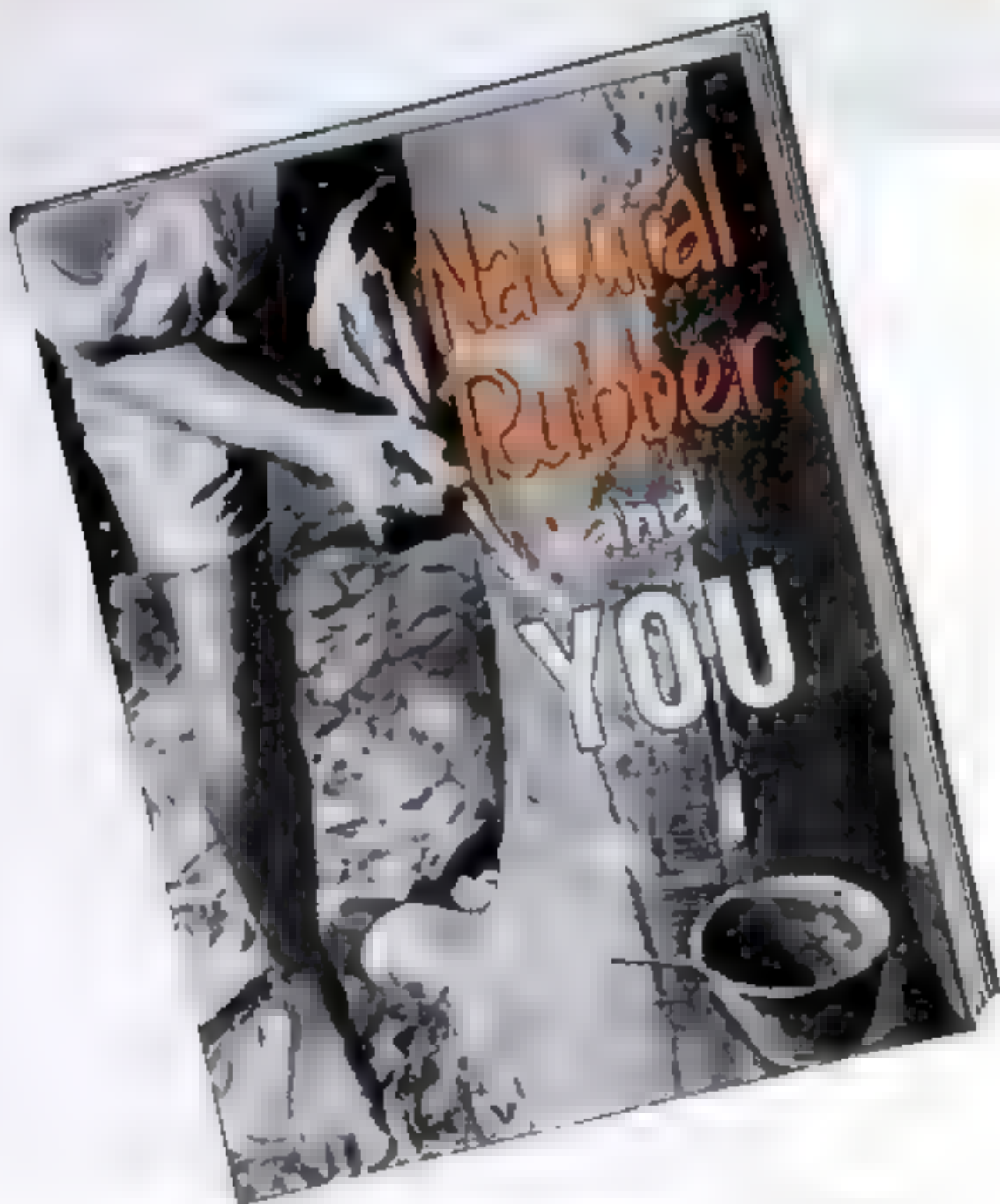
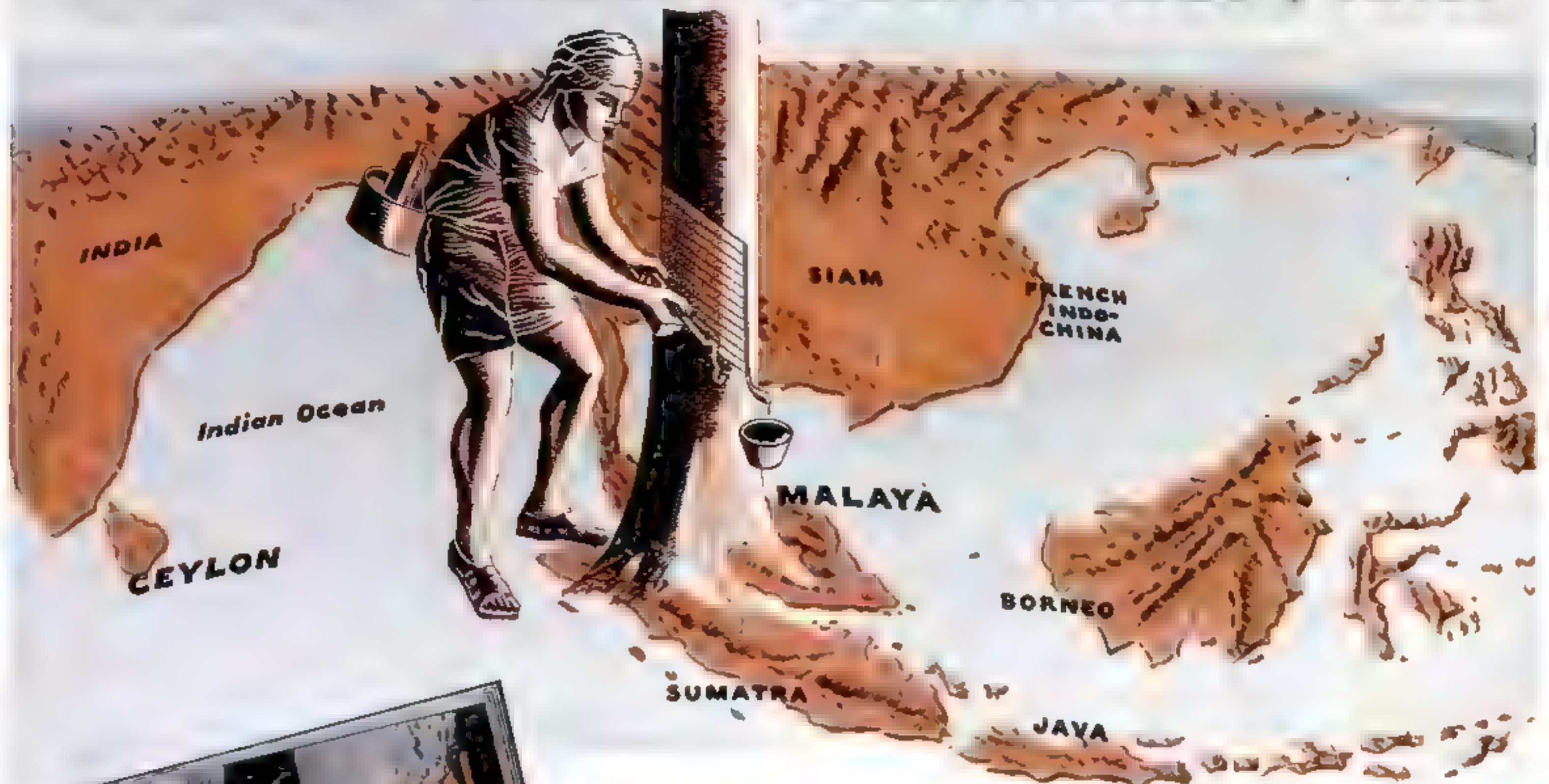
WATER ABSORPTION of protected and unprotected soils are contrasted above. Mulch-covered soil at left absorbs five times as much water as bare soil.



MULCH-COVERED FIELD, protected from splash erosion, is seeded with planter which has disc cutters that slice through mulch, allow seed to enter soil.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

You have a stake in Southeast Asia



Send for Booklet:

A free picture booklet "NATURAL RUBBER AND YOU" showing how natural rubber is grown and giving facts and statistics about its production and use. Sent on request.

Natural Rubber is a vital import for America.

More natural rubber means better tires, better cushioning, better roads, and better products in hundreds of other uses.

In fact, more natural rubber means better living—for all.

But that's only HALF the story.

More use of natural rubber in the United States means a more stable, prosperous world economy. It means less need for direct aid and more dollars with which sterling countries can buy U. S. goods. So it means lower taxes and more jobs in the U.S.

Natural rubber is the key to the economy of strategic Southeast Asia. It is grown on hundreds of thousands of independent rubber farms—large and small. It is sold on a free market—unsubsidized, unrestricted and uncontrolled.

Yes—the more natural rubber America uses—the better off you and millions of other people will be—here and abroad.

Natural Rubber

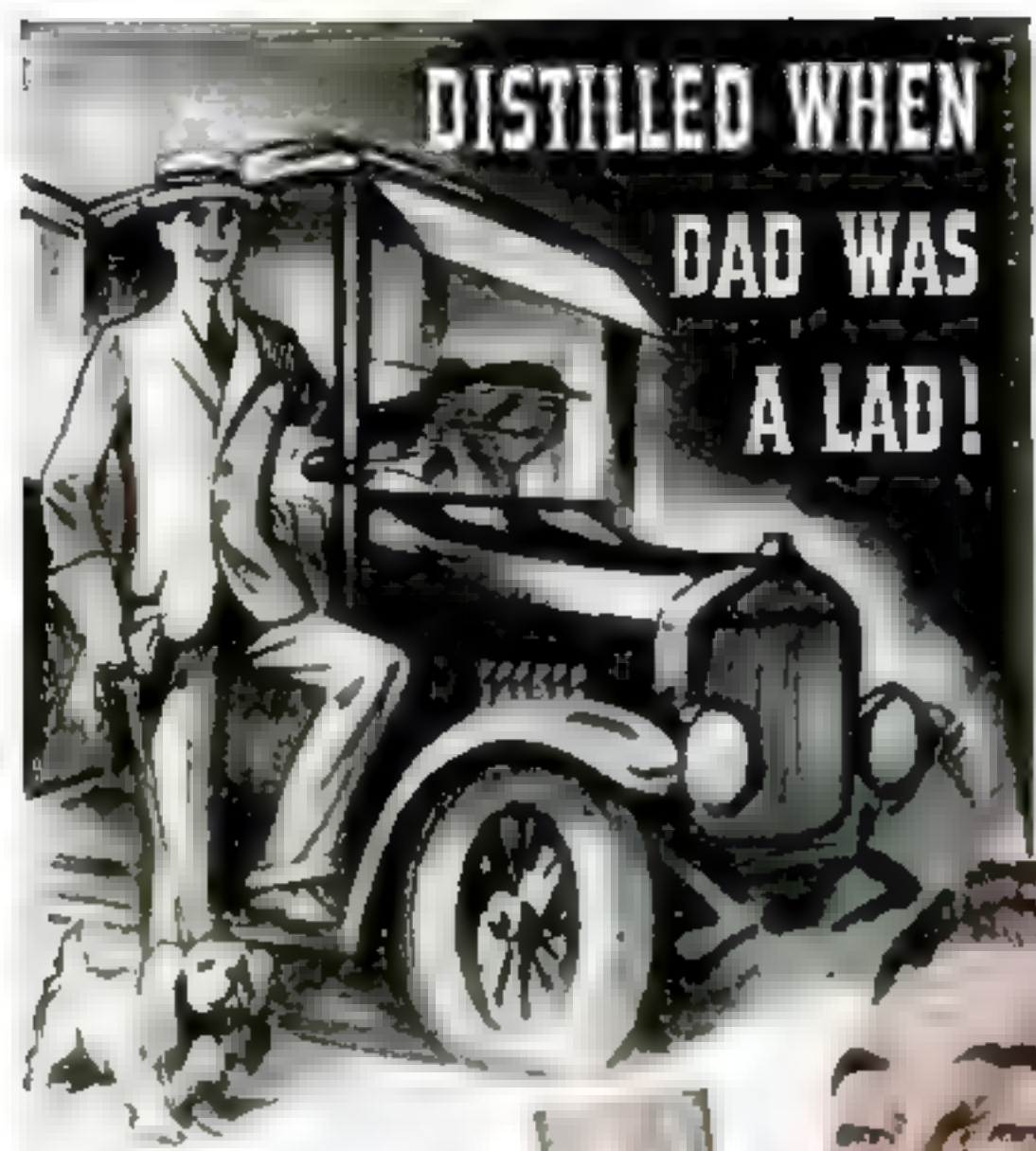
Nature and Science Serving Mankind

Natural Rubber Bureau 1631 K St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Booklets on "rubber roads" and "latex foam cushioning" tell about important recent developments in new uses for natural rubber. Sent on request.



NATURAL RUBBER MEANS BETTER QUALITY AND LOWER PRICES IN HUNDREDS OF RUBBER PRODUCTS — FROM BABY NIPPLES TO GIANT TRUCK TIRES



READY FOR HIM NOW!

The finest drink for Father's Day and every day of the year!

AMBASSADOR

25

YEAR OLD SCOTCH



Once you taste Ambassador you'll know that only a quarter of a century of careful aging could bring you its incomparable flavor.

also Ambassador 12 year old — skillfully aged to reach full maturity at 12 years.

No Scotch takes the Place of Ambassador!

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86 PROOF • QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., N.Y. 1, N.Y.



PILLAR OF EARTH in Burma is an extreme example of splash erosion. The cap of rock protected the column as falling rain beat away the surrounding soil.



EROSION IS MEASURED by sprinkling field with portable shower. The amount of mud splashed on white board at bottom of shower shows damage.



For perfect form — always choose a swimsuit made with **Lastex** THE M RACLE YARN ... THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



... of course,
it's electric!

Double Blessing!

The New Westinghouse Laundry "Twins"...

**The Laundromat® Automatic Washer, the only washer that weighs your clothes
...The Clothes Dryer, plugs in anywhere, no installation cost**

Washday's completely automatic now! Just a flick of the dials and your clothes are washed and dried for you . . . regardless of the weather.

Weigh your load of clothes on the Laundromat's WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door, set the Water Saver for the size of the load and turn the dial. Your clothes are washed sparkling clean, triple-rinsed, and damp-dried, *all automatically*. Water never touches your hands. The Laundromat even cleans itself and shuts off with no attention from you.

The Laundromat saves work, saves time, and, with the new WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door and Water Saver, saves precious hot water and soap, too.

As for drying your clothes . . . again, just turn a dial and that's all! The new Westinghouse Clothes Dryer dries clothes just as you want them—damp-dry for ironing, or bone-dry for storage. Does it all *automatically*, too. Your clothes are soft, fluffy, sweet-smelling as a summer breeze.

Phone your Westinghouse retailer today. Arrange to see a load of your clothes washed thoroughly clean the easy Laundromat way. See them dried in the Clothes Dryer, too. See what we mean when we say, "The Westinghouse Laundry 'Twins' give freedom forever from washday work". It's free! Phone him today.

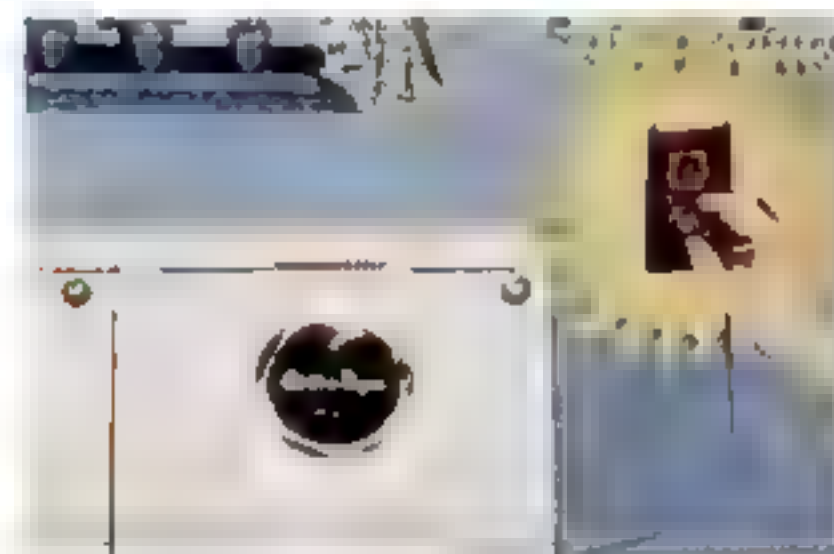
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
APPLIANCE DIVISION • MANSFIELD, OHIO

See T-V's Top Dramatic Show . . . "STUDIO ONE" . . . Every Week

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse



THE WEIGH-TO-SAVE DOOR actually weighs clothes, insures big soap and water savings.



PLUGS IN ANYWHERE! The new Westinghouse Clothes Dryer saves installation cost.



FLUFFY SOFT CLOTHES are ready to put away. No wrinkles. Many things require no ironing.





LEGS ABOVE ARE WEARING, LEFT TO RIGHT, NO STOCKINGS, SANDALFOOT HOSE, "FRONT-LINER" SEAM, "PICTURE FRAME" HEEL

How Do You Like Your Legs?

THEY CAN BE REALLY BARE, OR BARE LOOKING OR ALL DRESSED UP

The hosiery industry's annual struggle to get women to wear stockings in the summer has taken a couple of new turns this year. For women who insist on naked-looking legs, there are almost invisible nylons whose reinforcements, if any, match the season's popular strip sandals and shell pumps (p. 106). These give an authentically barefoot look and unprove the appearance of exposed toes more than sloppily applied leg make-up does. A more direct attack on bare legs is to convince women that legs should

be decorated by stockings that make no pretense at nakedness (*above*). These include such devices as a seam down the front of the leg (Gotham) or a dark frame around the heel (Picturesque). All are made of 15-denier nylon, which first appeared in 1947 but which already accounts for about 75% of nylon production. Women who complain that prewar nylons were less disposed to run forget that they can still find in any store the identical heavier 30-denier hose that wore "like iron" in the good old days.

ARE YOU REALLY
SURE OF YOUR
PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT
UNDER THIS ARM

NOW TRY **FRESH**
UNDER THIS ARM.
SEE WHICH
STOPS PERSPIRATION,
PREVENTS ODOR
BETTER

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced... held... kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration... prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.

STOCKINGS CONTINUED

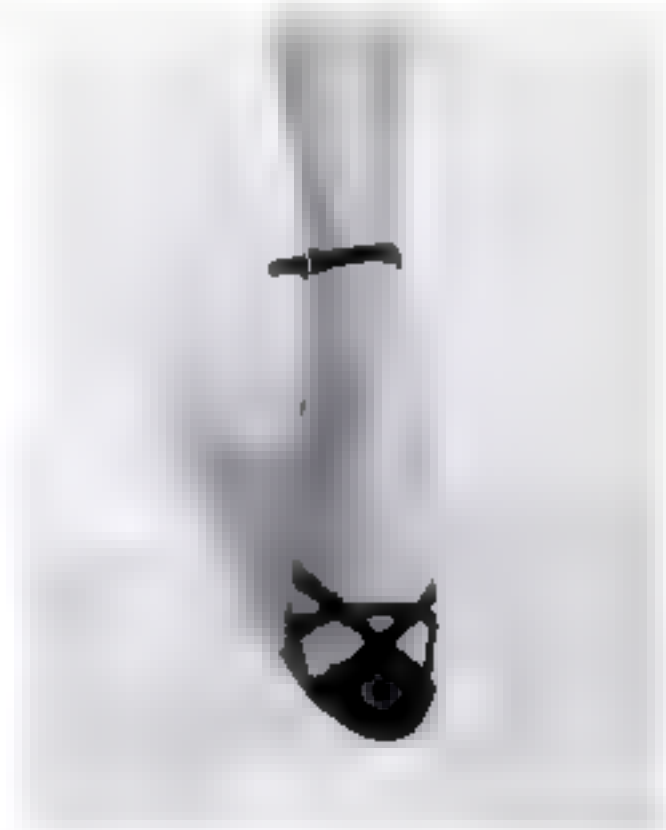
HOSE TO MATCH SHOES



WITH THONG SANDAL (right) bare legs are required since cord passes between toes. This is black patent with sealskin flap on top (Capezio, \$8.95).



WITH STRIP SHOE (right) in black patent (Julianelli, \$24) are worn most delicate of new stockings (left), a sandalfoot with no reinforcement (Cameo).



WITH POCKET-TOE SANDAL which has open sling back (Mademoiselle, \$14.95) go seamless stockings reinforced only at the covered tip of toe (Hanes).



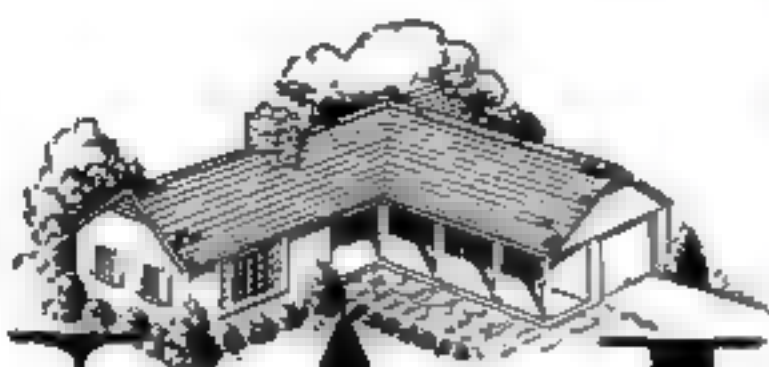
WITH SHELL PUMP in a combination of patent and white suede (Evins, \$28) go stockings reinforced on sole and along rim of heel and toe (Berkshire).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

ACME



QUALITY



PAINTS



Your paint problems are yours no longer when you do as so many wise homeowners are doing: consult your nearest Acme Paint dealer. For he is a friendly, courteous man who'll shoulder your paint problems for you, find proper and practical solutions for them out of his wide years of experience.

Whether you are looking for miracle-working Kem-Tone for your walls or sensational new Kem-Glo for your bathroom and kitchen—or any one of the scores of famous Acme Quality balanced formula paints, your Acme dealer has the merchandise and “know how” to help you select color and product to make your home more beautiful.

Homeowners all over America have learned that the word *Quality* is more than a trade-mark when it appears on a can of Acme Quality Paint. Find your Acme dealer today—he's worth looking for. He will reward your confidence with the best values in town.



Acme White Lead and Color Works, Detroit, Michigan—Makers of Acme Quality Paints, Kem-Tone, Kem-Glo—also one of the world's largest manufacturers of Automobile Makers' Finishes, Automobile Refinishes—Railroad, Industrial and Maintenance Finishes—and Insecticides. AND—Makers of Sensational new Acme Fashion-Tone—which gives you, in a few minutes, the ultra smart colors you want in paint, to harmonize with your room furnishings.

Here's How
to be sure about
your
Father's Day
GIFT



Give
Evans
HAND TURNED
Slippers

always the greatest gift in the world for a man. You may take your pick of many handsome styles at most any good store

EVANS
OF EVANS
STANDARD
MADE IN U.S.A.

Cherokee
Slipper

L. B. EVANS' SON COMPANY
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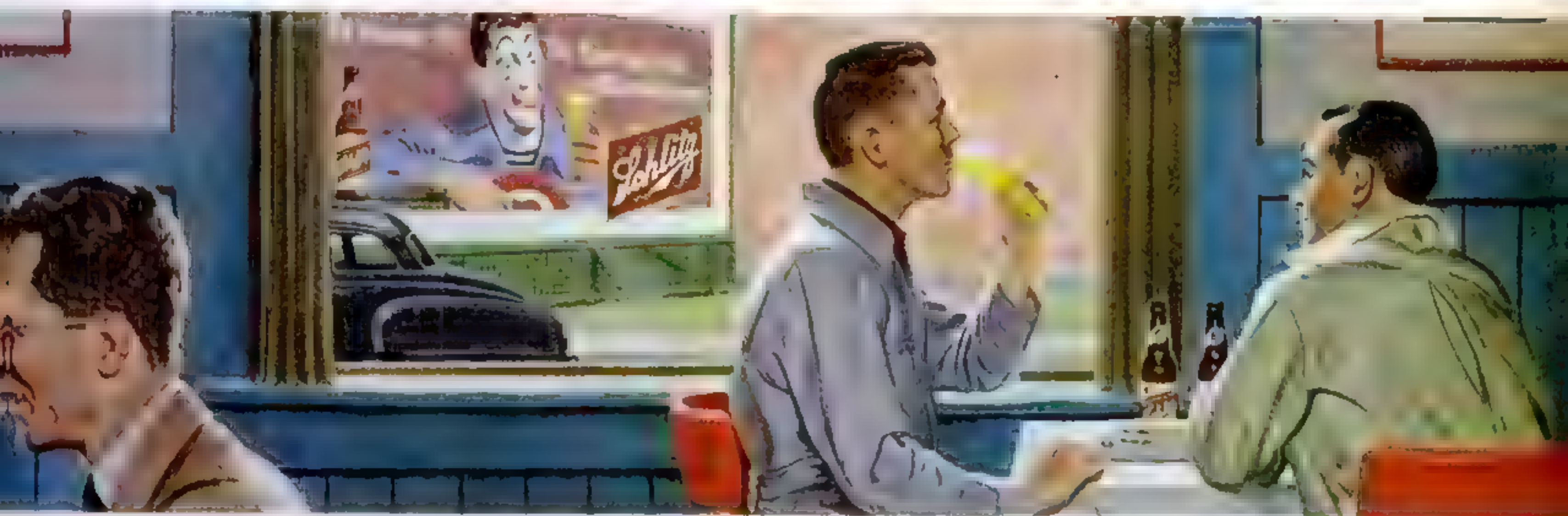
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THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

This fine, strong, simple portrait of the Duchess was painted in Paris in the spring of 1939 by Gerald Brockhurst two years after our marriage. Briefly

shown in New York at the beginning of the war, it subsequently hung at Government House, Nassau, during my governorship of the Bahamas.

A KING'S STORY

PART IV

Now for the first time a full account of the anguished last days: intrigue, public clamor, Wallis' renunciation and the Abdication

BY EDWARD, DUKE OF WINDSOR

IT was in the early evening of Dec. 2, 1936 that I informed the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, of my resolve to abdicate, harrowing though the decision would be, if the Cabinet would not countenance my marriage to Wallis Simpson. Even at this late hour the great mass of British people were still in ignorance of the crisis between Sovereign and Government. The provinces, it is true, were suddenly astir, but only because of speculation started by the veiled criticism of me the day before by the Bishop of Bradford; and the population of London had been informed that morning of this as yet obscure development by the metropolitan press which refrained from comment. Nevertheless, with regard to my personal decision, I believe that on this day I passed the point of no return; my ultimate action was determined before the question of my marriage became a public issue. Looking back upon the Empire-shaking chain of events that were in consequence set in motion, I am particularly struck by two things. First, the whole drama, in its public aspects, ran its course from haphazard beginning to sudden end in exactly 10 days. Next, the public discussion always lagged behind the actual event. The difference between them seemed at times as great as that between the speed of a lightning flash and the ensuing clap of thunder.

Yet on this momentous Wednesday evening one could hear the first warning rumbles even as the door closed behind the Prime Minister. While I was still at Buckingham Palace Max Beaverbrook telephoned from Stornoway House. The last vestige of Fleet Street's restraint had gone with a whoop. All the great metropolitan dailies were going to press that night with sensational disclosures of the constitutional deadlock between me and the Government.

IT was in a somber mood that I returned to The Fort to tell Wallis what lay in store for both of us. After dinner, not wishing to alarm her aunt, I asked Wallis to walk briefly with me along the flagstone path around the house. The fog had rolled up from across Virginia Water. Peering in the direction of London, I could almost feel the atmosphere vibrating to the din of the Fleet Street presses. "It has been a bad day," I told her. "I have seen Mr. Baldwin; he leaves me no choice. Either I must give you up or abdicate."

Her only thought was what was best for me. Whatever the cost to us personally, she insisted that I must remain on the Throne.

I felt terribly responsible for the trouble that my love had brought down upon her head. When I described the fierce attack in preparation by the press she fell silent. Then she said softly that she must leave Great Britain at once. Dreadful as was the prospect of separation, I realized that she was right. Indeed I was almost relieved that she made up her mind alone. For I was deeply anxious to move her from the path of the main blow. After all, the great decision was mine and mine alone.

Publicity was part of my heritage. But what stared up at me from the newspapers brought to my room on Thursday morning really shocked me. Could this be the King or was I some common felon? The press

creates; the press destroys. All my life I had been the passive clay which it had enthusiastically worked into the hackneyed image of a Prince Charming. Now it had whirled around and was bent upon demolishing the natural man who had been there all the time.

The bitter unanimity with which the so-called "quality" newspapers lashed out left little doubt that they reflected the Government's attitude toward me. By that action the monarchy was brought violently into politics. As the heat of the controversy rose, the *Times* particularly struck with a directness that was strangely at variance with the discretion that stamped its habitual reference to the King and even more with its flattering appraisal of my demeanor at the Opening of Parliament only a month before. While I was staring at the newspapers in the drawing room, Wallis walked in with a copy of a London picture paper.

"Have you seen this?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "It's too bad."

The world can hold few worse shocks for a sensitive woman than to come without warning upon her own grossly magnified countenance upon the front page of a sensational newspaper, under black headlines.

"I had no idea that it would be anything like this," she said. Nor had I. And trying to reassure her I expressed the hope, but without conviction, that the sensationalism would soon spend itself.

I pushed the papers aside. I tried to comfort her.

"You do not seem to understand," she said in a troubled voice. "It is not only that they are attacking you personally, or me. They are attacking the King."

It was all very sad. Wallis said again something that she had said many times: that it was not too late; I could still draw back.

Wallis finally said, "I cannot stay here another day with all this going on. I must leave this afternoon."

But where? She decided to go to France. Her close friends, Katharine and Herman Rogers, would, she was sure, welcome her at their villa, Lou Viei, above Cannes on the Côte d'Azur.

Preparations for her departure proceeded with the utmost secrecy. It was decided that she should cross to the Continent in the night boat from Newhaven to Dieppe, leaving The Fort after dark and motoring from the French coast to Cannes. I also insisted that she be accompanied

by a mutual friend, Lord Brownlow, one of my Lords in Waiting. Over the telephone I informed him, "Perry, Wallis is leaving Britain tonight. I want you to go with her."

"Sir," he answered, the Guardsman's unquestioning assent.

"Then come out to The Fort this afternoon. I can't tell you where you are going. Bring a suitcase and a trunk. You may be away some time."

Perry arrived from London about dusk. We all sat down for tea with Wallis' aunt, Mrs. Buchanan Merriam, but were too tense to eat. Accommodations aboard the Channel steamer had been booked in the name of "Mr. and Mrs. Harris." Wallis' own motor was already aboard the ship. It had been dispatched, conspicuously empty, early in the afternoon.



The afternoon before I left my country Max Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* came out with this cartoon by David Low. It was an eloquent protest against the secrecy with which the Cabinet had shrouded its deliberations on the crisis.



It was in this manner, on Dec. 3, 1936, that the British people learned for the first time of the conflict between King and Government. This was a scene in London the day the story broke.



As the struggle between Mr. Baldwin and myself was revealed, there developed a sudden swell of support for the King. This crowd at Hyde Park Corner represented not an organized movement but a spontaneous

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

Our last moments together were infinitely sad and forlorn. The separation was all the harder to contemplate for the reason that we had no way of knowing how long it would last. Nothing was said between us as to when or where we would meet again. The parting, I realize now, was much worse for her than I appreciated at the time. Long afterward she confided to me that only on this last day at The Fort did she begin to comprehend what abdication really involved for me. Until then it had only been a word—a possible remote alternative. That day, however, she had felt for the first time the fierce pressures converging on the Throne; she had come to fear for me and for what I was. And when in the darkness she left The Fort with Perry Brownlow for France, it was with the hope that she would see me again but never expecting that she would.

Shortly afterward that same evening I motored to London for another audience with the Prime Minister and to call on my mother, whom I had not seen since before my visit to South Wales. The substance of this conversation with Mr. Baldwin, although of importance to me at the time, has no place in the present narrative. The strongest memory that survives of that evening was of the crowd outside the gates of Buckingham Palace that cheered as Walter Monckton and I drove away to The Fort. I never went back to London again as King.

The last act of the Abdication drama was played out at The Fort, with a handful of associates: two lawyers, Walter Monckton, K.C. and Mr. A. George Allen, my solicitor; and my Keeper of the Privy Purse, Major Ulick Alexander, through whom I maintained close touch with the Palace secretariat, for the King's business could not

lapse. With these three men I carried the negotiations to conclusion. Never was a monarch better served.

Friday morning I was up early after only a few hours' sleep. I stepped outside. The morning sky was cloudless, and the early sun imparted a golden radiance to the low mist over Virginia Water. Contemplating the row of cannon, the moldering vine-covered ramparts, the tall tower and all around the birch and Scotch fir trees, I was put in mind of a picture in a child's book—a most appropriate place for a King making his last stand. In that brief moment of meditation, I rejoiced inwardly over the happiness that I had found at The Fort.

In Walter's room the newspapers were spread all over the floor. "They make better reading this morning," he said. "Max Beaverbrook and Harold Rothermere have opened fire."

They had indeed. "No Government," cried the *Daily Express*, "can stand in the King's way. . . . Let the King give his decision to the people and let him give the reasons for it, too." And the *Daily Mail* declared, "Abdication is out of the question because its possibilities of mischief are endless. The effect on the Empire would be calamitous."

Nor were these the only voices raised in my favor. The *News Chronicle* and the *Western Morning News* wheeled to my support. And the sharp break in the solid press front that Mr. Baldwin desired was swiftly extended to the influential weeklies. The *New Statesman* and *Nation* and the *Catholic Tablet* now spoke up sympathetically for the marriage.

In the House of Commons that afternoon Mr. Baldwin made his first public acknowledgment of the conflict between us. In a few hundred words he demolished the case for a middle way, the morganatic marriage. The Government, he announced, would not sponsor the necessary legislation. Moreover this

particular issue, he argued, was already dead inasmuch as he had satisfied himself ("from inquiries I have made") that the Dominion Governments would never approve such an accommodation.

There was to be no conciliation, no palliation, no marriage. The challenge was unequivocal. There could be no turning back for either of us. It was abdication for me or resignation for him.

It was a somewhat brisker Prime Minister who appeared at The Fort that evening. The continued uncertainty, he began, if allowed to persist, was certain to create a dangerous political situation not only in Britain but throughout the Empire. Could I give the Government my decision without further delay, if possible during the weekend—better still, could I give it to him before he started back to London?

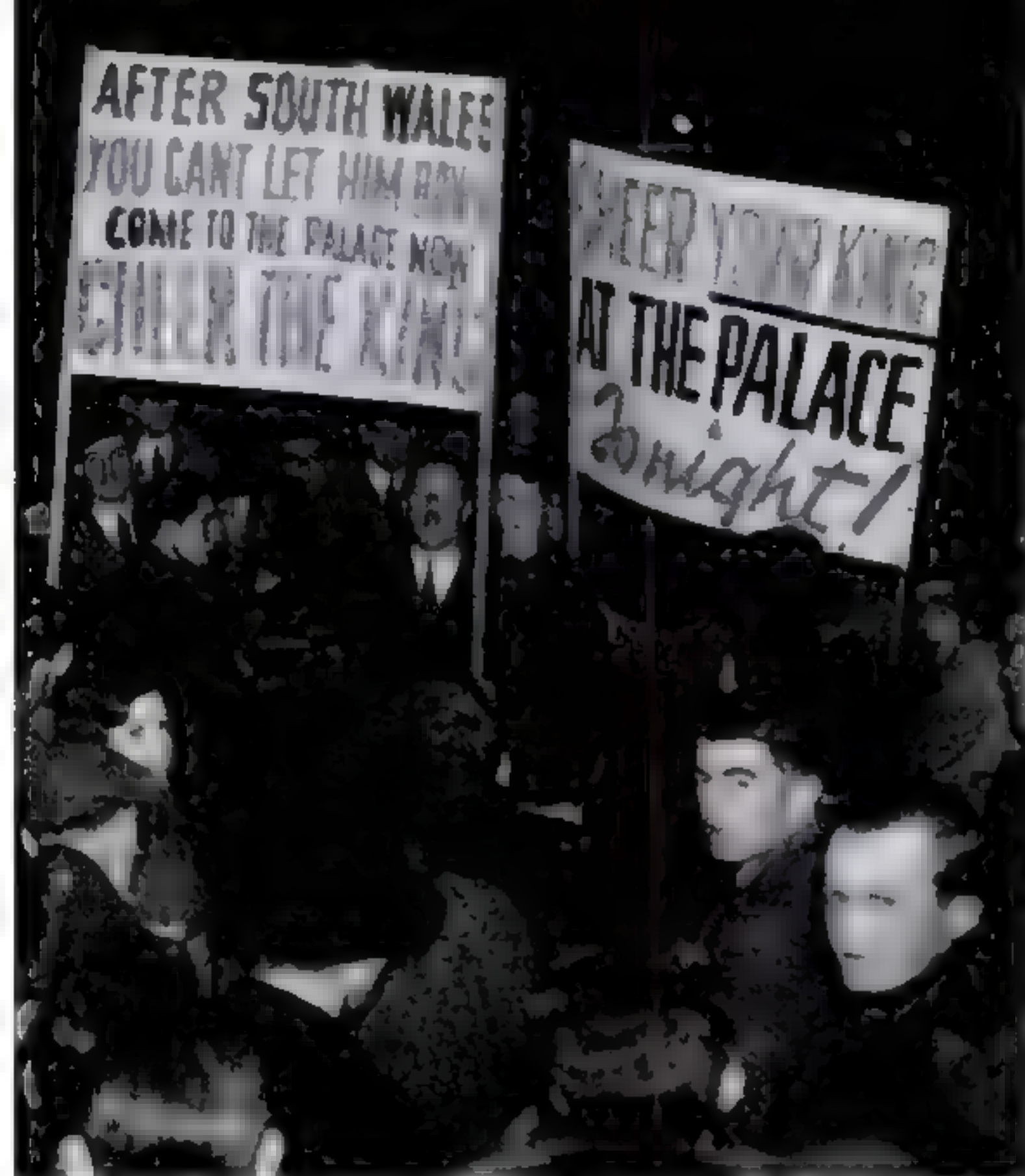
I answered, steadily, that he would not have to wait much longer.

Moving to the edge of the chair, he looked at me fixedly.

"There is still time for you to change your mind, Sir. This is indeed the prayer of Your Majesty's servants."

"Mr. Baldwin," I answered, "I will let you know as soon as possible."

After the Prime Minister had gone, while reflecting on the difference between his power and mine, I noted how heavily the scales were weighted in his favor. Clear to the end Mr. Baldwin in his exchanges with me followed with scrupulous exactitude the constitutional rhetoric which preserves the fiction of kingly authority. It was always *my* ministers who would not let me do what I wished. It was always with *his* humble duty that he did what *he* wished. The Prime Minister controlled all the levers of power. He could bargain with the Opposition. He could canvass Members of Parliament. He could solicit the



expression of loyalty to the Crown. Had I remained in London there is no telling how much this sentiment might have grown. But I retired to The Fort, not wishing to split the people.

support of the newspapers. He could consult the Dominion premiers in his own terms. He could do all this and more. Such was the discipline of the party machine under Mr. Baldwin's control that influential friends upon whom I might otherwise have counted never came forward—perhaps not wishing to risk loss of party favor. I had to stand silent. How lonely is a monarch in a struggle with a shrewd prime minister backed by all the apparatus of the modern state!

This was a dreadful day—the most desperate I have ever known. As if enough had not already happened, Wallis' departure was discovered, and the news had been whipped up into a sensation. One small detail had gone wrong. In the rush of the preparation the fact had been overlooked that the papers for her motor were in her name. The discrepancy in names was instantly discovered by the French customs. French politeness averted an embarrassing situation—but the secret was out. Shortly afterward, at Rouen, where Wallis and Perry had paused for a few hours' sleep, she was recognized in the hotel lobby.

Later that morning she called me from a hotel at Evreux. The connection proved almost hopeless. As from another planet I heard Wallis' voice framing words of which only fragments were intelligible. She seemed to be pleading some point that I could not comprehend.

It was a long time before I found out what Wallis had tried to tell me from Evreux, and, but for the chance that directed a mutual friend, Mr. Harold Nicolson, the British writer and Member of Parliament, to the same hotel some six months later, I might never have known the facts. The proprietor, recognizing his guest as a distinguished man of letters, proudly produced a slip of paper which he had found beside the telephone after Wallis had departed. Mr. Nicolson sub-

sequently sent it on to us. It was a series of notes that Wallis had put down to guide her in her conversation with me. One was foremost: *Under no circumstances was I to give up the Throne.* Even had she been able to make herself understood, her plea would not have diverted me from my determined course. Yet it reveals the depth of her distress. Although several days would pass before I finally grasped what was in her mind, the truth is that in the desperate hope of staying the Abdication, she had decided, alone, to leave me. In putting the Channel behind her, she intended also to put behind Great Britain and all that I had in my love planned for her. It was her idea to stop only a moment with Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and then to hurry on, perhaps to America, or even to China, where she had lived for awhile 13 years before.

BUT the day was not all debits. From Stornoway House Max Beaverbrook kept hammering away for delay. In the course of a conversation with Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty and a senior Cabinet Minister, he had formed an impression that were I to withdraw the marriage proposal from the Cabinet many ministers would now welcome the move.

Argument raged round me all day. And finally, on this Friday evening, my old friend Mr. Winston Churchill motored out to The Fort from London and sat down at my table with the object of talking me out of any thought of abdication.

We were five for dinner: Mr. Churchill, Walter Monckton, Ulick Alexander, George Allen and myself. It was then that I saw Winston Churchill in his true stature. When Mr. Baldwin talked about the monarchy it had seemed a dry and lifeless thing. But when Mr. Churchill spoke, it lived, it grew, it became suffused with light.



This woman prayed for the King outside the gates of The Fort. The forces pulling upon me were indescribably strong. Yet for me there could be no turning back from my decision.

The hereditary principle, Mr. Churchill insisted, must not be left to the mercy of politicians trimming their doctrines "to the varying hour." The personal issue, in his view, lay outside the argument. Mr. Churchill was entirely taken up with the threat to the Constitution—with the fact that the Executive had forced a constitutional issue for what he described as political reasons. Believing this, he was determined to call for "time and patience."

Mr. Churchill's argument (which was brilliantly summed up in a public statement the next day) was simple and convincing. No constitutional issue had arisen between me and my Cabinet, and none could arise until Wallis' decree nisi became absolute in April, even then nearly five months off. Mr. Baldwin had therefore no authority to confront me with the choice of abdication on an issue not yet of immediate urgency. But, as is usual with Mr. Churchill, there was a shrewd strategic plan behind the fine and inspiring words. Half whimsically he suggested that I retire to Windsor Castle and close the gates, leaving it to Mr. Baldwin to figure out the next move.

Mr. Churchill urged his theme with brilliance and confidence. His parting words were, "Time for reflection. You must allow time for the battalions to march." He told me of his intentions. First, a private letter to the Prime Minister, warning him and his colleagues of the disaster they were forcing by trying to hurry and harry the King. At the same time a public statement to the press, bringing forward all the compelling arguments for delay.

Then Mr. Churchill set off for London, where he met Max Beaverbrook. The latter, however, had already made a lightning shift in strategy. He had shrewdly divined that so far as I was concerned the struggle was over. And because the main object with him,

tough



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whatever
your
job!



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This bicyclist made his gesture outside No. 10 Downing Street. Many others similarly stirred formed the "King's Party."

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

as with Mr. Churchill, was to prevent my abdication, he had turned tentatively in Wallis' direction, hoping to obtain from her a renunciation of the marriage. In his intuitive way he had sensed her anxiety and distress. And surmising that she might be casting about for some means of achieving the same end, he was already, unknown to me, maneuvering to reach her. This almost Machiavellian scheme, which I shall presently come to, added greatly to the tribulations of the last hours of my reign.

"Something called the King's Party"

DURING the dark watches of Friday night, after Mr. Churchill had gone, I weighed all that he had said. That important support for me was gathering there seemed little doubt. It was equally clear that there were influential men willing and able to organize that support, were I to give my consent. There was no want of signs that a multitude of the ordinary people could have been rallied to my side. Already a curious thing had happened. Out of the hot crackling splutter of discussion there had shot up a rocket, not a very big rocket, and it hung only for a moment in the sky. Yet its flashing transit had already impressed and startled not a few, among them Mr. Baldwin. It was something called the "King's Party."

Nobody knows how it started; nobody seems to have organized it. In fact it was no party at all in the ordinary sense of the word. It was a movement without leader or organization, a spontaneous rally of those who were determined that their King should have justice and that they should have their King.

If I had made one move to encourage the growth of this movement, it would have grown. Had I made an appeal to the public, I might have persuaded a majority, and a large majority at that. But I could not have persuaded all the British nation and all the Empire. By making a stand for myself I would have left the wounds and scars of a civil war. And a civil war is no less a war when it is fought in words and not in blood. The price of marriage under such circumstances would have been a grievous wound on the social unity of my native land and on that wider unity which is the Empire. The Crown is the living symbol of unity and voluntary allegiance. But it could not inspire unity if the man who wore it reigned over a community riven and divided. True, I would still be King. But I would no longer be King by the free and common consent of all. How could Wallis and I hope to find happiness under that condition? That was the question I answered this night in my soul. The answer was "No." And so with pain and sorrow I resolved that night to bring the constitutional conflict to an end. I would abdicate.

It is for this reason that I reject the notion put forward by some that, faced with a choice between love and duty, I chose love. I certainly married because I chose the path of love, but I abdicated because I chose the path of duty. I did not value the Crown so lightly that I gave it hastily away. I valued it so deeply that I surrendered it rather than risk any impairment of its prestige.

On Saturday morning, Dec. 5, I summoned Walter Monckton



This woman expressed her views outside the Houses of Parliament. At the time I was ignorant of these demonstrations.

to my room and told him of my decision. "I want you to go to London immediately and warn the Prime Minister that when he comes to The Fort this afternoon I shall tell him formally that I have decided to abdicate."

A bill would be required in Parliament; and in outlining the likely procedure Walter Monckton asked me if I had ever given thought to the situation that would confront me as soon as I had taken this step. The truth is that I had not. Walter then reminded me that within a few days I would be a private citizen in a foreign land, subjected to the inconveniences that beset anyone caught up in a sensational incident. Yet because it would be inexpedient for Wallis and me to meet anywhere until her divorce became absolute, I would therefore face the lonely prospect of a long separation. Walter had been troubled by the monstrous strain that this separation would impose upon two people who had already passed through fire, and he proposed in the name of humanity that the Abdication Bill be accompanied in Parliament by another bill that would make Wallis' decree absolute forthwith.

Walter Monckton took up that day in London the question of the two bills. He was back at The Fort with the Prime Minister at dusk. This last formal audience with Mr. Baldwin was memorable chiefly for his confident assurance that the Cabinet would accept the two bills.

To be sure, he warned me, some of his colleagues might bridle at the idea of the special divorce bill, but he offered to stake his political future on his ability to convert them. If he failed, he said he would himself resign.

Next morning at No. 10 Downing Street Mr. Baldwin met the leading members of his Cabinet. Walter was an uncomfortable witness of the sorry episode. The Cabinet sat two hours. When at last Walter was summoned into the room, it was to face the concentrated gaze of 10 or 11 Ministers seated around the famous long green baize table. From the tense atmosphere he knew without being told that the divorce bill had been lost. Mr. Baldwin explained that many in the Cabinet felt that the simultaneous passing of the two bills would smack of a bargain.*

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Lord President of the Council, who was sitting near Walter, asked gravely,

"What will the King do now?"

Walter answered that the King would be disappointed by the Cabinet's attitude and would doubtless need more time, perhaps weeks, for further thought.

His answer appeared to disturb several ministers. Mr. Baldwin intervened to say that the question must be settled before Christmas. Somebody murmured that even this was too long to wait; the Christmas trade was already being hurt by the uncertainty.

A CHEER went up for the King's car as Walter drove away from No. 10 after this Sunday meeting. This appears to have provided the last audible demonstration of the "King's Party." Twenty-four hours later it was a corpse.

*Under pressure of public opinion British divorce law has since been amended to reduce the interval of waiting to six weeks.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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It is Dec. 8, 1936. Wallis Simpson is with her American friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, at their villa above Cannes. At left is Lord Brownlow, one of my Lords in Waiting whom I had selected to accompany

her on the dramatic dash across the Channel to the south of France. It was he who played so skillfully on her desire to prevent my Abdication by renouncing all idea of marriage.

Monday afternoon, Dec. 7, Parliament met again. Word had gone through the lobbies and smoking rooms and beyond into the city and the provinces that the fight was over—if indeed it had ever begun. The King had made clear his determination to abdicate. What else remained to be said? Only Mr. Churchill insisted that there was more still to be said. Having from the outset taken his stand on the lofty constitutional abstraction that the Government had no right to force the King to abdicate without consulting Parliament, he strode into the House of Commons undaunted and quite alone to launch his attack. Hardly was he on his feet before the hostility smote him like a great wave. That incident I have always regretted, and would give much for the power to have the episode erased from the records of that ancient assembly which owes him so much. Yet I am proud also that of all Englishmen it was Mr. Churchill who spoke up to the last for the King, his friend.

Nothing more remained to be decided between Mr. Baldwin and myself. It was only a matter of going through the mechanical formalities of abdication; to pass on to my brother Bertie the succession to the Throne; to settle certain family matters; and, as the French so charmingly say, *faire mes adieux*. But even as I began to apply myself to those last preparations, the whole structure of my decision, formed in mental anguish and under the pressure of conflicting forces, was menaced by an unexpected development which for a short but terrifying interval threatened me with the loss of the marriage for which I had already in spirit relinquished my Throne.

Much of what went on at this time still remains obscure. I shall begin with an account of Max Beaverbrook's role, as I have pieced the facts together, in part from his own wry reminiscences.

Max Beaverbrook is a subtle and highly political animal. No doubt friendship for me, a sense of personal loyalty to the monarchy, perhaps even a romantic desire to encourage the course of true love in the face of prime ministerial opposition had all been impelling considerations with him. But a much stronger driving force, I suspect, was supplied by his long-standing enmity for Mr. Baldwin. Yet there was something more, as well. I had tramped the outer marches of the Empire which he loved. He truly believed, I think, that its interests would best be served by my remaining on the Throne; and all other arguments and pulls having failed, he was inspired, at this juncture, to try to plant in Wallis' mind the idea of renouncing the marriage without which the step down from the Throne would have been for me a step into an abyss.

THE night before Wallis left Great Britain Max Beaverbrook had met several friends at Stornoway House to hatch what, for want of a better term, and without malice, I shall call the "conspiracy." And for their agent they chose the same man whom I in all innocence had deputed the next morning to accompany her to France—Lord Brownlow. Perry Brownlow and Max Beaverbrook were old friends. Perry had ready access to The Fort and in asking him to approach Wallis,

Max had the idea that it would not take much at this stage to persuade her to make the act of renunciation. He reasoned, "If she renounces the King, Baldwin's crisis will die on his hands. Public excitement will sink. The question of marriage can be reopened later." And therefore when I asked Perry Brownlow to take Wallis to France, I unknowingly entrusted to his hands a true hostage to fortune.

An advocate charged with so delicate a task could hardly have asked for a more favorable opportunity in which to press his case. Perry Brownlow was alone with Wallis throughout the long drive across France from Dieppe to Cannes. Whether he ever actually



Theodore Goddard (right), Wallis' solicitor, flew to Cannes with his clerk to see her at Mr. Baldwin's request to ask about her statement to the press.

broached the idea of her withdrawing from the marriage Wallis herself no longer remembers, and the point, in any case, is no longer important. Wallis needed no persuading. Not knowing how far matters had meanwhile progressed in London she devised, with the help of Perry Brownlow and Herman Rogers, the following public statement which was released to the press on the Monday evening following her arrival at Cannes:

Mrs. Simpson, throughout the last few weeks, has invariably wished to avoid any action or proposal which would hurt or damage His Majesty or the Throne.

Today her attitude is unchanged, and she is willing, if such action would solve the problem, to withdraw forthwith from a situation that has been rendered both unhappy and untenable.

Wallis read the statement to me over the telephone. I readily consented to its release: it set forth her attitude in a proper and dignified manner. My hope was that it would silence those who imputed to her an indifference to the tremendous things at stake for me. But it never occurred to me that she was actually asking to be released from the claims of my love. Yet that was what she meant. And others read into her statement that same meaning.

Meanwhile in London, before its release to the press, the gist of the statement reached No. 10 Downing Street—exactly how I have never been able to learn. That same Monday evening, Dec. 7, Mr. Theodore Goddard, the solicitor who had handled Wallis' divorce petition, was summoned to Whitehall under obscure circumstances. After being questioned by Sir Horace Wilson, acting head of the Treasury, he was taken to No. 10 Downing Street. There the Prime Minister thrust at him a sheet of paper, asking "What does this mean?" It was, Mr. Goddard recalls, an

"epitome" of the statement from Cannes. He answered, "I don't know what it means. I have only just seen it." However, he went on to say that from what he knew of Mrs. Simpson the facts were undoubtedly as set forth. The Prime Minister then said, "I want you to go to Cannes and find out what is behind this." "When?" "Immediately—tonight." By Mr. Baldwin's direction the special airplane used for the Prime Minister's business was made available. Mr. Goddard hurried to Croydon, intending to take off at 2 a.m., but the weather was so bad that he was unable to leave until daylight. Owing to storms and engine trouble, he did not reach Cannes until the early morning of Wednesday, Dec. 9.

At this juncture, while Mr. Goddard was beating his way south through cloud and storm, I turned wearily to deal with my personal affairs. My time in Britain, I realized, was fast running out, and I therefore asked my brother Bertie to come to The Fort to discuss the disposition of family property, heirlooms and so forth. I also invited Sir Edward Peacock, a senior partner of Baring Brothers and a director of the Bank of England, who had long been the family financial adviser and a trusted friend. When my youngest brother George heard that I had summoned Bertie, he insisted on being with us. Then unexpectedly this family business meeting was interrupted by word from Downing Street that Mr. Baldwin was on his way to The Fort to see if anything more could be done. In the light of the rebuffs that I had already suffered at the hands of my Prime Minister, this sudden solicitude struck me as a trifle odd, if not gratuitous. However, it would have been ungracious not to have received him.

Mr. Baldwin reached The Fort at 5:30, accompanied by his Parliamentary Private Secretary, Major Thomas Dugdale. As I greeted them in the hall, I noted the latter in the act of depositing near the door what was unmistakably a suitcase.

"Good God!" I swore softly to myself. "Surely he doesn't intend to stop the night?" Taking Mr. Baldwin into the living room, I excused myself, leaving him with Bertie. Sir Edward Peacock was outside.

"E.R.P.," I said in a low voice, "did you see that thing in the hall?"

"You mean Mr. Baldwin's suitcase?"

"Correct. Why did he bring it?"

Sir Edward smiled wearily. "I believe that he expects to spend the night here."

That suitcase was just too much. Mr. Baldwin, I suspected, was already at work on the speech in which he would describe his negotiations with me and perhaps he figured that his story would sound much better if he were able to tell the country that he had spent a last night with the King in a humble and sincere effort to talk him out of his project. But I had already had quite enough of Mr. Baldwin; his part in my life was over, and I did not propose to have him on my hands that night, snapping his fingers, storing up little homely touches for his report to Parliament.

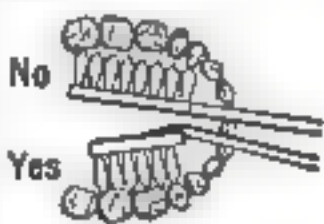
"E.R.P.," I said, "will you do something for me? Please take the Prime Minister aside and explain to him that while I do not wish to seem inhospitable, I am worn out. Tell

How to buy a Toothbrush

Most dental authorities agree that the right brush, properly used, is far more important than your dentifrice. Use these recommendations as a check list:

Size of head

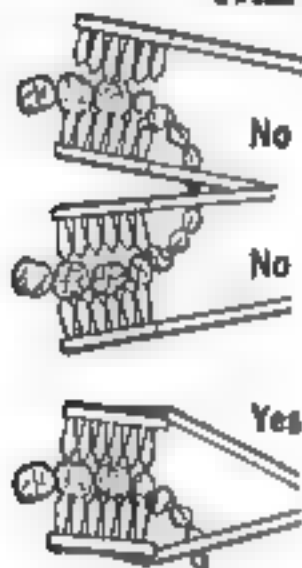
The brushing surface should be approximately equal to the width of three adjacent teeth . . . 1 to 1 1/4 inches in grown-ups . . . 3/4 to 1 inch long in children. A longer head may miss crevices. A shorter head makes brushing tedious.



Soft, Medium, Hard?

There is a right stiffness to suit your teeth and gums. Follow your dentist's advice. Allow for the fact that natural bristles soften faster than synthetic.

Trim of bristles



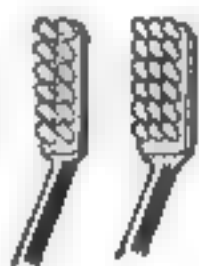
For maximum contact the trim should be straight. Obviously a curve that fits one side of the teeth cannot fit the other. Even tufts help you to exert even pressure on teeth and gums . . . more efficient in reaching crevices from both sides of the teeth.

Type of bristle

The synthetic bristles in most brushes outlast natural bristles. For example, Squibb natural bristles, although treated for up to 6 times longer life, cannot outlive the Synton bristles in Squibb brushes. Some dentists prefer natural bristles. Ask yours.

Number of rows

The most popular brushes are made with 3 rows of bristles. Some dentists now prefer 2 rows. Most brands are made both ways. If you switch from 3 to 2, ask your dentist how to use the narrow head for best results.



Brand

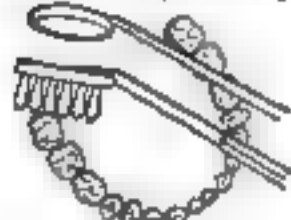
There are many excellent brushes. The Squibb Angle Brush, for one, meets all these requirements. It alone combines these features:

Narrow Shank



A narrow shank to permit proper alignment on the gum line on inside surfaces.

Squibb Angle



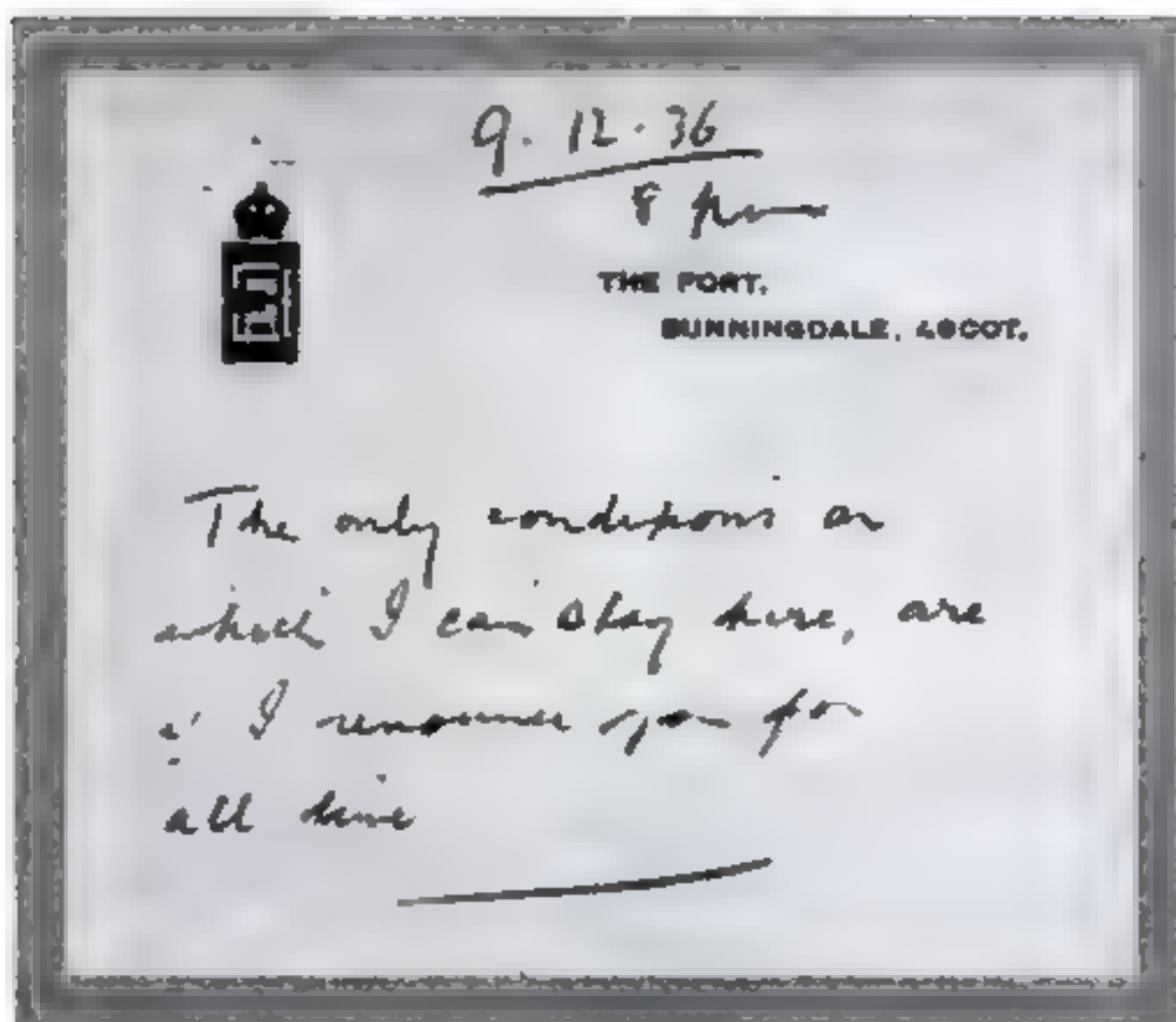
The "Squibb Angle," like the bend in your dentist's mirror, to help you reach hard-to-get-at places.

The Squibb Angle Toothbrush meets every specification set forth in the Journal of the American Dental Association, Volume 33, No. 5, Page 292.

SQUIBB



The priceless ingredients of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.
—E. R. Squibb & Sons



This was the message I telephoned to Wallis to explain it was too late for renunciation. The statement was composed and written down at my request by my solicitor.

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

him that he is of course welcome at my table for dinner, but with so little time left and so much to be done . . . tell him anything. But see that he leaves before I go to bed."

In a minute or two Sir Edward Peacock returned. "S. B. quite understands. I shall take him away myself."

The Prime Minister and I had a last fruitless talk.

When dinner was announced I joined the company in the dining room. We were nine: Mr. Baldwin on my right, Sir Edward Peacock on my left; my brothers, Bertie and George, Tommy Dugdale, Walter Monckton, George Allen and Ulick Alexander made up the party. All things considered, the dinner went rather well. Conversation never flagged; I saw to that.

The Prime Minister took his leave about 9:30 o'clock. Toward the end of dinner, under the candlelight, his heavy face seemed pasty and lifeless; the strain, I realized, had also bitten deeply into him. I escorted him to the door and found that same preposterous little beetle of a motor car waiting outside. Although I never saw Mr. Baldwin again, I believe that he took from The Fort, that evening, the recollection of an unbowed, unresentful, if somewhat whimsical, sovereign.

Wednesday Dec. 9 was a hellish day. In London the Cabinet met twice. Cables went out to the Dominion premiers and the Viceroy of India telling of my decision to abdicate. But owing to the complexity and uniqueness of the documents that had to be prepared to give effect to the Abdication, no formal announcement could yet be made. The public controversy continued unabated. That day Walter Monckton was back and forth three times to London with drafts and messages, and as if Nature was conspiring to retard the resolution of a situation which all concerned were so anxious to end, a dense fog descended over the whole Thames valley, making travel difficult.

Notwithstanding the weather, my mother motored to Bertie's country residence, Royal Lodge in Windsor Great Park. She was anxious to see me, and I on my side wanted to tell her that the Instrument of Abdication was being drawn up. In fact, her motor must have passed Walter Monckton with the documents on the Great West Road. Our conversation was brief. The fog was thickening. I urged her to start back to London before dark. Now that it was all over her heart went out to her hard-pressed son, prompting her to say with tenderness, "And to me the worst thing is that you will not be able to see her for so long."

"An impassable barrier"

NOW perversely occurred a final moment of agony for me. In the early morning of this day Mr. Goddard reached Cannes. Wallis saw him at Lou Viei after breakfast. They talked together in front of an open fire. Mr. Goddard discovered that her desire to keep the King on the Throne was, if anything, more intense than that of the Ministers in Whitehall. Together they discussed a way by which she

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RICHMOND HILL 15, N. Y.





1. John McNulty, Cleveland, having passed his medical exam and been hired, reports for instructions. He is given general working rules, together with his gate badge and Safety booklet.



2. On his way to the Safety equipment department, he pauses to look at the plant Safety scoreboard. It's a constant reminder for steelworkers to be safe and stay safe.



3. Next, John is fitted with a pair of Safety shoes. Their steel toe caps protect his feet from possible injury.

John McNulty's Training Shows How Steel Plants Became One of the Safest Places to Work

Today the steel industry is one of the four safest major industries in the country. In 40 years the number of employee accidents in steel has been cut by 90 per cent.

That seems like a miracle and it is. It has been achieved in two ways. First by installing accident-prevention devices. And second, by constantly reminding workers of safety through training and education.

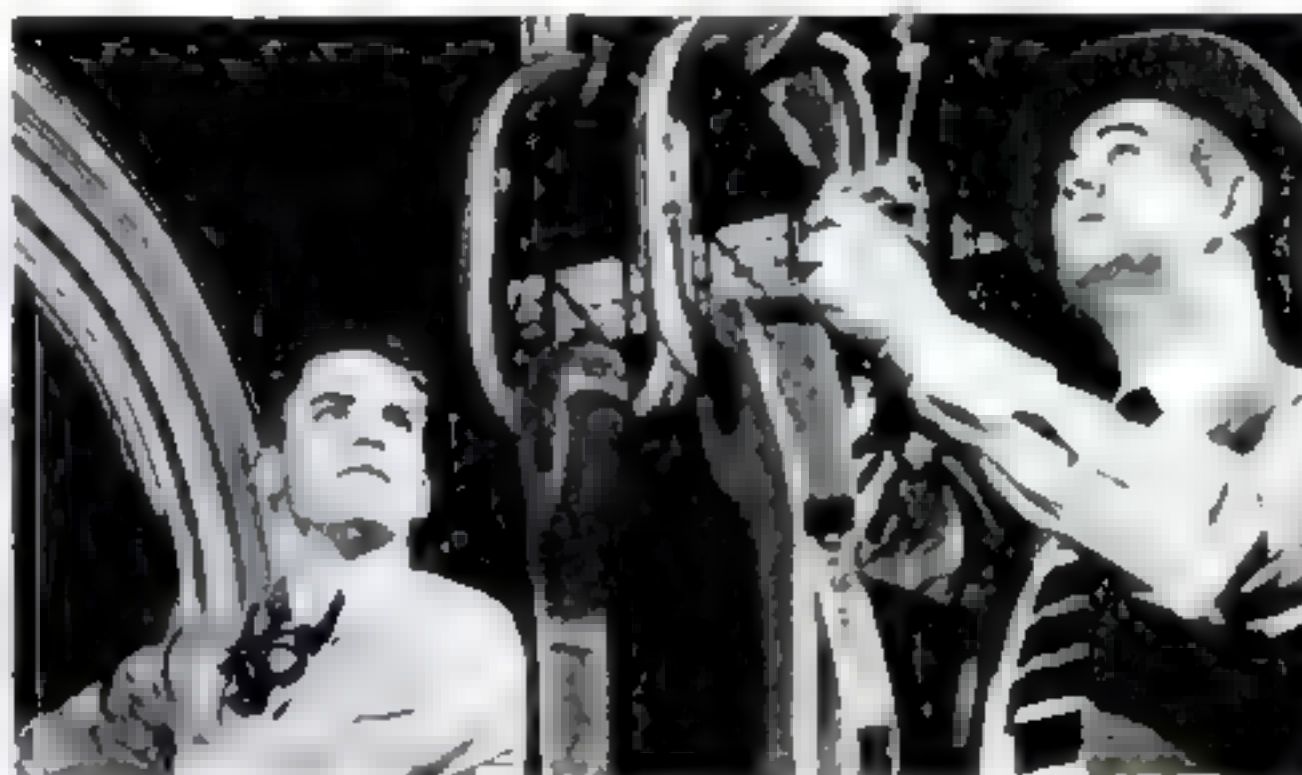
The minute a man starts, his training in Safety begins. That's the way the steel industry protects its more than 600,000 employees, helps them to be safe and stay safe. Here, John McNulty gets acquainted with ways of Safety in steel.



4. Then John is shown the plant dispensary. He meets the registered nurse in charge. Immediate reporting of even minor injuries is emphasized as a means to reduce severity.



7. Department foremen conduct regular Safety meetings. John joins in a general discussion of what steel workers wear for Safety.



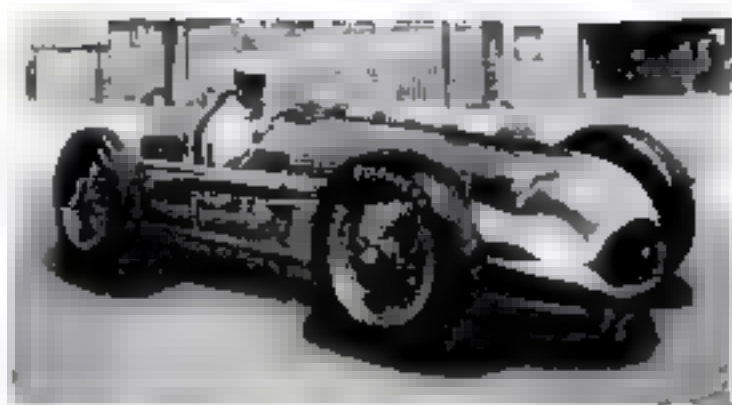
6. Here a supervisor is making a periodic check with calipers on the chains and coil hooks of John's conveyor. Evidence of defects or overstrain means prompt replacement to prevent accidents.



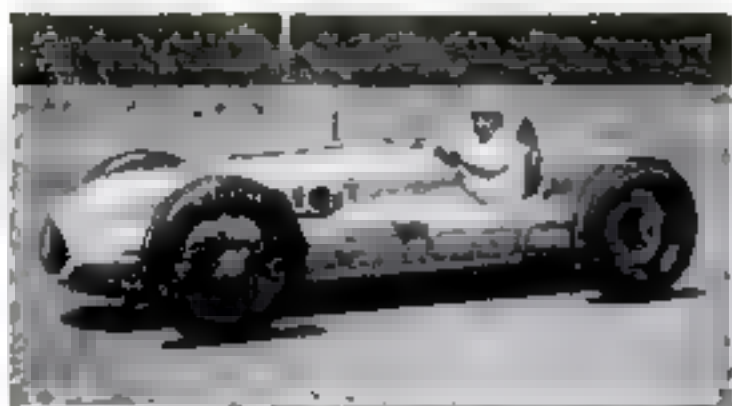
5. John's foreman shows him how to handle his new job safely and efficiently. Right here he is explaining the electric controls of a conveyor which transports 10-ton coils of steel.

Steel works for EVERYONE

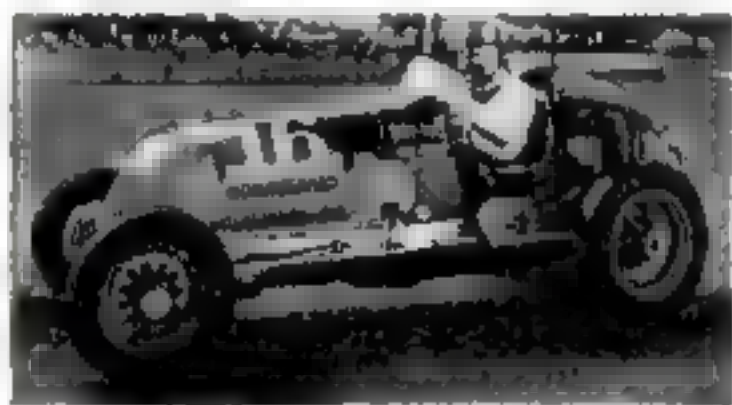
CHOOSE THE TIRE



1949 121.377 M.P.H.
BILL HOLLAND



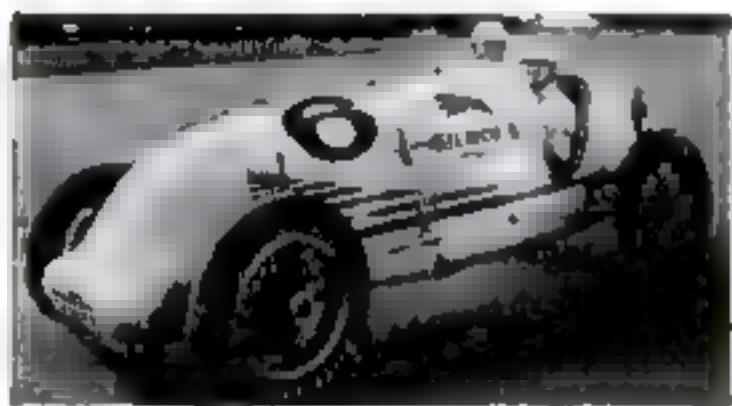
1947 116.33 M.P.H.
MAURI ROSE



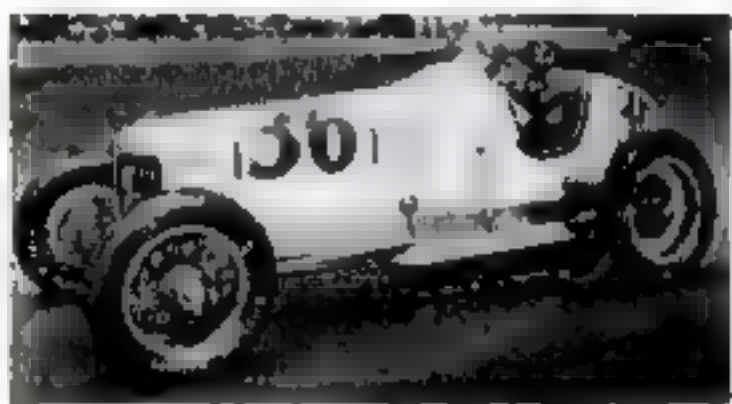
***1941** 115.117 M.P.H.
MAURI ROSE, FLOYD DAVIS



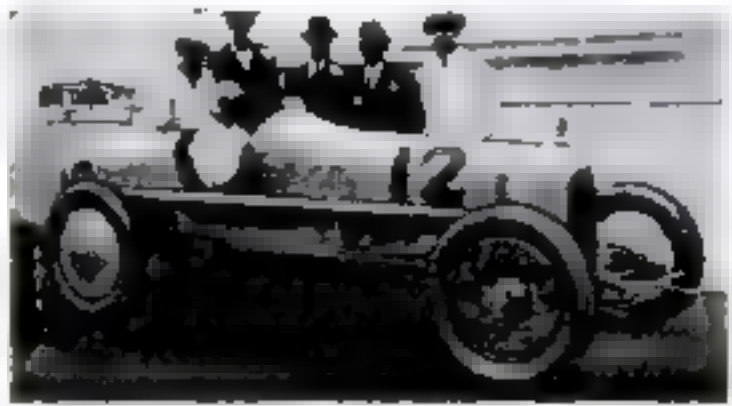
1939 115.035 M.P.H.
WILBUR SHAW



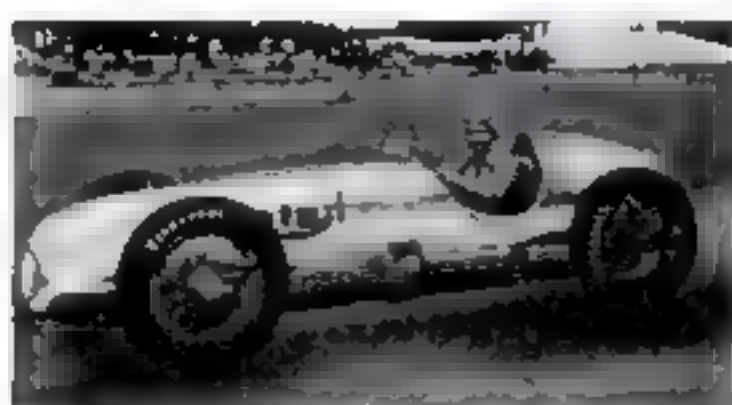
1937 113.58 M.P.H.
WILBUR SHAW



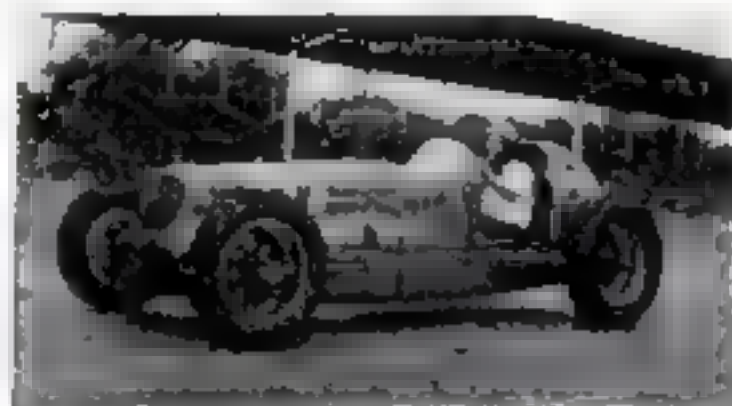
1933 104.16 M.P.H.
LOUIS MEYER



1925 101.13 M.P.H.
PETE DE PAOLO



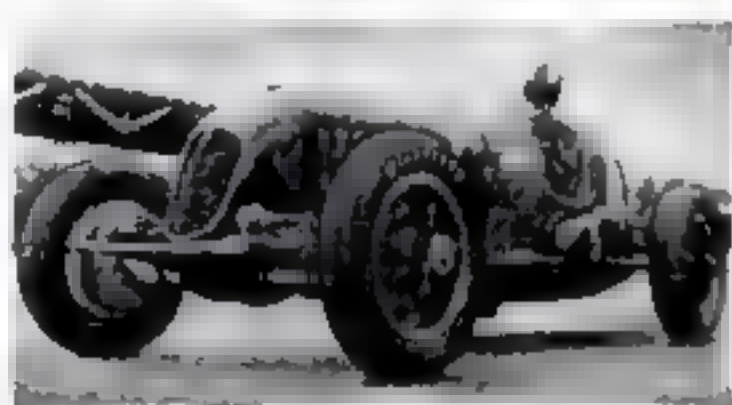
1948 119.813 M.P.H.
MAURI ROSE



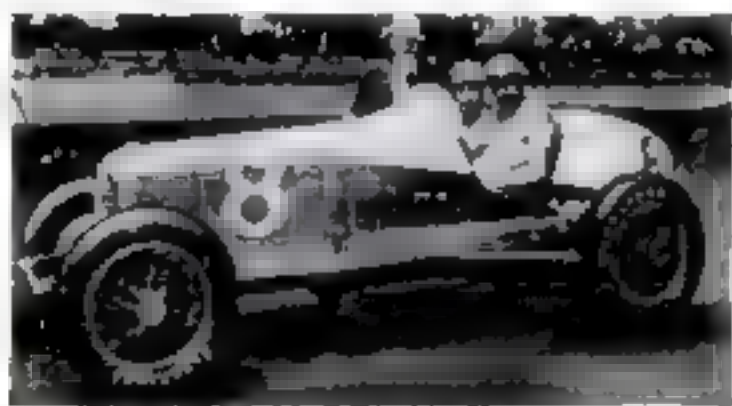
***1946** 114.8 M.P.H.
GEORGE ROBSON



1940 114.277 M.P.H.
WILBUR SHAW



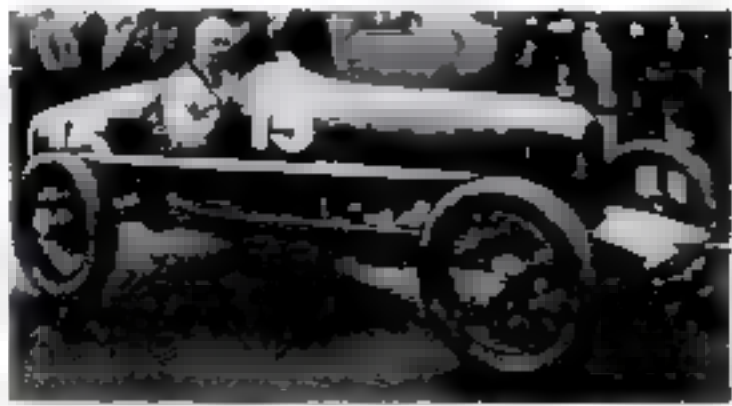
1938 117.20 M.P.H.
FLOYD ROBERTS



1936 109.06 M.P.H.
LOUIS MEYER



1932 104.14 M.P.H.
FRED FRAME



1924 98.23 M.P.H.
JOE BOYER, L. CORUM



* NO RACES
DURING THE
WAR YEARS

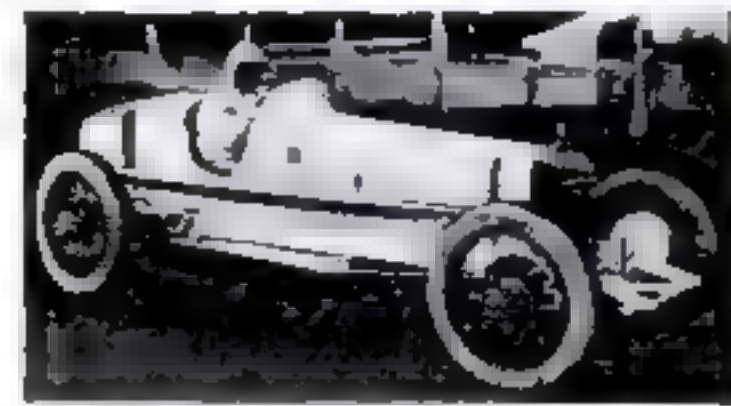
**SAFETY-PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY
FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY**



1935 106.24 M.P.H.
KELLY PETILLO



1931 96.62 M.P.H.
LOUIS SCHNEIDER



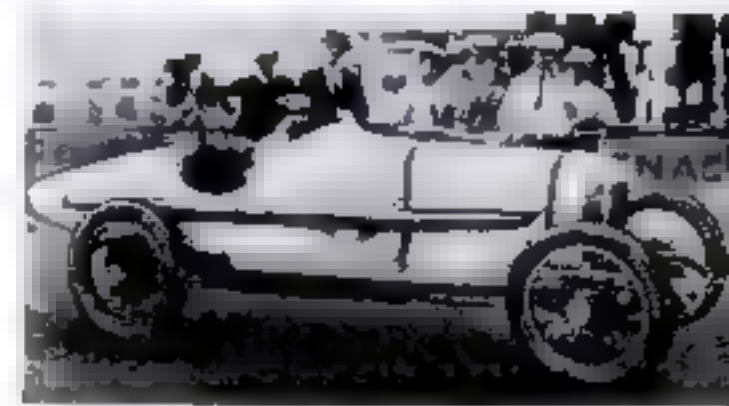
1923 90.95 M.P.H.
TOMMY MILTON



1934 104.86 M.P.H.
WILD BILL CUMMINGS



1930 100.44 M.P.H.
BILLY ARNOLD



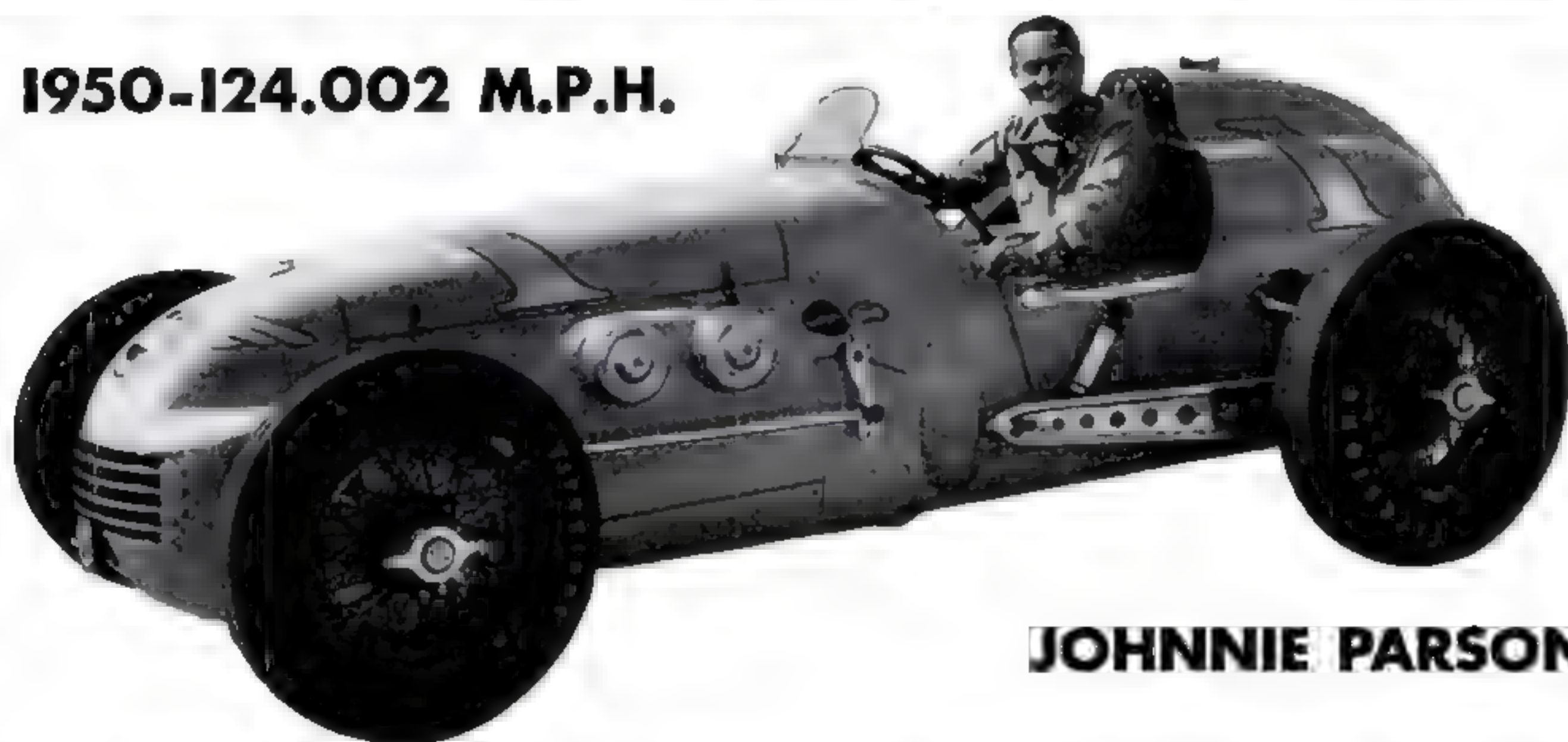
1922 94.48 M.P.H.
JIMMY MURPHY

E OF CHAMPIONS

7 CONSECUTIVE INDIANAPOLIS RACES
HAVE BEEN WON ON

Firestone TIRES

1950-124.002 M.P.H.



JOHNNIE PARSONS

THE Indianapolis Race is more than a breath-taking spectacle of speed; more than a colorful carnival of thrills and chills. It is not just a stunt. On the contrary, it is a practical, torturous test of new engineering developments before they are adopted

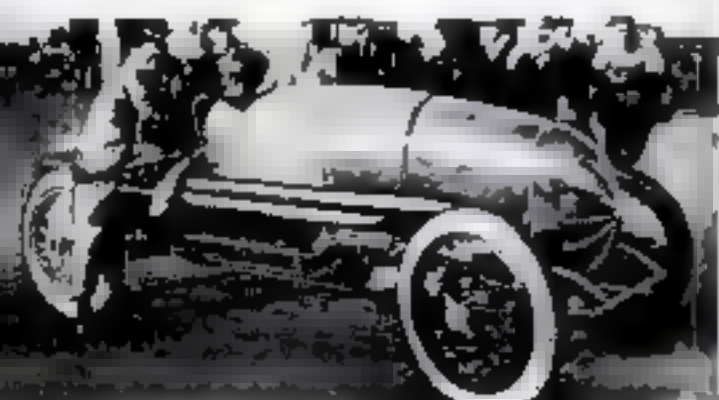
for regular production. Authorities say that 500 miles on the speedway are equal to 50,000 miles of ordinary driving . . . 5 years of average service crowded into less than 4½ hours!

For many years, every driver in the race has bought Firestone Tires, be-

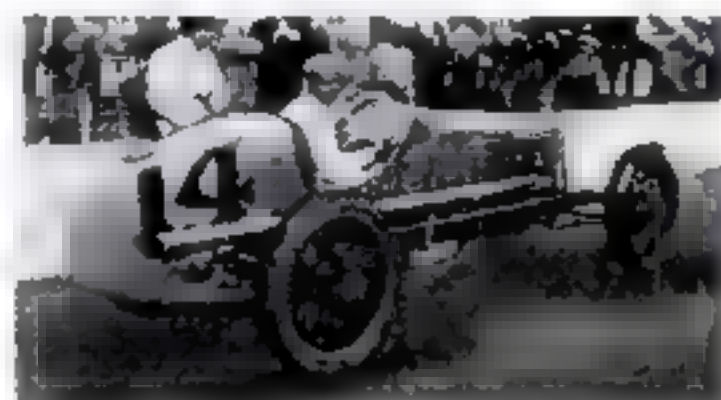
cause no driver is willing to risk his life or chances of victory on anything less than the safest tires that money can buy. Remember that fact the next time you buy tires. Protect your life and the lives of others by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Tires.



1929 97.58 M.P.H.
RAY KEECH



1921 89.62 M.P.H.
TOMMY MILTON



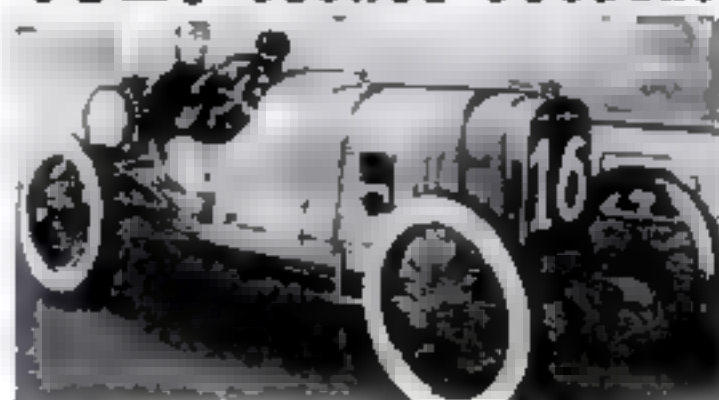
1928 99.48 M.P.H.
LOUIS MEYER



1920 88.55 M.P.H.
GASTON CHEVROLET



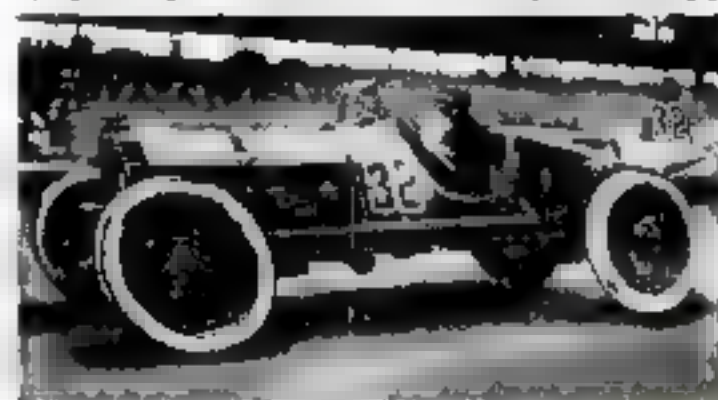
1927 97.54 M.P.H.
GEORGE SOUDERS



1913 76.92 M.P.H.
JULES GOUX



1926 95.88 M.P.H.
FRANK LOCKHART



1911 74.59 M.P.H.
RAY HARROUN

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Pepsodent removes FILM— helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.



Almost from the day he joined my service Sir Godfrey Thomas recorded my engagements. They continued up to the end. Then, with a stroke of the pen, one kind of life ended, another began.

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

might confront me with an impassable barrier: by withdrawing her still incomplete divorce action, but at the sacrifice of her freedom.

In Mr. Goddard's presence Wallis telephoned to say that since I would not renounce her, she would perform the act of renunciation herself and that she intended to leave France for another country. "But it's too late," I pleaded, "the Abdication documents are being drawn up. The Cabinet is meeting this very moment to act upon them. Of course you can do whatever you wish. You can go wherever you want—to China, Labrador or the South Seas. But wherever you go, I will follow you."

In the face of my determination Mr. Goddard withdrew from the scene, and I assumed that his plan had been scotched. But I was mistaken. While I was at Royal Lodge, Wallis had telephoned again. When I called her back she returned to the entreaties of the morning. "Anything," she said, "would be better than abdication." She was distraught; so was I. With the last exits of my kingly life closing one by one I found myself facing a void.

Finally I summoned George Allen into the room while she talked. "What can I say to make myself clear? How can I convince her that what she suggests is utterly impossible?" Mr. Allen took a piece of paper off the desk, upon which he wrote a single sentence: "The only conditions on which I can stay here are if I renounce you for all time." I read it to Wallis first, and then handing the telephone to Mr. Allen, I asked him to repeat it. Wallis' answer to me was worthy of the occasion. The void between us disappeared. The truth, of course, is that she tried throughout to make me turn back, and she would have succeeded had I not loved her so desperately and therefore been so determined.

AFTER that it was only a question of signing documents. On Thursday morning my three brothers arrived at The Fort to witness my signature upon the Instrument of Abdication and a message which was to accompany it. Sir Edward Peacock, Walter Monckton, George Allen and Ulick Alexander were also present. We assembled in the octagonal drawing room.

Sitting at the desk, with my three brothers watching, I began to sign the two State documents in a number of copies; one for the Prime Minister, one for the House of Lords and one for the House of Commons, one copy of each for the Dominions and for India. It was all quite informal. When I signed the last paper I had for all

practical purposes ceased to be King, although the legal passing of the succession would not occur until the next day when, by a quirk of constitutional logic, I would be obliged to provide Parliament with my own Royal Assent to my own Abdication. The room was filled with a dignified dull murmur as my brothers each in his turn appended his signature.

The Prime Minister was to deliver his report to Parliament that afternoon. He had asked Walter Monckton to inquire whether there were any points concerning our mutual transaction which I would like him to emphasize. Quite surprised, I answered, "That's nice of S.B. I appreciate his thoughtfulness." And after a moment's reflection I decided that there were two points of some importance to me personally that he might introduce. I wrote two brief notes on separate pieces of paper, which I handed to Walter Monckton. I kept no copies. The first had to do with my brother Bertie; after all I was the cause of his being thrust so suddenly upon the Throne. I am able to quote this one because Mr. Baldwin included it in his speech. It read:

Duke of York. He and the King have always been on the best of terms as brothers, and the King is confident that the Duke deserves and will receive the support of the whole Empire.

The other note dealt with Wallis' position in the historical episode then drawing to a close. I wanted the Prime Minister to tell the British people that the "other person most intimately concerned" had tried to the last to dissuade the King from his fateful decision. But this second note, I regret to say, cannot be quoted; Mr. Baldwin for reasons he never divulged decided to leave it out of his speech.

I had meanwhile notified the Prime Minister that I proposed to make a farewell broadcast from Windsor Castle before I left the country. Since I would then no longer be King, Mr. Baldwin would have no authority to seal my lips. On the last morning, Dec. 11, at The Fort I was up early, struggling to finish the speech upon which I had worked well into the night. The hardest thing I ever tried to write, it was a good deal like composing a message to be consigned

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

INSTRUMENT OF ABDICATION

I, Edward the Eighth, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Emperor of India, do hereby declare my irrevocable determination to renounce the Throne for myself and for my descendants, and my desire that effect should be given to this Instrument of Abdication immediately.

In token whereof I have hereunto set my hand this tenth day of December, nineteen hundred and thirty six, in the presence of the witnesses whose signatures are subscribed.

SIGNED AT
PORT BELVEDERE
IN THE PRESENCE OF

Albert

Henry

1936

By this document, to which an ironical twist of constitutional practice required that I give my own consent as monarch, I accomplished my Abdication. My brothers witnessed my signature.

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I believe no hearing aid need sell for more than \$75⁰⁰. Here is why:

Even with present high costs of labor and materials, if Zenith wished to sell a hearing aid at \$200 (which we don't) we would not, even with our enormous facilities and the millions of dollars we spend in our radio laboratories on research, know how to build it better than our sensational new Miniature \$75⁰⁰ instrument, nor do we know where to obtain or how to use more efficient materials.

When a better hearing aid is built, Zenith will build it.

E. F. McDonald Jr.

E. F. McDONALD, Jr., President, ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION



A Revolutionary New GUARANTEED Hearing Aid

—and now Zenith—world famous makers of Television, Radio and FM offers you their new "Miniature" Guaranteed Hearing Aid at \$75. Small—light—powerful, economical and clear. Try it in your own home under our 10-day return privilege.

"No-Receiver-Button in the ear." Device available if hearing loss permits.

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\$75⁰⁰ Complete—READY TO WEAR

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like Gordon's*

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Time in its passage has softened the harsh outline of those last days of my reign. Much of what happened then seems to belong to a dim past, a different existence. But sometimes, as when I come upon a pho-

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

to a bottle. Some in the Government looked coldly upon the idea of my supplying an epilogue to a drama upon which the curtain had already descended. And even my mother tried to dissuade me. But I was determined to speak. I did not propose to leave Great Britain like a fugitive in the night.

It has become part of the Abdication legend that the broadcast was actually written by Mr. Churchill. The truth is that he generously supplied the final brush strokes. Wanting to say goodbye to my old friend, I invited him to lunch with me that last day at The Fort. Before he left I asked him to read my modest effort. He made several admirable suggestions which a practiced student of Churchillianism could spot at a glance: "bred in the constitutional tradition by my Father"; "one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me—a happy home with his wife and children."

While we were thus at table, I ceased to be King. As I saw Mr. Churchill off, there were tears in his eyes. I can still see him standing at the door, hat in one hand, cane in the other. Something must have stirred in his mind; tapping out the solemn measure with his walking stick, he began to recite as if to himself:

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable Scene:

two lines from the famous ode by Andrew Marvell on the beheading of King Charles I.

"He would make a fine King"

BERTIE came into my room alone that evening for a last talk. I was in the midst of packing my most personal possessions. I closed the door and pushed aside the things on the sofa to make a place for him to sit down.

Shy and retiring by nature, Bertie shrank instinctively from the gregarious life which I had lived with some zest. Yet he possessed admirable qualities—qualities that may not have been so marked in me. He would make a fine King; I was confident of that.

"You are not going to find this a difficult job at all," I assured him. "You know all the ropes, and you have almost overcome that slight hesitation in your speech which used to make public speaking so hard for you."

Words never came easily to Bertie on occasions of great emotion; without his having to tell me so, I knew that he felt my going keenly. At the same time Bertie was extremely practical.

"By the way, David," he asked me, "have you given any thought to what you are going to be called now?"

This question took me aback. "Why no, as a matter of fact, I haven't." At that late hour the question of another title seemed of little consequence to a man who had been King. Immediate reflection told me that as the son of the Sovereign I was in any case by right of birth a Prince of Great Britain and Northern Ireland—His Royal Highness, the Prince Edward. But Bertie had evidently pondered the question and no doubt judging it only proper that I should bear a title at least equal to that of my younger brothers, Harry, the Duke of Gloucester, and George, the Duke of Kent, he said thoughtfully, "I shall create you a Duke. How about the family name of Windsor?"

"Duke of Windsor," I said, half to myself. Liking the sound of it, I nodded in agreement.

"It shall be the first act of my reign. I shall announce it at my Accession Council tomorrow morning."



tograph like this one, taken during the height of the constitutional struggle, there come flooding back the sensations of that ordeal: the sense of loneliness and of growing isolation.

Walter Monckton returned before dinner with the draft of the broadcast which out of courtesy I had wanted the Government to see. The Prime Minister had dropped a hint that he would be gratified if I would stress that he had at all times shown me every possible form of consideration. "That's a good one," I said, remembering how he had ignored my simple request the day before that he do justice in his speech to Wallis. However, determined not to be petty at the last moment, I incorporated into my broadcast that little item which Mr. Baldwin had valued. Perhaps the rendering of these simple courtesies falls more easily upon kings than upon politicians; after all we do not have to run for office.

"The great Quadrangle was dark"

THAT night I dined with my family at Royal Lodge. Afterwards Walter Monckton called there to drive with me to Windsor Castle. The great Quadrangle was dark and deserted as we entered; only at the Sovereign's entrance was there light and activity. A few members of the castle staff, headed by my father's old private secretary, Lord Wigram, met me at the door and accompanied me up the Gothic staircase to my old rooms in the Augusta Tower.

Sir John Reith, Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation came down from London to supervise the operation, although I was hardly a novice. He suggested that I run through the usual practice routine. Wishing to be alone with Walter Monckton during the broadcast, I asked Sir John to leave the room after he had introduced me. I do not remember noticing him slip out, nor do I recall the sound that mystified millions of listeners—the slamming of a door. The sound, I believe, was actually caused by my banging my foot against the table leg as I shifted my position to speak. This is what I said:

"At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

"A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart.

"You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the Throne. But I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the country or the Empire which as Prince of Wales, and lately as King, I have for 25 years tried to serve. But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

"And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course. I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon a single thought of what would in the end be best for all.

"This decision has been made less difficult to me by the sure knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith, without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the Empire. And he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me—a happy home with his wife and children.

"During these hard days I have been comforted by Her Majesty my Mother and by my Family. The Ministers of the Crown, and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



WAKE UP, BEAUTIFUL... YOU CAN WIN HIM BACK

Snubbed . . . definitely and deliberately . . . by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. Daisy wasn't accustomed to such treatment; once she met a man, she usually managed to hold him because she was not only a pretty girl, but a witty and wise one as well. What had she said or done to antagonize him as they danced the night before? In vain she sought an explanation.

It can happen to you...any time

No matter what other charms you have, they're likely to be forgotten if you're guilty of halitosis* (unpleasant breath). And, don't forget, halitosis* may be absent one time and present the next—without your realizing it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against offending? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. So, don't trust makeshifts . . . trust Listerine Antiseptic before every date.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...IT'S



BREATH-TAKING!



Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

But Eddie Dowling finds this remarkable new shaving cream helps keep his face youthfully soft and good-looking!

Actors, more than any other group of men, must look their young, healthy best at all times. But wearing and removing heavy stage make-up leaves actors' faces extra-sensitive. This means painful discomfort during shaving and can even lead to wrinkled, old-looking skin.

To help actors—and other men with sensitive skin—maintain a young and healthy appearance, The J. B. Williams Company has added an amazing new substance to Williams Shaving Cream. This new ingredient, Extract of Lanolin, helps protect the

face against excessive dryness and daily blade scrape.

Now—every time you shave with the New Williams Shaving Cream—you give your face the benefit of Extract of Lanolin, which helps preserve the youthful qualities of the skin. If your position calls for a well-groomed look from morning till night, or if your face is sensitive to the sharp cutting edge of your razor, you'll want to start using the New Williams Shaving Cream right away. Same tube—same carton—but now containing wonderful new "Extract of Lanolin!"

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For sale everywhere—15 tablets 25¢

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

in particular Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration. There has never been any constitutional difference between me and them and between me and Parliament. Bred in the constitutional tradition by my Father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise.

"Ever since I was Prince of Wales, and later on when I occupied the Throne, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of the people, wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the Empire. For that I am very grateful.

"I now quit altogether public affairs, and I lay down my burden. It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and Empire with profound interest, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station I shall not fail.

"And now we all have a new King. I wish him, and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all. God Save the King."

At Royal Lodge my family had listened to the broadcast and when I returned to them I had the feeling that what I had said had to some extent eased the tension between us. It was getting late for my mother, and she left first with Mary. I stayed on a little while with my brothers, and Walter Monckton joined us all in a farewell drink before he and I took the road to Portsmouth. My brothers walked with me to the door exactly as they would have done were I leaving for Balmoral, Sandringham or some other accustomed place. On this leave-taking, however, it was I who bowed to Bertie as the subject of the King, and George, watching, shook his head and cried almost fiercely, "It isn't possible! It isn't happening!"

But it had happened. It was all over.

With Walter Monckton I left shortly after midnight and, because the destroyer that was to take me across the Channel was even then standing by, we drove fast.

Until I stepped into the car I had only a vague idea of where I was going. Without giving much thought to what was involved, I had arranged accommodations at a hotel near Zürich that had been recommended by one of my household. But when before leaving The Fort I told Wallis over the telephone of this plan, she realized instantly that a hotel would offer me no safe shelter from the fierce glare of publicity now trained upon me. While I was dining at Royal Lodge she had telephoned Walter Monckton to say that our friends, Baron and Baroneas Eugene de Rothschild, had kindly invited me to stay at their castle at Enzesfeld near Vienna. The knowledge that I would be left undisturbed to wait out the months before our marriage helped to soften the bitter prospect of separation.

It was a clear winter night and we were lucky not to strike fog. During the hour's drive Walter Monckton and I talked about many things. The harsh outlines of the crisis fell behind.

"The drawbridges were going up"

AND so it came to pass that at 2 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 12, 1936, H.M.S. *Fury* slid silently and unescorted out of Portsmouth Harbour. Watching the shore of England recede, I was swept by many emotions. If it had been hard to give up the Throne, it had been even harder to give up Great Britain. I knew now that I was irretrievably on my own. The drawbridges were going up behind me. But of one thing I was certain; so far as I was concerned love had triumphed over the exigencies of politics. If it had proved my fate to sacrifice my cherished British heritage along with all the years in its service, I today draw comfort from the knowledge that time has long since sanctified a true and faithful union.

"A KING'S STORY"

WILL APPEAR IN BOOK FORM

With this issue LIFE concludes its serial publication of the Duke of Windsor's Memoirs. The series began with "Education of a Prince," which appeared in three installments in 1947. The author is now expanding these articles into a book to be issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons in the fall of 1950.

Stories of Famous Values

H. A. Clark, Jr. knew a value when he found it!

For \$100 He Bought A 1910 Simplex Worth \$1,000!

Of the 60 cars in his Long Island Automotive Museum at Southampton, Mr. Clark considers this Simplex his finest example of Automotive Americana. Today, old-car collectors would gladly pay \$1,000 for Mr. Clark's gem on wheels — faithfully restored to the last detail!



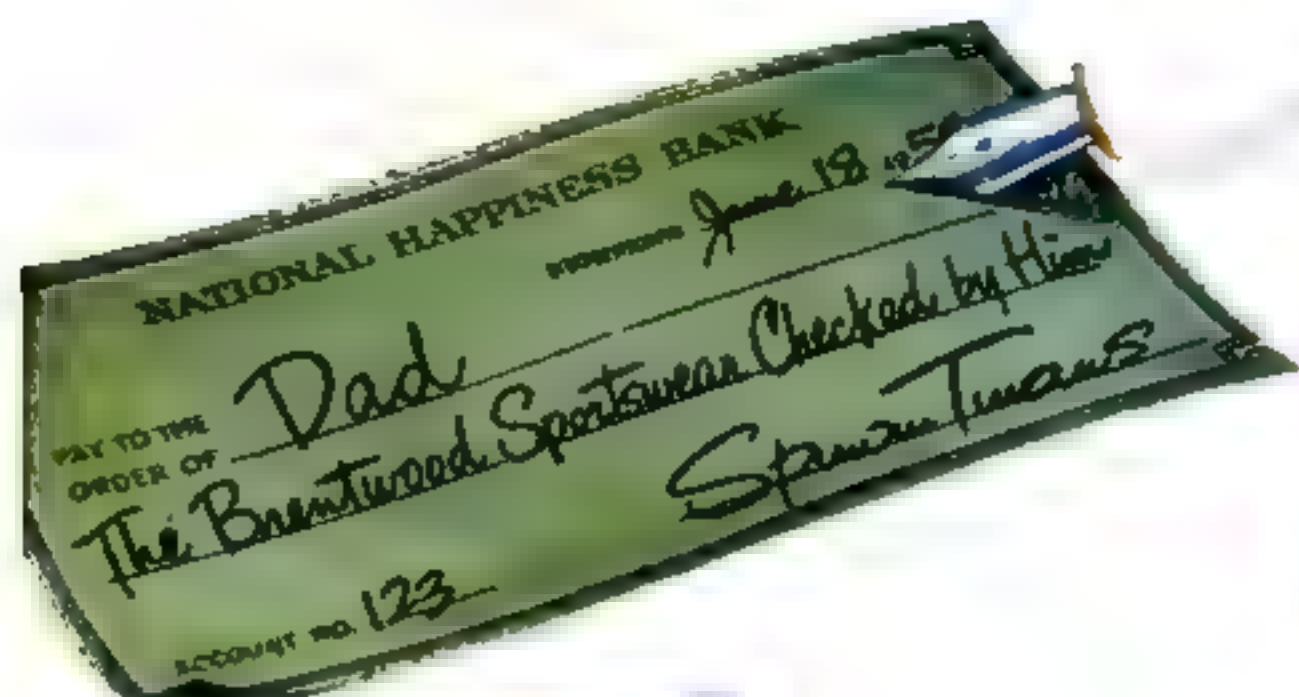
If you know value, you'll agree . . .

at today's popular price, **HUNTER**, long famous as America's luxury blend, is an exceptional value in whiskey . . . with a superior flavor no one has been able to copy in ninety years!

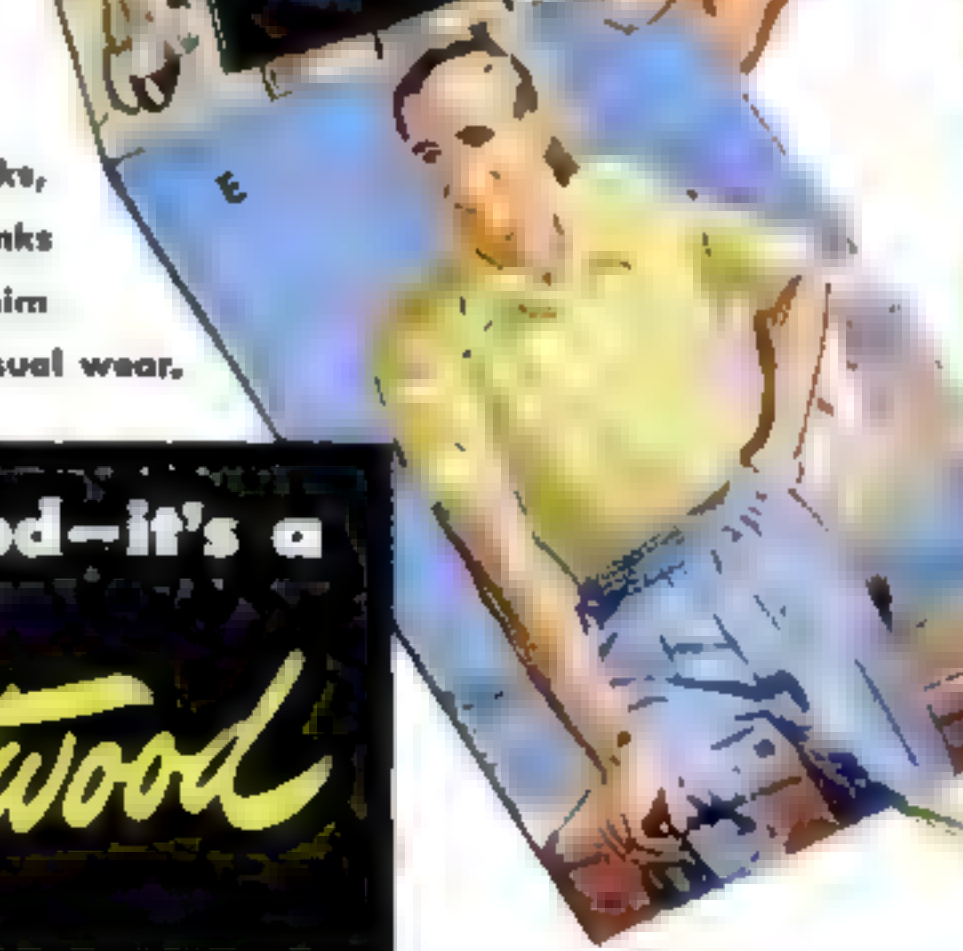
Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



Dad—here's your blank check for **FATHER'S DAY**



You've been writing checks all year. Now, here's one for you! Just check (✓) the Brentwoods you want and leave page open.



- A. For the smart casual look... anytime... give Dad this handsomely detailed sport shirt of nylon and acetate. Cool, comfortable, \$6
- B. For action... a Gaucho basque shirt with bold chest stripes, \$3, and smart gabardine walking shorts with trim fitting elastic back, \$4
- C. Dad will be proud of this attractive Brentwood beach jacket, or one of several other unique designs, \$7 and swim and play shirts of gabardine with contrasting stripes, \$3
- D. For sports or just for relaxing "Pop" will appreciate Brentwood's Pancho sport shirt with elastic knitted waist band... to wear in or out. Short sleeves, \$4, long sleeves, \$5 and smart boxer swim trunks of gabardine that boast Brentwood's new exclusive feature... the zipper fly front, \$4
- E. Perfect for any Dad. Cool, comfortable, short-sleeved sport shirt with famous Brentwood detailing, \$3.50 up, and the new all purpose sensation... Hobby-jeans—smart sandbar denim slacks for every above time activity. Elastic top... no belt needed. Roomy patch pockets fore and aft, \$5
- F. Dupont Nylon swim trunks in high waist boxer style with Lanease quick-drying supporter, \$6
- G. Dupont Nylon basque shirt. Good looking, cool, comfortable. Dries in a jiffy. In 8 pastel tints, \$5

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SWIM TRUNKS: Handsomely tailored in nylon and acetate, satin latex or gabardine, with Brentwood's Lanease quick-drying supporter \$3 to \$7

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Get "hep", Pop, don't just wish for the things you want on Father's Day... make sure you get them by checking (✓) your preferences here and now. And, folks, if you want to win Dad's enthusiastic thanks on HIS day... by all means give him Brentwood's smart, faultlessly tailored casual wear.



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OUTSIDE VETERANS HOSPITAL, MARLON BRANDO PRACTICES BALANCING WHEELCHAIR ON REAR WHEELS, A TRICK USEFUL FOR GETTING OVER OBSTACLES

PREPARING FOR PARAPLEGIA

Actor Marlon Brando trains for movie about a crippled veteran by spending a month in a wheelchair

"He doesn't look as if he's acting at all," say most people who have seen previews of Marlon Brando playing the lead role in the forthcoming movie *The Men*. The realism was not come by accidentally. When Brando, after his Broadway triumph in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, came to Hollywood to play a paraplegic veteran (a man paralyzed from the waist down), he decided he had to learn how a man so afflicted really lives and thinks. He went out to Birmingham Veterans Administration Hospital in a

suburb of Los Angeles and settled down there for four weeks in a ward with 31 paraplegics.

It was hard to learn the mechanics of living with useless legs (*next page*). It was harder still to earn the respect and liking of the men there, who started out resenting what they thought was only a publicity stunt. By the end of the first few days they were all on Marlon's side. One day Marlon was in his chair having a drink with the boys in a local bar when a lady crackpot came up and began a speech that both bored and

annoyed them: all about their noble sacrifice and the wonders that might be worked by faith. Slowly the crackpot's attention became focused on the activities of Brando, who was clutching desperately at the armrests of his chair and trying to rise. Agonizingly he pushed himself up, fell back exhausted, tried again, rose, took a couple of faltering steps and then broke into a buck and wing. The crackpot fainted dead away. It was a fine performance, thought the boys. In the movie, Brando gives an even better one.



1

Gentler bleaching action.....

added protection for linens! Yes, it's worth remembering that Clorox *conserves* precious linens, keeps them "in the family" for a long, long time. The reason is: Clorox is free from caustic, *extra gentle*, even on delicate fabrics. So, to conserve *your* white and color-fast cottons and linens, remove stains, make linens snowy-white, color-bright, remember the magic word... Clorox!



2

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HOW TO GET UP after a fall without using any muscles below the waist is demonstrated by Brando in hospital gym under the eye of Instructor Rudolph Jahn. He pulls himself around on his stomach, then, letting his feet drag, uses his shoulders and arms to lift himself slowly with the help of the parallel bars.

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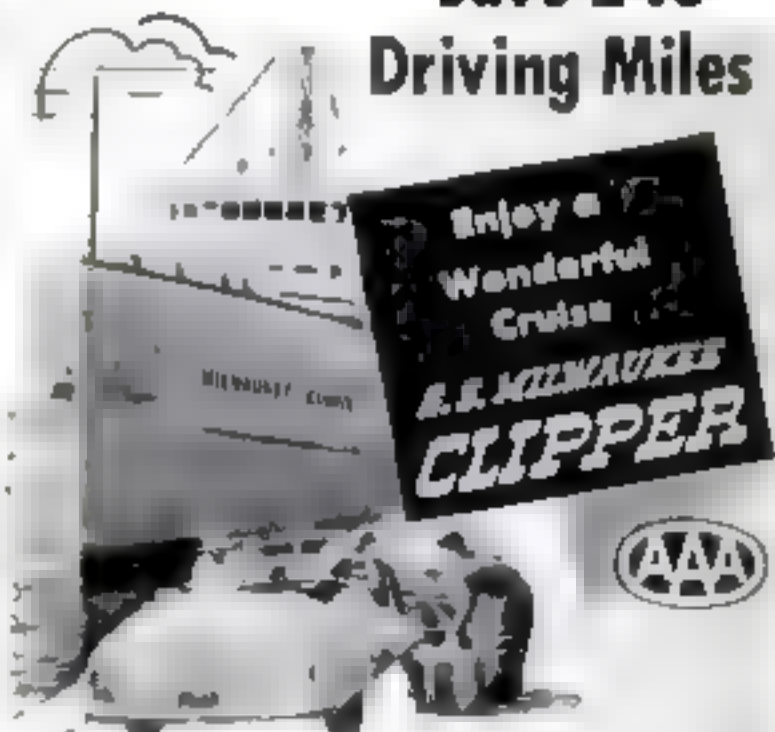
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THE CLIPPER LINE

ABOUT NEXT WEEK'S

LIFE

IN an elaborate gambling casino in Las Vegas, LIFE Reporter Honor Fitzpatrick sat on a bar stool at the end of the dice pit with a yellow pad on her lap. Each time the dice were rolled she carefully wrote down the numbers that came up. Perspiring players milled around her as she kept at her clocking until she had recorded 2,500 rolls of dice. Then she got up and walked away. She had recorded enough rolls to be able to chart what would have happened had the players followed some of the "systems" which are supposed to make gamblers rich.

This was only one of several hundred assignments carried out by LIFE staff members in tracking down the news behind one of America's big front-page news stories—gambling. The results will appear in LIFE next week in a combination photo essay and article which will give LIFE's readers a new and authentic insight into the multibillion-dollar industry which is now the subject of Senate scrutiny.

To get a comprehensive story, LIFE's editors called on reporters and correspondents in all the big U.S. cities. Their first assignment was to find out how available gambling facilities were in their localities and what forms these facilities took—dice, roulette, handbooks, slot machines, numbers games, policy lotteries. Later assignments asked for names, locations, annual dollar volume of gambling establishments and a great deal of other closely guarded information. The zeal of LIFE's fact-finders amused and annoyed some local cynics. Said one veteran newspaperman to a LIFE reporter, "We've been trying to find the answers to these questions for years. What makes you think you can do it in a week?"

It took more than a week and not all of our correspondents were able to pry loose all of the information they wanted. But a lot of people they interviewed did open up—gamblers' gamblers, owners of policy wheels, men who knew the nature of gambling. Along with the facts came hundreds of pictures—of the inside of illegal joints and gambling raids, of politicians involved, of reformers and would-be reformers, of gamblers by the gross.

A photographer-reporter team went to Reno and Las Vegas where they could get pictures openly in legal casinos without endangering their lives. With official help, a LIFE team went on a gambling raid in Venice, Ill. Reporter Don Wilson and Photographer Tony Linck, roaming New York in search of a street corner crap game, found one on the lower East Side. They went up to the roof of a tenement house across the street and Linck started taking pictures of the game while Wilson kept a group of suspicious residents at bay. A fight broke out among the players and that was photographed too. When Wilson and Linck went downstairs they found the fight had been a raid by plain-clothesmen.

Not all of these pictures will make LIFE next week. From the hundreds of pictures which have been assembled, LIFE's editors will select those which can best tell the story. Meanwhile LIFE Writer Ernest Havemann is pulling together all the information—including facts he himself dug up—and is writing a definitive account of gambling in the U.S. How much does gambling cost the American public? How much do racketeers make? How good are systems? How many people play the horses—and what are their chances of winning? What is the case for and against legalized gambling? These are only a few of the questions LIFE will answer for its readers next week.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*



x 85 x			
HORSE-SHOE			
74	12	26	
75	19	38	
48	49	33	
2	TORNADO	67	
44	41	25	46
50	63	31	9
23	49	35	29
31	24	8	20
13	71	55	63
56	50	5	60
52	RAM	65	
29	PARLAY	70	
32	17	64	



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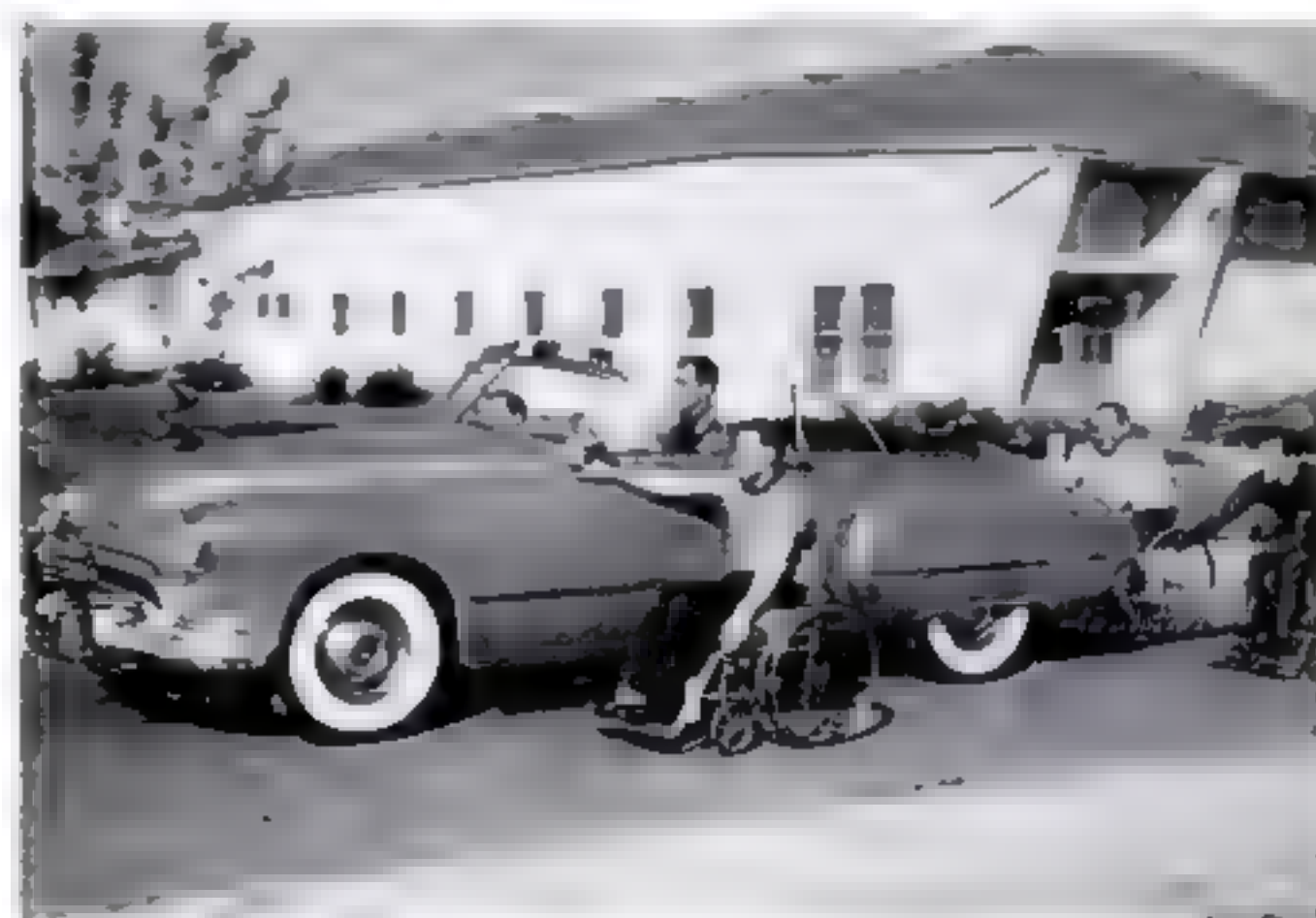
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Marlon Brando CONTINUED



LEARNING TECHNIQUE of getting his chair up an incline, which looks deceptively easy, Brando fails and topples. Everybody thought it a big joke.



TAKING A RIDE around hospital grounds, Brando joins some friends in hitching on to convertible, fitted with hand controls, being driven by a patient.



TAKING A STROLL, Brando, who has not yet caught on to proper operating techniques, falls behind more experienced friends speeding down the road.

FATHER'S DAY -

JUNE 18th

Don't Forget to Remember
Dad... Give him the Gift he
would choose for himself.



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ONLY NUCOA HAS IT . . . the oh-so-handy Measure-Pak that makes Nucoa *easier to measure and color!* The Measure-Pak is foolproof too . . . no accidents can happen. No messy job of getting it out of the container! Less waste!

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LOOKING UP FROM EXCAVATION, CAMERA'S WIDE-ANGLE LENS DISTORTS WORKMAN, FRAMES WITH OTHER BUILDINGS THE SPACE SKYSCRAPER WILL FILL

SKYSCRAPER'S START

Red tape, complaints and a lack of elbow room make it a painful process in midtown New York

Ten months from now a 27-story, 87-m-high skyscraper will tower 367 feet over the spot where the workman is standing in the picture above. As the building's steel bones are riveted together, floor by floor, they will gradually fill the void shown on the opposite page. Finally, at 600 Fifth Avenue, the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Building will take its place in the picket-fence pattern of the New York skyline.

Although New York has more skyscrapers than any other city, it is harder to build one there than anywhere else. The cramped site of the Massachusetts Mutual Building, where St. Nicholas Collegiate Reformed



LOOKING DOWN FROM APPROXIMATE HEIGHT OF FINISHED BUILDING, LENS SHOWS THE FIRST FEW FLOORS TAKING SHAPE, EAST RIVER IS IN DISTANCE

Church was torn down last year (LIFE, Nov. 14), is on the edge of crowded Rockefeller Center. Elbow room is nonexistent. Carpenters and cement masons rub shoulders with office workers; truck drivers crawl across Manhattan, dodging taxicabs and cursing the slow cross-town red lights, to bring building materials which are used up as fast as they are delivered. Material is delivered only as fast as it can be used. Steel trucked from a river lighter is being erected within 25 minutes after it is unloaded at the Fifth Avenue site. Huge amounts are required (1,800 tons of steel, two million bricks, 150 kegs of nails weighing 107 pounds each), but there is

no place to store the stuff on narrow 48th and 49th Streets. There are also headaches and red tape peculiar to construction in midtown New York: a building this size involves 35 kinds of permits. When the president of Chile recently passed 49th Street, truck unloading had to stop for an hour. A nearby restaurant manager complained that parked trucks were ruining business. Two building supervisors went there for lunch, could not get a table and ignored the complaint. However, barring suppliers' strikes and shipping delays, the Turner Construction Co. expects to have the building's 350,000 square feet of office space ready for tenants in April 1951.

TIMETABLE ON A SKYSCRAPER



For a carefree
vacation...

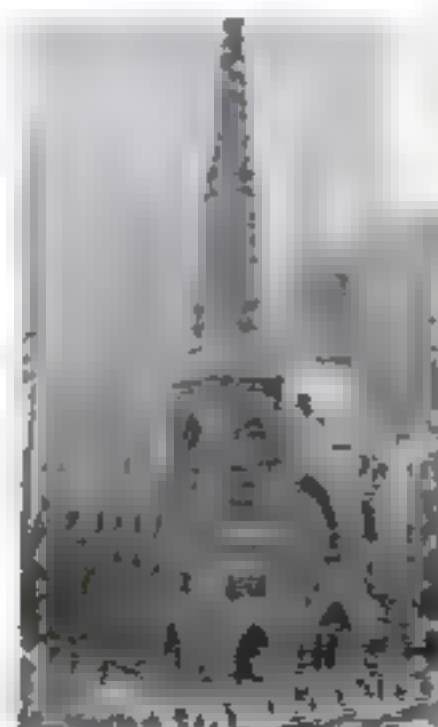


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ORIGINAL CHURCH SITE

PROGRESS of construction on the new Massachusetts Mutual Building is shown on this keyed drawing. 1—Window glass complete to here on July 1. 2—Brick, limestone exterior and window frames to here on July 1, window glass to here on Aug. 1. 3—Service elevator to here on July 1. 4—Brick and limestone exterior and windows to here on Aug. 1. 5—Window glass to here on Sept. 1. 6—Steel flooring to here on July 1, brick, limestone exterior and windows on Sept. 1. 7—Steel construction to here on July 1. 8—Service elevator entirely finished by Sept. 1. 9—Steel construction finished by July 14, steel flooring in by Aug. 1, brick and limestone exterior and all windows and window glass in by Oct. 1. Although to outward appearances the skyscraper will be finished by Oct. 1, another six months will be required to prepare the interior for occupancy.

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AND
TANNING



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SKOLEX

SUN ALLERGY CREAM



YOUR DOG HATES FLEAS!

When your dog has fleas, it's time for PULVEX FLEA POWDER. Not only kills fleas instantly, but actually keeps 'em off for days! Wonderful, easy! Effective! At drug, pet and department stores. The big, economical size, \$1.00.



PULVEX FLEA POWDER

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL OF SATISFACTION



IN FINE BEDDING AND FURNITURE

Perfect for **PICNICS**



MORE TENDER • MORE DELICIOUS **MACARONI**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

There's nothing like it ... absolutely nothing

One treat right after another! The music of birds and wind in the treetops . . . the hefty plop of the scrappy bass you've hooked . . . and finally cold, golden Budweiser inviting you to delight in the world's most famous beer. Every sip tells you that this distinctive taste is found only in Budweiser. Live life, every golden minute of it. Enjoy Budweiser, every golden drop of it.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, Inc.
ST. LOUIS



Budweiser
LAGER BEER

TELEVISION: Tune in on our Budweiser Hour featuring The Ken Murray Show. Consult your local papers for time and station.





On a Jaunt or a Journey

protect your travel cash with

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

100% safe — convenient as cash



Whenever you travel, American Express Travelers Cheques assure absolute safety for your travel funds. If they are lost or stolen, you get a quick refund. And they are as convenient as cash because your signature is the only identification you need to spend them *anywhere*.

Ask for American Express Travelers Cheques at **BANKS**, Railway Express and Western Union — fees: Only 75¢ per \$100 — 40¢ for \$50 or less.

WE'RE ALWAYS GLAD
TO ACCEPT
AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES



P.S. THEY'RE THE MOST WIDELY KNOWN AND
ACCEPTED CHEQUES IN THE WORLD

TUMS

Help bring NATURAL SLEEP

Don't take sleeping pills or habit-forming drugs when you can't sleep. Take a couple of Tums before retiring. Tums neutralize heartburn, gas of acid indigestion that frequently cause sleepless nights. Soothe, sweeten stomach so you can go to sleep quickly; sleep all night—wake up in the morning feeling wonderfully refreshed. Get Tums from your druggist today. Only 10¢ a roll; 3 roll package a quarter.

TUMS
for the tummy



BIG LIFT hauls air compressor for rivet guns out of a truck and over heads of passers-by. Barrier (foreground) closes off half of the street for operations.



BIG SHOW fascinates lunch-hour office workers who lean over the fence to stare at a carpenter. The daily audience is biggest from 1 to 2 in the afternoon.



A CASUALTY is lifted from basement following 15-foot fall. Although accidents are inevitable, only two serious injuries have been reported on this job.

LOOKING for SOMETHING ?

DELIVERY SERVICE

AC EXP

O. SOGLOW

To find the services you need—use the **YELLOW PAGES** OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Try **25¢** Box

NEED A LAXATIVE TOO?

Nature's Remedy
FOR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW A RIGHT

TRUTH about SUN GLASSES!

Experts say—darker lenses, like the unique Solarex Twilight Color lens, give best protection from glare. Solarex lenses are Certified under U. S. Standard CS-79-40. Absolutely safe for the eyes.

Popular Prices

ask for **SOLAREX**
SUN GLASSES with unique darker TWILIGHT LENS

KEEP SEEING **LIFE**
WHILE YOU SEE THE WORLD

LIFE's International Edition
is on sale at newsstands and through concierges anywhere on the free side of the Iron Curtain.

MURDER BLOW

TO BUGS

This double-use insect spray knocks 'em out (1) while flying, (2) while crawling on surfaces, lasts for weeks. Kills flies, mosquitoes, roaches, ants, moths, bedbugs.

DOUBLE USE **Knox Out**
Also KNOX-OUT Powder 10% DDT in handy dispenser package.
INSECT SPRAY 5% DDT

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



there are hamburgers...



and **HAMBURGERS**
blessed with



Talk about hamburgers—try this smile-starter:

To one pound of chopped meat add ¼ cup of finely chopped onions and 2 tablespoons of Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish.

Add salt and pepper to taste and sauté in Nucoa margarine.

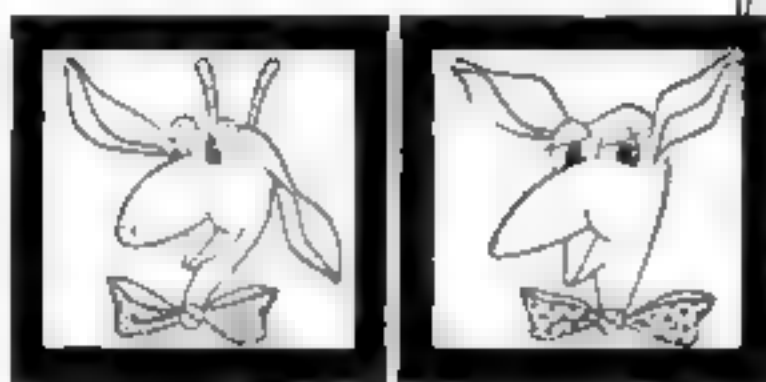
You'll agree that that tantalizing dash of horseradish skillfully blended with mustard really works miracles! Try it today!

**MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BEST FOODS
AND HELLMANN'S REAL MAYONNAISE**

Connolly

makes shoes of Kid and Kangaroo

exclusively



Active, well dressed men like the comfort and long lasting good looks of Connolly Shoes of Kid and Kangaroo — the lightest, toughest and yet most supple leathers known. To find out how to make your shoe money buy more comfort for a longer time, write us for our style booklet and the name of your nearest dealer.

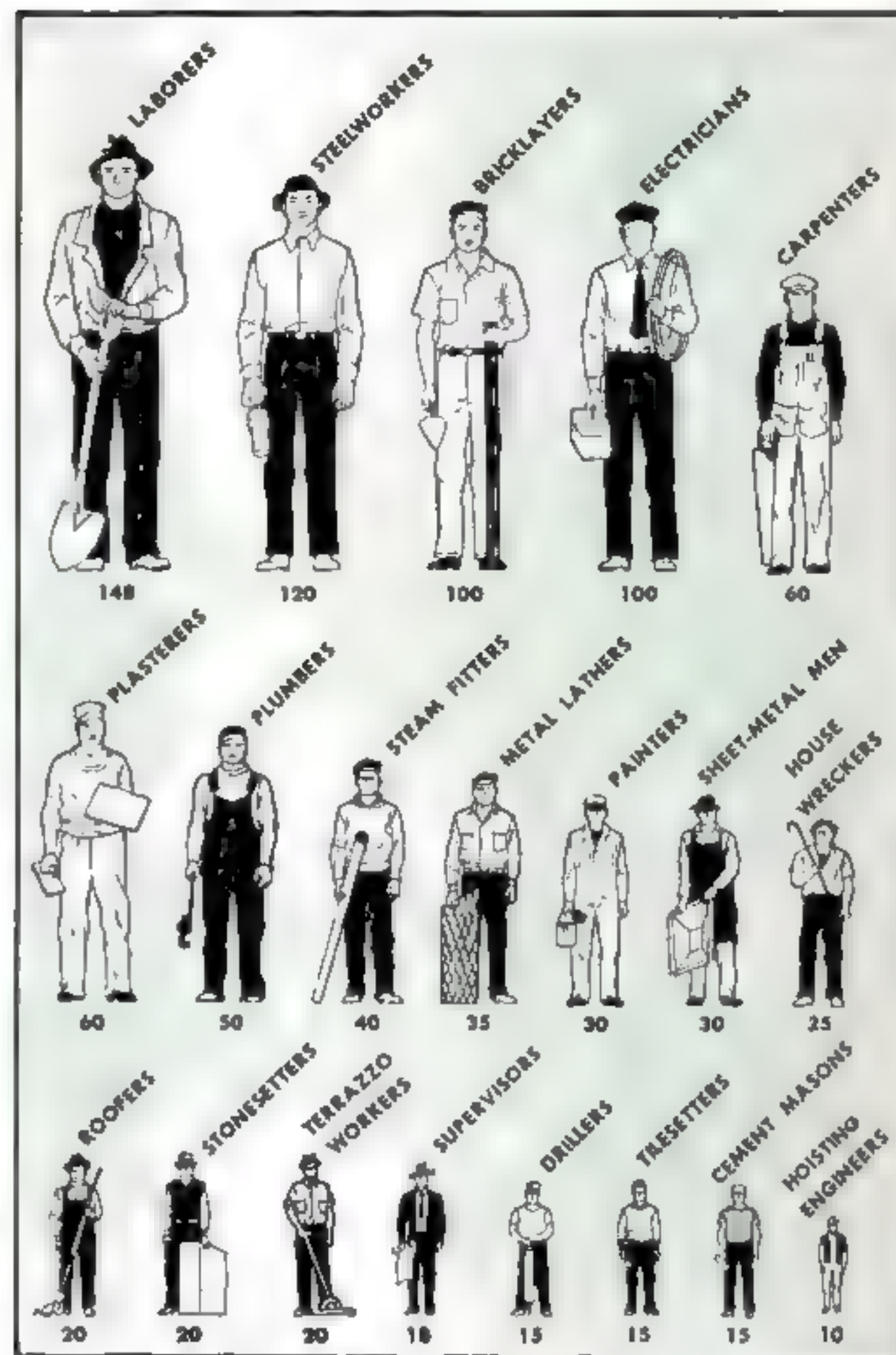
This black Bal oxford, #8652, is made on our Windsor last in genuine Australian Kangaroo. Same style in medium brown Kid is #8654.

**CONNOLLY SHOE COMPANY
STILLWATER 20, MINNESOTA**

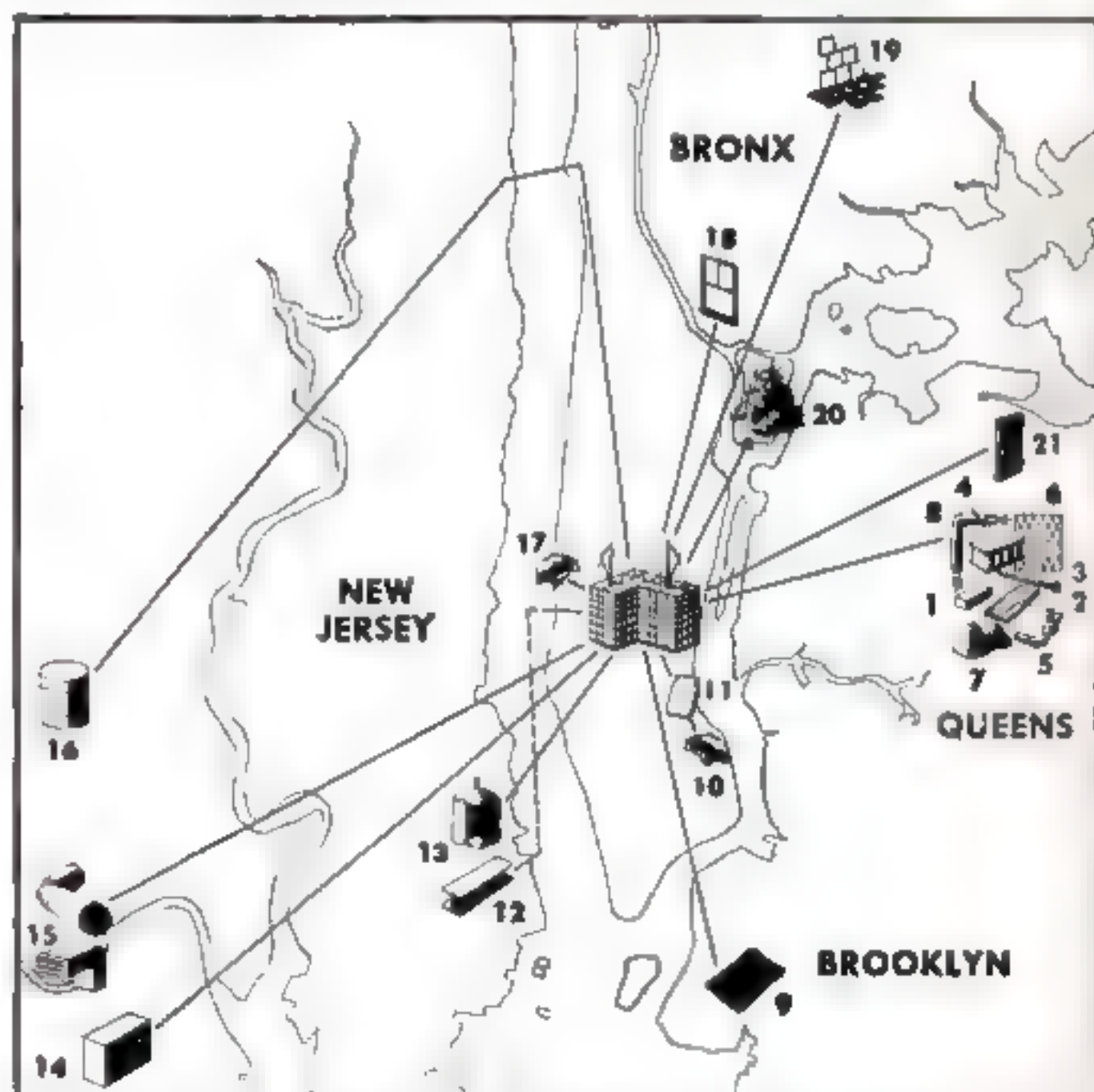


82 stock styles in sizes 3 ½ to 15, widths AAA to EEEE.

\$10.95 to \$16.95



WORKMEN and the jobs they do in major categories are shown on scaled chart. When the skyscraper is finished some 1,200 men will have worked on it.



MATERIAL AND SUPPLY POINTS from where it is trucked are shown in the diagram above: 1-2 million bricks. 2-80,000 feet lumber. 3-150 kegs nails. 4-250,000 cinder blocks. 5-40,000 linear feet plumbing pipe. 6-190,000 square feet mesh reinforcing. 7-3,000 cubic yards lime and sand. 8-160,000 linear feet electrical conduits. 9-300 tons sheet metal. 10-1,200 cubic yards concrete. 11-12,000 bags cement. 12-4,800 tons structural steel (by lighter). 13-8 elevators. 14-150,000 square feet limestone. 15-110,000 linear feet heating and air-conditioning pipes. 16-2 water tanks from Philadelphia. 17-2,800 cubic yards concrete. 18-900 metal windows. 19-24,300 square feet tile. 20-32,500 cubic yards rock and earth excavation dumped here. 21-344 metal doors.

PACKED WITH POWER!

**FLYING HORSEPOWER
UNEXCELLED
CAR PERFORMANCE!**

Continually **NEW** **Mobilgas Special**



QUICK, SURE STARTS—that's Flying Horsepower . . . the rarin'-to-go car performance you get when you fill up with *continually new* Mobilgas Special. Actually, we've made 17 different improvements in gasoline quality just since the end of the war. And more improvements are coming all the time. Mobilgas Special is

designed to deliver *maximum car power*: high anti-knock performance—quick starts and engine warm-up—protection against stalling, excessive dilution, gum and carbon troubles—maximum power and mileage economy. It's unexcelled for all 'round performance! Get a tankful today at your Mobilgas dealer's!

SOCOXY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION



RAG MOPS AND ANIMATED SMILES are displayed by Gaby Reuters, 21 (left), and samba partner Helen Frankenthaler, 21, who represent respectively a magazine

cover and the famous Picasso painting *Girl before a Mirror*. The girls improvise a costume of real maps, paper roses, cotton and polyester, and accept more than \$2

Life Goes to an Artists' Masquerade

NEW YORKERS DRESS UP FOR A BOHEMIAN BALL

When a handful of New York architects in 1914 put on a fancy-dress "Beaux Arts Ball" as an imitation of the bawdy Parisian "Bal des Quat' Arts," they started Americans on an endless series of boisterous masquerades, most of them trying to outdo the Paris original. The latest newcomer to this field was Artists Equity Association's party on May 19, advertised widely as a "Spring Fantasia."

To lend a free-and-easy atmosphere, some of the prominent members of Equity had decked New York's sedate Hotel Astor grand ballroom with some garish murals and wobbling, oversized mobiles in mid-air. Most of the 1,200 guests were less gaudy. Only a third of them were artists and only a quarter were in costume; the rest had come just to ogle. Costumes ranged from a few spectacular items like the \$300 "Spooler and Fly" outfit with its 15-foot-wide web to some downright odd ones like the dancer dressed entirely in strings of buttons, who called himself "The Rain Maker." One man dressed in a fig leaf got the prize for the "most classical" costume; a girl who came in a demure tennis dress was roundly booed when she tried to compete for a prize. Expected to last until dawn, the party broke up at 3 a.m. It may not have been as rowdy as some expected, but Artists Equity was delighted that it had raised \$10,000 for needy artists.



GAUDY TRAPPINGS produced by the committee of artists led over guests who filled tables on the ballroom

floor and seats on the two balconies. Tickets were \$2.10 apiece for Equity members, \$4.00 for all other guests.



HAPPY TRIO, Hat Designer Mr. John, Gypsy Rose Lee and her husband Julio de Diego, sit together. De Diego got a booby prize because his costume scared no one.



SLAPSTICK QUARTET entitled "Death of Color" wore black and white make-up, wrote "Rest in Peace" on foreheads and included a dummy Satan (bottom) in a coffin.

Amazing Shampoo Guaranteed Not to Rob Hair of Natural Oils

Doesn't destroy precious oils nature provides to make hair...



PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

Shasta does not rob hair of its natural oils. Leaves hair looking its loveliest. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or your money back.



NEW, IMPROVED

SHASTA beauty cream SHAMPOO

Doesn't rob hair of natural oils

Nature provides its own natural oils to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy. Without these natural oils, hair may become dry, lifeless and brittle. New, improved Shasta is the amazing shampoo *guaranteed* not to rob hair of these precious oils nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy.

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, under Shasta's magic-like touch. So, to see your hair looking its loveliest, get new, improved Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.



ANATOMICAL DUET was the most original costume. Winners Dr. Daniel Weiss and Peggy Caudill copied the patterns from woodcuts in medical books.



RAGTIME DUET is performed by Mura Dehn, former wife of Artist Adolf Dehn, and an entertainer whom committee hired to jitterbug among guests.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

Make Dad feel all Set Up

(Father's Day, June 18)

Handsome gifts like these will bring a gleam of gratitude to father's eye—and an extra-smart look to his attire. Designed with the deftness and originality that make SWANK a favorite with all fathers—and their sons.



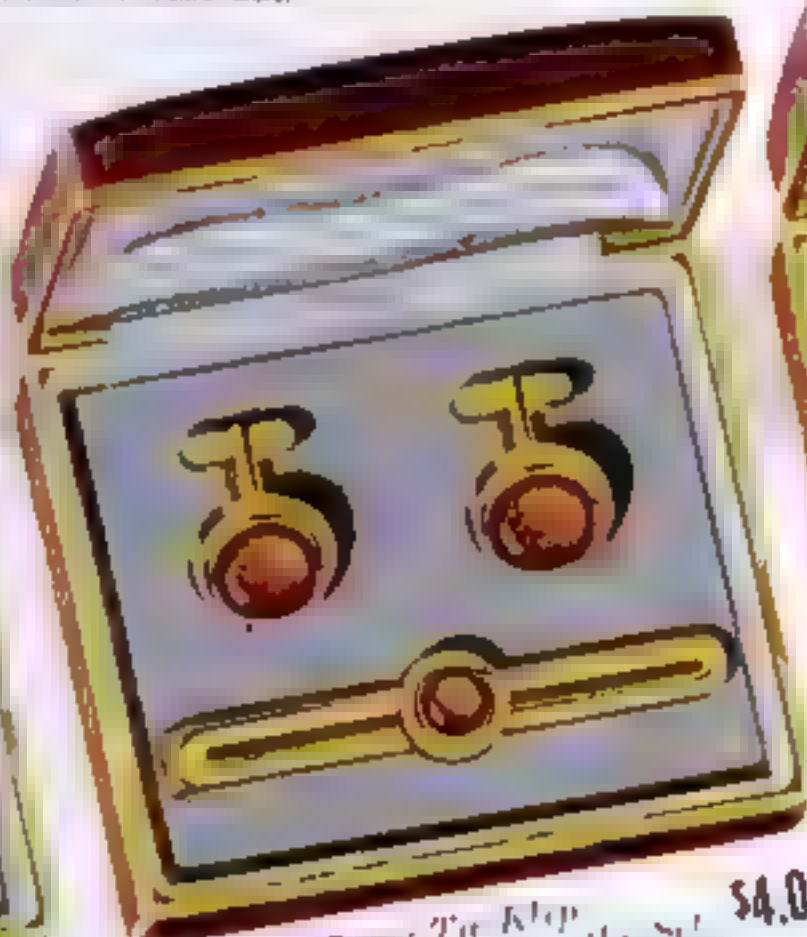
All Links show except the Loop Links are SWANK patented "Elbow" Links. Always look for the name SWANK on all our products.

SWANK—By M. W. Swank, Inc., Allentown, Pa.

Men prefer
SWANK



Program Tie Clip and Links—the Set, \$4.00



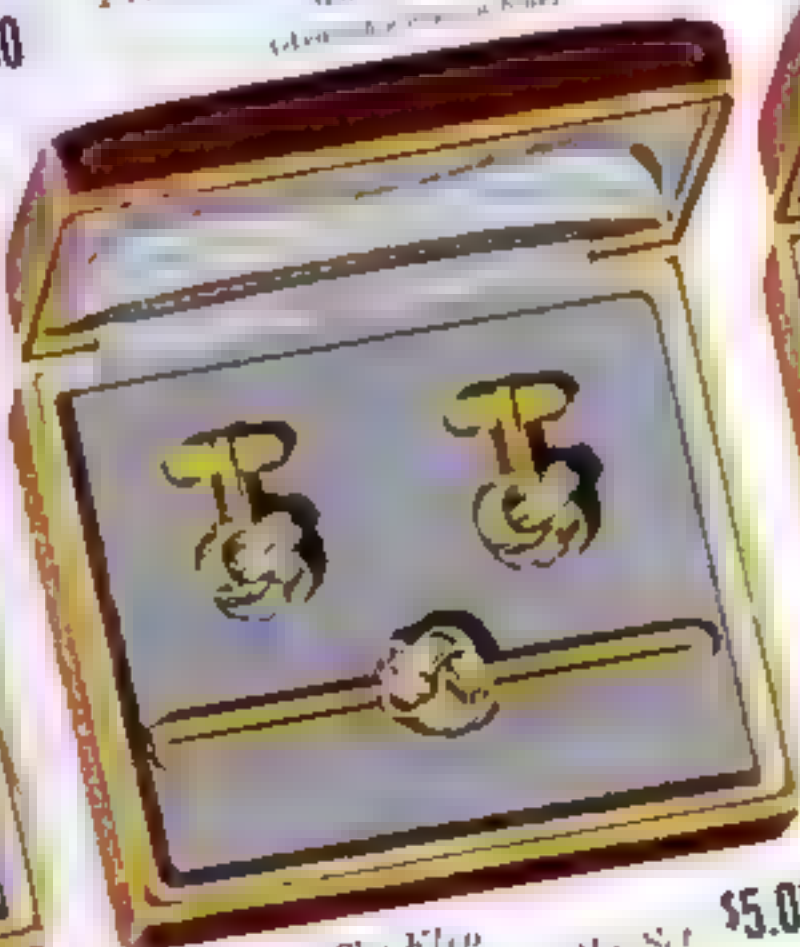
Premier Tie Clip and Links—the Set, \$4.00



Grecian Tie Clip and Links—the Set, \$4.00



Locket Tie Chain and matching Links—the Set, \$5.00



Duo Knot Tie Clip and Links—the Set, \$5.00



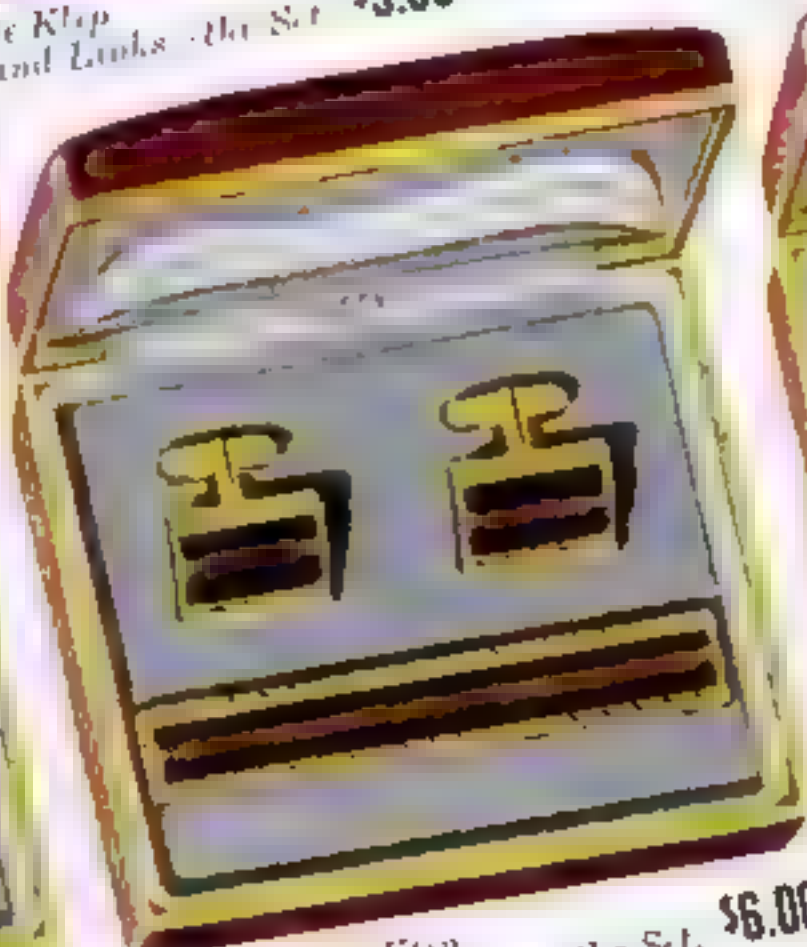
Tie Master Tie Clip and Links—the Set, \$5.00



Four-Leaf Clover Tie Chain and Links—the Set, \$5.00



Oval-Rib Tie Clip and Links—the Set, \$6.00



Adaptor Tie Clip and Links—the Set, \$6.00



Boston Chain Tie Clip and Loop Links—the Set, \$6.00

Other Sets to \$20.00

*Patented

for
Father's
Day

or any day
—it's always
a pleasure!



the Magnificent Whiskey
in the Magnificent Gift Decanter

I.W. HARPER

Bottled in Bond . . . Kentucky Straight Bourbon
in the DeLuxe Decanter

—at no extra cost!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO.,
KENTUCKY REGISTERED DISTILLERY NO. 1, LOUISVILLE, KY.



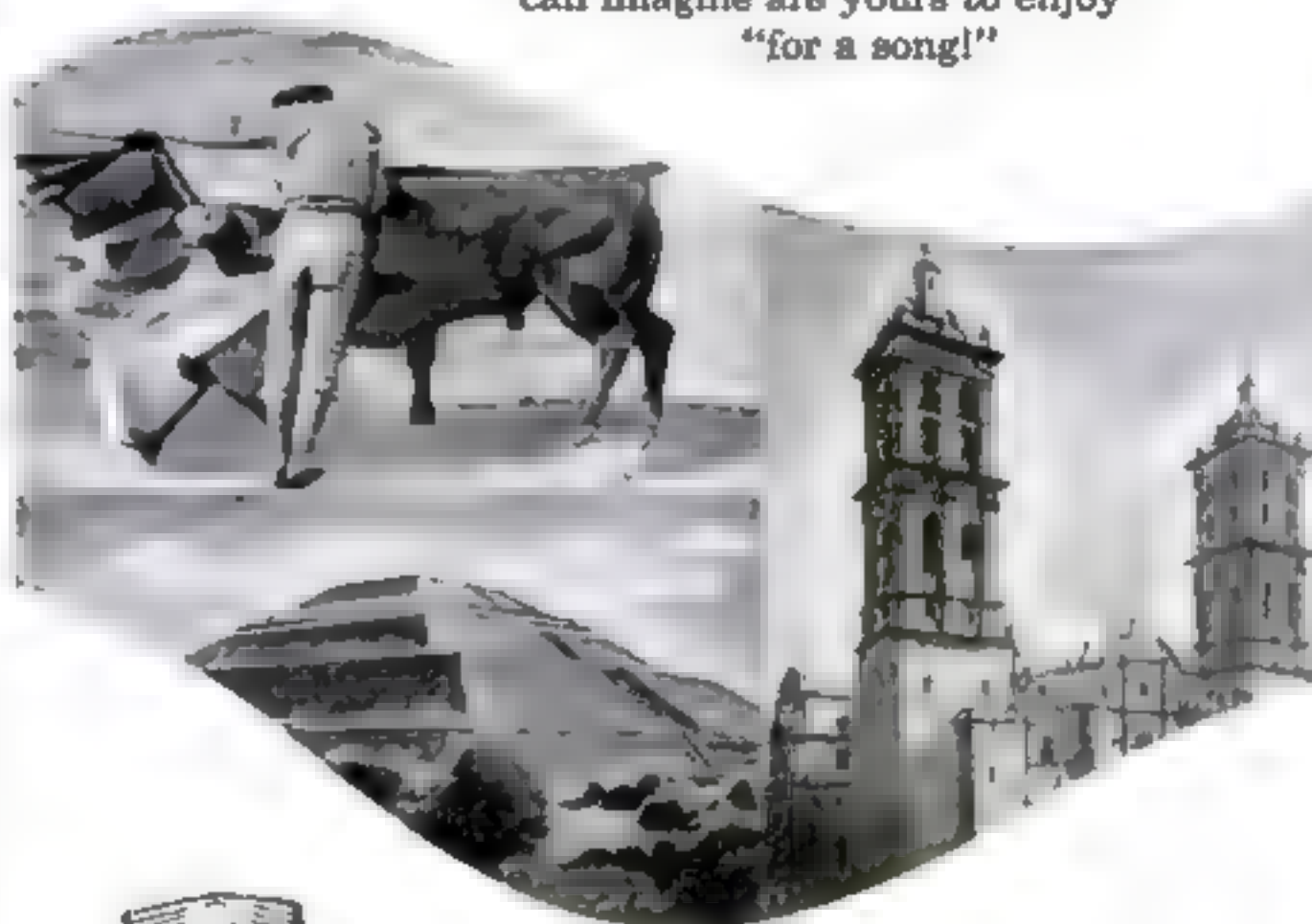
SUPPLE COUPLE, Bob and Barbara Kronowitt, a husband-wife team of Christmas card artists, came as apache dancers, did not try any apache stunts.



BAFE PAIR, Jo-Ann Malone and Jai-Leta, were hired for \$50 to pose backstage. Only 13 pads and pencils at \$1 each were sold to sketchers. Net loss: \$37.

You can work "MAGIC" with money in ROMANTIC MEXICO!

Nowhere else will your vacation dollar stretch so far as in enchanting Mexico! And nowhere else will you find such excitingly different experiences to fill your every moment! . . . Fiestas, bullfights, horse racing . . . scenic grandeur, fishing, and white shimmering beaches . . . romantic tropical music, modern hotels, gay night life and every other thrill you can imagine are yours to enjoy "for a song!"



And magic Mexico is so easy to get to! Whether you come by plane, train or over new ribbon-smooth highways, you're just over the border from this exotic foreign land where ancient pyramids and volcanoes are set like rare jewels midst the luxurious splendor of every modern convenience! What's more, you'll have no language problems in magic Mexico, for English is spoken wherever you go. So join us this summer in the cool "air-conditioned" climate of Mexico—for the most thrilling adventure you have ever enjoyed. See your travel agent today—or mail coupon below—for beautiful illustrated booklet and full information on this low-cost vacation paradise!

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ADDRESS _____

MOTHS



Lay the

EGGS



that hatch the

MOTH WORMS



that make the moth holes

Take no chances

KILL ALL 3

Play safe this year, with Di-chloricide
—for *triple protection*. It kills moths,
eggs and moth worms. Get it in either
Crystals or *Nuggets*—in 1-pound tins
or the 5-pound family size.

at your
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A MERCK PRODUCT

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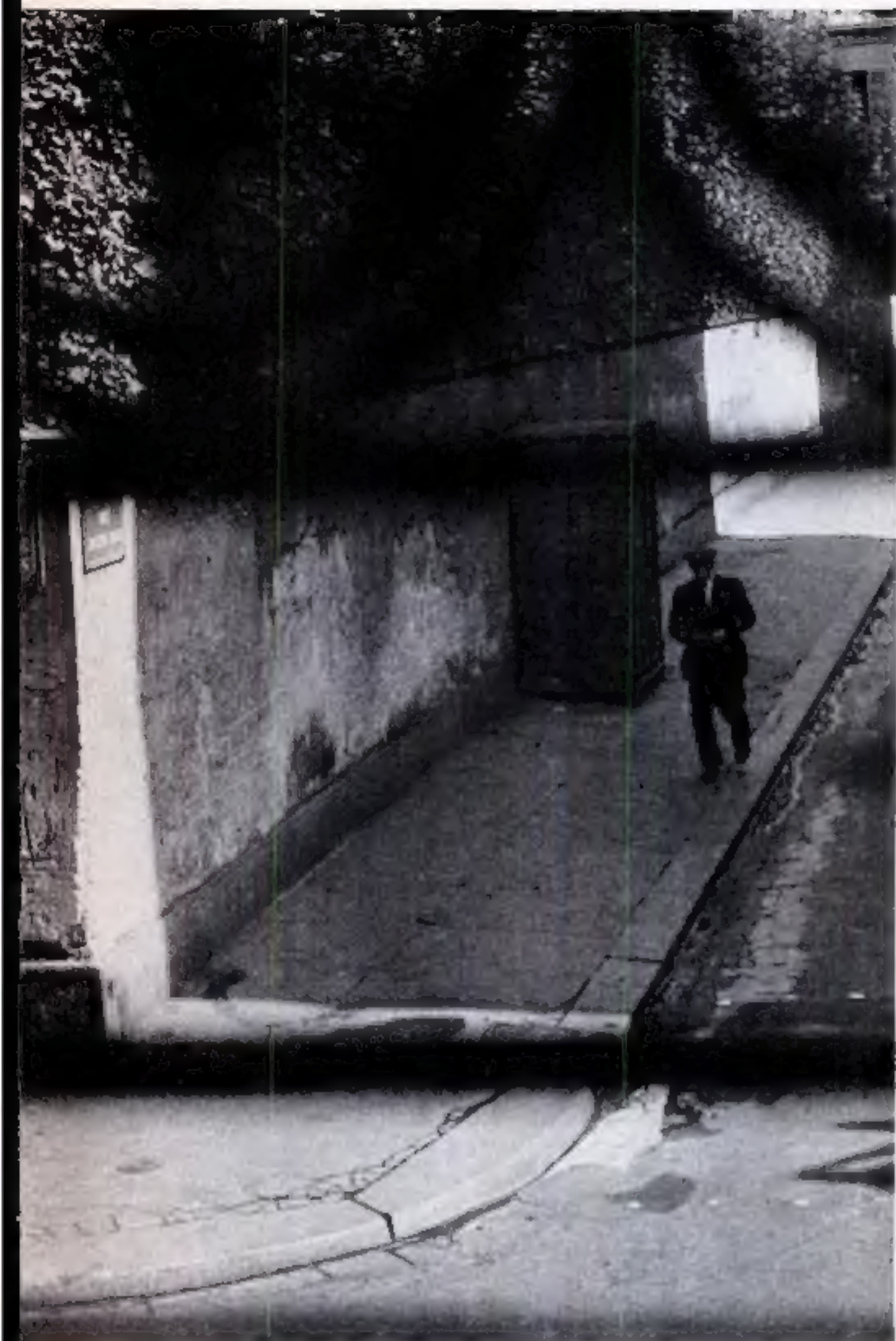
THREE NUNS APPROACH CORNER UNNOTICED BY ELDERLY FRENCH BEGGAR

THE BEGGAR AND THE NUNS

An act of charity brightens a Sunday afternoon
in Paris and startles a dignified old citizen



TWO NUNS STOP around the corner, rummage through their purses and confer on how much to give the old man, who strains to hear their conversation.



BUSILY COUNTING HIS MONEY WHILE HOLDING LARGER BILLS IN MOUTH

The corner of Rue Notre Dame des Champs and Rue Joseph Bara is a strategic place for a proud and friendly Paris beggar to ask alms. Nearby are churches that teach charity and the Luxembourg Gardens whose happy atmosphere tends to inspire generous impulses. For four months, from an apartment across the way, American Photographer Carter and his French bride watched as a bearded citizen took his post every Sunday noon. One warm Sunday, while the old man counted his francs, three nuns approached. One of them went on her way, but the other two proved that the old man had chosen his corner wisely.



ONE NUN RETURNS to drop a coin in beggar's cap while her companion considerably waits out of sight. The third nun already has crossed the street.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



*How long's that muck
been in my car?*

● The answer, of course, is too long. Muck like this is engine-wrecking stuff. And you find it in most everybody's car this time of year. Chances are it's in your car—if you've been neglecting to have your oil filter checked. For in keeping your oil free from grit and other abrasives, your oil filter naturally gets choked up itself.

If you want your engine to run as well as you'd like—last as long and cost as little for repairs—have your serviceman put in a clean *Purolator Refill* when you change oil. Takes only a few minutes to insert . . . costs only \$1.38 to \$3.00, depending on make of car.

Be sure you get a *Purolator Micronic**—the new accordion-type filter with up to 10 times the filtering area . . . and pores so tiny they trap particles as small as 39 millionths of an inch.

P. S. If your car does not have an oil filter as standard equipment, there's a complete *Purolator* . . . housing and refill . . . for \$6.50 or a bit more (again depending on make of car). *Purolator Products, Inc.*, Rahway, N. J. and Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Father will be happy with a gift of Haggar Slacks... especially in Haggar's new Fliteweight Fabrics with the special ventilated weave that allows the cloth to breathe. Haggar Fliteweights come in new Nylon Fabrics...also in the new Shanghai Weave (the cloth with the crisp linen-like appearance) ... Capetown Tropicals and many others. All are wrinkle-resistant—hold their shape and stay fresh even in hot, sticky weather. At leading stores everywhere from about \$4.95 to \$6.95.



Neat Gift Trick

Give the Haggar Slack-Pak with its Gift Certificate. Let Father make his own choice of color, fabric and size.

HAGGAR COMPANY, DALLAS



BEWILDERED, having expected no gift from poor nuns, the beggar peers after them. A moment later he left and never came back to the corner again.



For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

A preference for Lord Calvert shows a refinement of taste that marks the Man of Distinction. For this distinguished whiskey, custom blended for moderate men who appreciate the finest, is so rare . . . so smooth . . . so mellow . . . so distinctively light . . . that it makes any whiskey drink a better drink. Why not enjoy Lord Calvert, yourself, tonight? You'll be grateful for its lightness.

The Right Honorable Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor—distinguished member of Britain's House of Lords. A grandson of a famous father, his profound knowledge of European affairs makes him one of the most interesting speakers presently touring America.

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Give **DAD** a present he's sure to enjoy—a carton of
mild, flavorful **CAMELS**

Yes—Dad will really enjoy a carton of mild, rich-tasting, cool-smoking Camels!

And you'll enjoy giving this beautifully gift-wrapped carton that's all decked out for Father's Day giving—even including a special gift card that's "built right in" to the top of the colorful carton cover.

Father's Day

SUNDAY

JUNE 18



H. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

